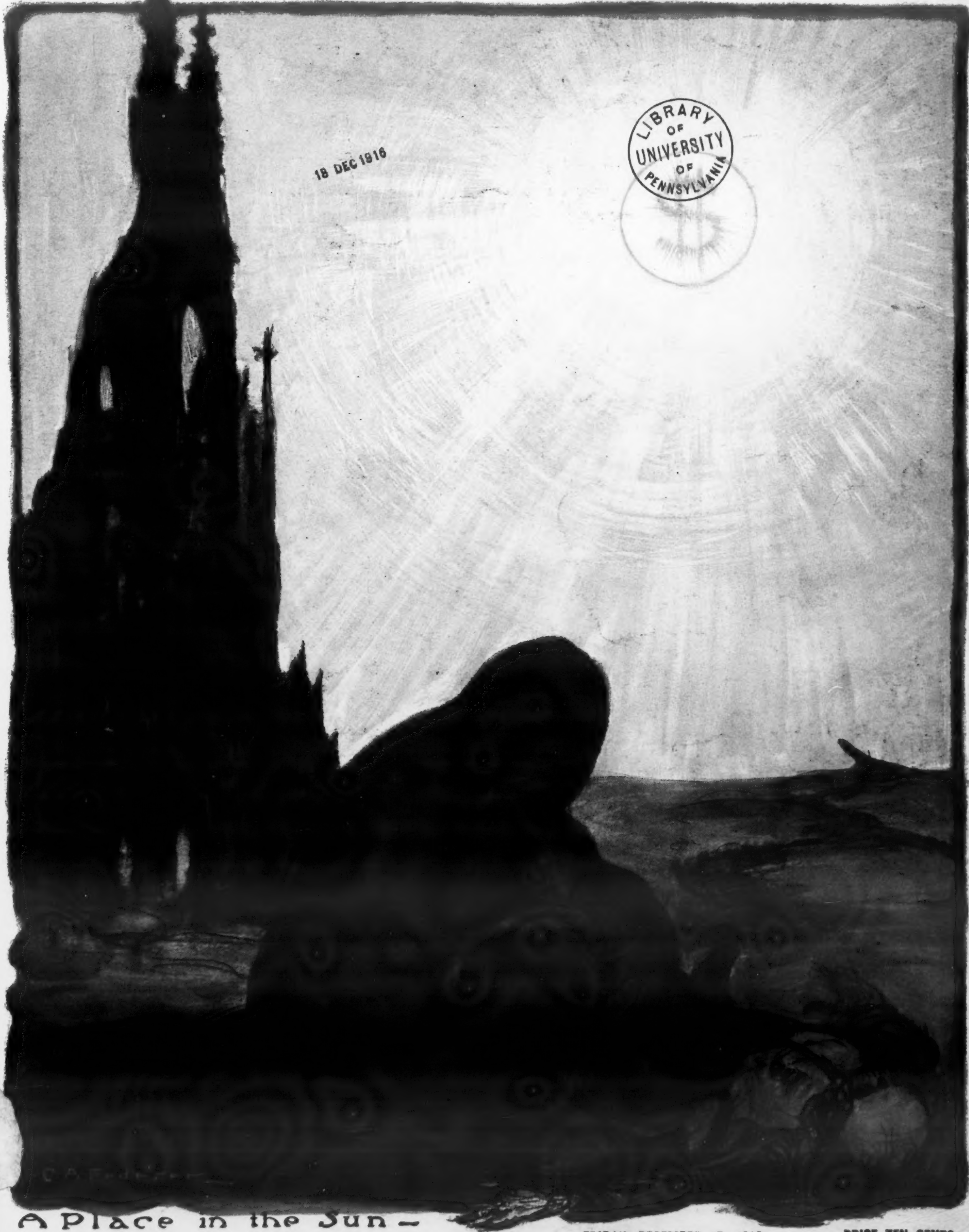


REEDY'S MIRROR

CHRISTMAS 1916.

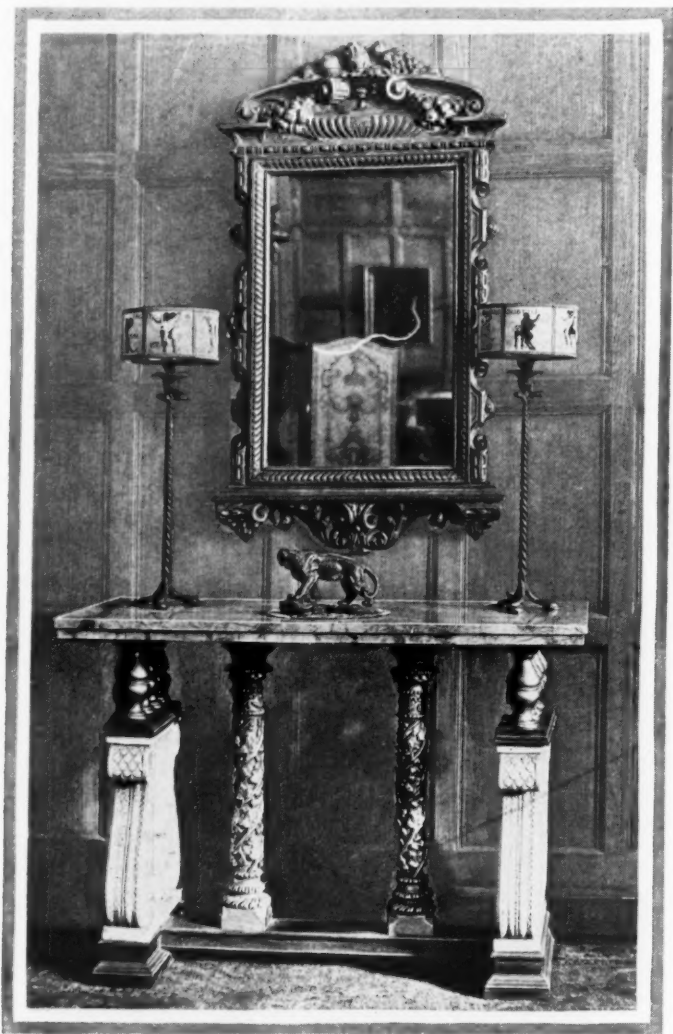
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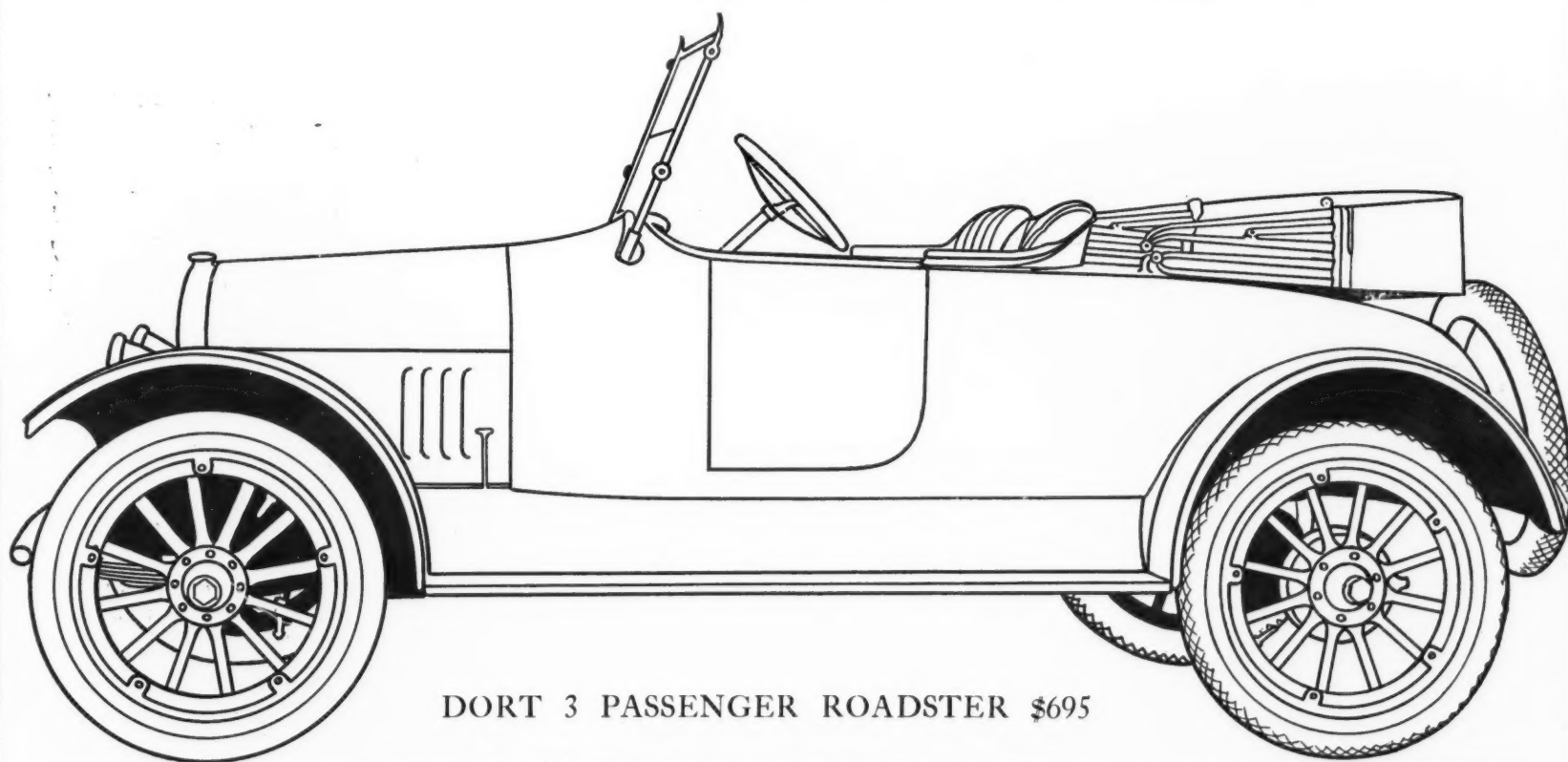
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THE STORE UNDER OUR OFFICE

A Little Journey Downstairs
by the Editor

YES; all this is in St. Louis—it is the home of the big store, Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's, not a picture after the manner of Maxfield Parrish of some colossal structure in cloudland. It isn't all store, of course; but that world-renowned institution, REEDY'S MIRROR, has an habitation away up on the fourteenth floor, and smaller institutions, like the Standard Oil Company and the American Car and Foundry Company are sheltered here. But it's mostly Scruggs, Vandervoort and Barney's. There may be stores as big. Sure am I, there's none better.

When I want to get away from poets with fire in their eyes and manuscripts under their arms, or collectors or other *infusoriae*, it is my wont to idle in this store an hour or two. It is a charming vacation.

Why, it's a World's Fair permanent. There are the fabrics, the goods from all the ends of the earth, goods for every need of man. You can buy an automobile, or gold fish, or paper napkins, or a knock-down house, or a book of any kind, or—oh, anything. The little bargain stands always interest me, with their display of knick-knacks, whim-whams, little things of use mysterious to women, or about the household—things upon which beauty has been lavished, too. And then you can move a few feet away, and there are grander things that make you wish you had money. Here's a home of all the arts. There are pictures by masters, statuary, silks, linens, furs, satins, velvets, brocades, rugs, furniture, musical instruments, shot-guns, electric launches, jewelry, perfumes, toys—more things than Walt Whitman ever crowded into a catalogic poem. There's a bank and a post-office and a restaurant—a mighty good restaurant, too, with pretty waitresses. There is a flower store and a candy store and a millinery floor where hats rival for color and sweetness, candy or flowers. If you have an imagination, here are innumerable *stimuli* to set it off and you astride it ranging the earth and even the spheres, for you can buy here a high-power telescope. You can even buy a microscope and see things beyond human sight at the lower end of the scale. All gathered to meet the needs of the people—all for service.

And the people! Here's where you can see them—all the hypothetical kinds of people that go to make up the people. The swells mix with the plain folk. You'll see preachers and plutocrats and poets and editors and policemen and firemen. You will behold the grande dame and the debutante, the humbler housewife leading her string of kids from counter to counter, doctor, lawyer, merchant chief, rich man, poor man, beggar-man (at the corner outside), thief (for there's an occasional shoplifter). You're likely to meet anybody who is somebody, or nobodies who are often so much more interesting. And interesting above all these are the folk who serve the multitude. There are the floor superintendents who can tell you anything you want to know, show you anywhere you want to go. There are the salesgirls and saleswomen—a pleasing array of them. They are—I don't like the word, but there's no other that fits—classy. They have a bright, ready alertness, and those good manners that have no excess. I know a lot of them and sometimes I talk to them, and it is good to hear how they talk of President M. L. Wilkinson, or Mr. Johnson or

General Manager Blundell. It is gratifying to hear the workers talk affectionately of the employers. But it is more gratifying to hear those employers talk of the workers in terms much the same. For the Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney store is a happy family in its organization, and indeed, the organization includes the people who are served as well as those who serve them. It's like a big friendly society.

Sometimes I drop in on a high-class concert in the musical rooms—hear a noted singer or violoncellist or pianist and meet the musical illuminati. Or there's a reading of the Dickens Club, or a lecture on Shakespeare by a professor who has found out all about Mountjoy, the barber, whom Sweet Will of Avon boarded with and loved so much that he put his name in one of the pageant plays—which is all very fine until you learn that *Mountjoy's* name appears as a herald in Froissart or Holinshead or whatever old chronicler it was that Shakespeare took the story from. Or you can see examples of the new painting. And if you need spiritual consolation, why, just as like as not you will run into your favorite clergyman in one of the aisles. If you are ill, there's a drug store and doctors a-plenty. And if you don't believe in that sickness business, there are lots of Christian Science practitioners up on my floor. You will meet visitors to the city from anywhere, folks from Chicago or New York or Philadelphia who will say they've got no store surpassing this at home—even Berliners and Parisians and Londoners tell you that.

It is a busy place to be sure, but not frenzied. There is order here, and plenty of room in which the crowds can distribute. And there is always light as well as good air. The crowd doesn't get pallid or worn breathing vitiated air. The human scene is always vivacious, exhilarating. It's a social place. It looks like a big daily reception, especially when the walls and pillars are festooned with flags and palms and flowers—or on linen sale day, say, when the white is in immaculate evidence all about. Everybody is having a good time. And when the people pour out into the street it's just like the crowd leaving a theater. Often I am downtown early and see the workers arriving. It is a grateful sight. Such pretty girls, with such style; such well-groomed men—not "creeping like slaves unwillingly to school," but with "shining morning face" indeed. And frequently I see them leaving work, which is prettier still for that they do not leave like people who have been driven by hard task-masters.

When I idle through Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney's there always comes the thought that it is a prophecy of a world to be. Some day, the state, the government, is going to be one huge department store of multitudinous service, ministering to the wants of the people in countless ways. The state will be a Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney store doing for the public all those things which can be done most conveniently and economically by a public ownership and operation of social machinery, and releasing individual initiative and energy to engage in such service as can be more effectively rendered by the individual. I hope when this comes the state will meet the demands of the people with the efficiency, the prevision, the courtesy and the cheerfulness which distinguish the ministrations of Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Announcement

By William Marion Reedy

AFTER January 1st, 1917, the subscription price of REEDY'S MIRROR will be \$3 per year; single copies, 10 cents.

This increase of price is made absolutely necessary by the rise in the cost of the paper used in the printing of the paper and the further rise in the labor cost—not including the editor's labor—of production.

To some people, this paper is a luxury, to others a necessity. To me it's a job. But man cannot live by bread alone and a luxury like this paper is a necessity to the soul.

To all such as may not think the paper is worth the increased price—their apology for themselves is accepted.

♦♦♦♦♦

The Kaiser's Christmas Gift

By William Marion Reedy

CHRISTMAS looks better this year than it has for two years past. There is more thought and talk of peace. Send that this thought and talk flower into action that will bring about a cessation of hate, rapine and slaughter.

Germany's announcement of willingness to consider terms is surely the beginning of the end of the present devastation of civilization in Europe. It is an opening for negotiation.

We have had nothing authoritative as to what Germany would consider reasonable terms of peace. Such outlines of what she will be content to give and take as have been printed in the daily papers are purely speculative. Her identical note to the neutral nations is couched in the language of the victor.

For all that there is no doubt that Germany is weary of war. She has achieved wonderful things but not her original objective. And the cost has been inexpressibly frightful. She has gained nothing to compensate her for the loss of the good opinion of the world through the violation of Belgian neutrality, the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the presently proceeding deportation of Belgians into servitude. These things blot the splendor of her military, industrial and social organization, the magnificence of her tactics and heroism on land and sea. The weight of the moral imponderables is so great as to make lighter than otherwise it would be the sword of Brennus which she cast in the scales against a world in arms.

That the war is far from having been won by the Teutons is as plain as that on mere "points" of the iron game she has demonstrated her superiority. It seems indisputable that she is outclassed in manpower, though not in brain-power or morale. That the incoherence and stupidity of the Allies, the blunders at Gallipoli, in the Balkans and in Greece, to say nothing of the initial error in leaving Turkey out of calculation, are as colossal in their fashion as the efficient dynamics of Hindenburg, Mackensen and Falkenhayn in another fashion may be admitted, but the ravaging of Rumania does not spell defeat for the Allies. The Germans had to forego Verdun to crush Rumania. They are still blocked on the West, and the Allies remain masters of the sea. Much as the Teutons have accomplished they have lengthened their lines which must be more difficult to hold or to advance. Despite the resources of supply they have captured there is no doubt that the conditions in Germany and Austria are not so roseate as the Kaiser's good men and true tri-

umphantly proclaim. Calm consideration of the situation induces the conclusion that Germany wants peace even more than according to the world's opinion she wanted war.

The intimation, therefore, that the Kaiser is ready to discuss peace is more than a *ballon d'essai* or a feeler or a device to smoke out the Allies. It may be accepted as put forth in all honesty and sincerity. Indeed, the world has made a great mistake in discrediting the honesty as it disparaged the ability of Germany. The Germans are not moral monsters, notwithstanding their mistakes, and their precipitation of the war was not so reprehensible when we consider that Great Britain, France and Russia were, in effect, so well calculated as to imply intention, enclosing her in a ring of steel and fire—an assertion frequently enough made, long before the war, by responsible publicists in Great Britain. A large element in the British Liberal party denounced the diplomacy of Lord Grey as inevitably tending to war. Justice is not all on the side of the Allies in this war, nor any of the other virtues. Germany is not mad for war for war's sake—certainly not now, after two years and a half of it. Proudly though she asks her opponents to sue for peace, she says that while she has not won the struggle she has at least demonstrated that she cannot be defeated. There is that much sincerity in her tentative suggestion of a parley.

So far as we may trust the published outlines of a possible settlement that will be satisfactory to Germany, the terms are not wholly unreasonable if we allow for the German position. Restoration of Belgium and the part of France now in occupation, the return of the German colonies captured by the Allies, the settlement of the Balkan problem by negotiation—this is not an ultimatum of an unappeasable conqueror. It is a practicable point of approach to an understanding. For we must remember that Great Britain at least has always asserted that she did not object to the peaceful development of Germany's colonial empire. All the Allies declare they fight that Belgium may be restored, that the right of small nations shall be vindicated. So far as the supposed acceptable peace terms are here stated, I should say that Liberal opinion in Great Britain and France would find them acceptable. Such daily papers as the *Daily News* of London, and the *Manchester Guardian*, and that splendid weekly, the *London Nation*, would not find such terms impossible, might even deem them generous, all things considered. There is more peace sentiment in Great Britain than is permitted to appear. It is a sentiment not based on fear or sense of failure, but having its origin in a true love of liberty. It is the sentiment of men who think the war is due to secret diplomacy, plutocratic aggression and at the least to a misunderstanding between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse in the last days of July, 1914. Moreover, the very best people in Great Britain want peace because they know that in war they are losing many of the guarantees of English liberty, that the idea strengthens that the individual exists for the state, not the state for the individual. The people of Great Britain are for peace and they are against war because under the plea of necessity they are being gradually brought into subjection to masters whose power they were breaking for some years before the war. As for France, bravely bleeding to death, she would be glad of a peace that would relieve her soil of the presence of the invader. And, of course, France wants Belgium restored to the Belgians. I doubt that the people of France have now any high hope of recovering Alsace and Lorraine.

But there are other suggestions in the published

guesses at Germany's proposals which do not seem to promise even a truce for *pour parlers*. There is the one that Serbia shall be wiped out, that Rumania shall be given over to Bulgaria. It is not conceivable that Russia can be negotiated into accepting this, or that Great Britain will sacrifice Serbia any more than Belgium unless she has to. There is some rumor that Germany will want Antwerp. Great Britain will not abide to have that pistol always pointed at her heart, as Napoleon phrased it. As to the surrender of German colonies there is difficulty too. Will Japan surrender Kiaou Chiau? Never, save under force. Will the Austrians relinquish the German islands they took in the South Sea? Not without some consideration greater than now appears to be offered. Then there is Turkey. Germany says Turkey must keep Constantinople. In other words, Germany will keep it. Has Great Britain kept the Sick Man of Europe alive for generations, for this? Shall Russia give up her desire for the Dardanelles? These things make peace on German terms improbable.

For the Allies may well say that Germany has only whipped her smaller foes—Serbia, Belgium, Rumania. The opposing greater powers are far from being whipped. They say in fact that they have only now begun to fight, though there is some gasconading in that. They have big armies still in the field, great fleets on the ocean. They are rich in resources and their credit is good. The smashing of the smaller countries has really taken from the greater Allies the brunt of the fighting. Those Allies have still men and more men. In a mere contest of endurance of man-for-man attrition the Allies should outlast the Germans, though this takes no account of Germany's superiority in the skill of war. The Germans must have suffered terribly for their victories, as much as their greater enemies, and she has not the man-crop from which to recruit her strength.

From all of which it appears that the strain of war has as much to do with Germany's proposals as the apparent spirit of a victor who desires to appear magnanimous. The apparent bewilderment and confusion in Great Britain are great. That is because the British talk about it. But it is fair to presume that there is in Germany, though suppressed, no little bewilderment that the victories have not settled the war. Doubtless the Germans think the Allies are whipped, but the Allies do not think so. It is no wonder that the Allies are not falling over themselves to tell Germany they will consider her offer of peace. At the very worst the Allies can claim the fight is a draw, and that they cannot and will not sue for peace. The Allies will not rise to the Teuton's bait, any more than the Allies did to Napoleon's when he had had enough of war and flattered himself that they had too. They stuck to their guns and destroyed the Corsican ogre.

Consider again that if the war were to end now it would be only a truce. The Allies cannot, until beaten, give over Europe to German domination, for that's what peace on Germany's terms would amount to. Suppose Germany to dictate peace, which is what in effect she claims to have the right to do, there would follow an entirely arbitrary correction of boundaries. All the wars of Europe since 1815 grew out of such an empiric parcelling out of Europe at the Congress of Vienna. We should have probably another era of Metternich. Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy are not beaten to their knees as France was and cannot submit as she did. Germany, say the Allies, shall not correct the map of Europe until she has completely crushed her adversaries.

But the peace offer is a step towards peace. It is good policy. It puts Germany in a favorable light before the neutral world. It is a proposal to stop the carnage. It holds forth a prospect of relief for neutrals from sufferings due to the war to which they are not parties. It tries to throw the blame for future horrors on those who will not listen to proposals, and by a sort of reversionary process to prove that it was the Allies who sought the war in

the first place. All this, however, is part of the game. It is not reprehensible. What Germany has done any other Power would do in like case. She wants to win the war as cheaply as possible, to win it now rather than fight on for two years more. The good point of the whole matter is just this desire of Germany not to carry the war any further unless forced to do so. This shows that she is thinking more of peace than of war, that she desires peace. It shows even that she despairs of the domination which she at once claims and threatens and is willing to take a chance on negotiation even though the congress of deliberators may not yield her the full measure of her demands, which are the more distasteful in that they are presented as gracious concessions from victor to vanquished.

Discussion is the thing. There has been no real discussion of peace since the war. There was little of it just before the war. The mere mention of terms must set the statesmen of the opposing belligerents to considering counter proposals, if only theoretically or academically. When the belligerents expose what is on their minds there is made possible a meeting of minds. It is not only either that the proposals set the statesmen to thinking. The people will do some thinking, too, and they will think aloud on the strength of the courage the publicity of the proposals give them. It is all very well for the Allied statesmen to say at once that the fight must be to a finish, that the dread of domination by Germany must be eliminated from the world, but this is mere conventional jingoism. Nothing is more certain than that in England at least there are many people, many influential people who do not like the proposition that the war shall go, as the prize-fighters say, to a knock-out. It is certain that the early reports from London which represent all England as pronouncing the German proposals as preposterous, are not truly representative of all England. If they are, then I have not read aright the leading articles in the English periodicals that best represent English democracy. The England that gave back South Africa to the Boers is not dead. It has no mad desire for Germany's colonies. It is not prepared to abandon free trade and go in for a monopoly of the earth. Nor is democratic England foolish fond of the proposition that autocratic Russia shall have Constantinople. It looks rather to a neutralization of the Dardanelles. Democratic England wants little more than that Belgium and Serbia and Rumania shall be free. It wants no indemnity for Great Britain. It hopes, if I may presume to interpret the country's feeling, for a pact that shall produce peace with a guarantee of cessation of competition in armament. England feels herself menaced by Germany, of course. But she would end that menace otherwise than by crushing Germany. There is a "better" England as well as a "better" Germany, and that England will not let the Northcliffes or the *Morning Post* or the Garvins talk for it. For the matter of that, the world, as well as England, knows that, as Bismarck once said, "nothing is served as hot as it is cooked," and that the wisdom of that apothegm applies to the at present mostly supposititious German terms. A country that will make proposals as Germany makes them will in all probability consider less than the full measure of its first draft of conditions. This is what makes the proposals of good omen in spite of all argument against their acceptability. Admittedly the terms suggested are vague. But they may be clarified and rendered definite by a patient hearing of them. To reject the advances of Germany would be for the Allies wantonly to flout the hope of the world for peace. The Allies will put themselves in a bad position if they say, in effect, as do strikers and employers when at odds, "There is nothing to arbitrate." If they do this they will measurably lose the large moral advantage they have had thus far in the war.

The United States among other nations is asked to convey to the Allies the German announcement of readiness to consider peace. No more than that. It is not asked to mediate. Whether President Wilson will utilize the opportunity to magnify mere com-

munication into mediation depends upon many things he better knows about conditions than we do. He probably has extensive information, detailed, too, about just what Germany has in mind in her present action. There may be in such intimations as he has received, something that will move him to do more than convey the Kaiser's rather general message to the Allied governments. It seems to me that he must have known that this was coming. I think that is what Ambassador Gerard told him when he came home some weeks ago. The President's information will determine whether the occasion is one for the presentation of this country's views of the status of the war and of the opportuneness of deliberating peace.

That the United States and all other neutrals want the war to stop is a truism. It is also a truism that all the neutrals are exasperated by conditions imposed upon them by the war. This country finds its resources so drained in furnishing war supplies that the people are in very real distress. We need not alone our food supplies but the steel and rubber and coal that are going abroad. We need relief from high prices. We are annoyed to exacerbation by interference with our mails and our shipping by England. We do not like the way in which German submarines torpedo ships carrying American passengers, without providing for the safety of those passengers, and this, too, after Germany has pledged that she will adhere to the law of summons, warning, visit and search. We do not relish the British black-list of our merchants in their dealing with foreign neutral countries. There is a sense of humiliation in the blockade of our ports by British warships, and, to an extent, in another way by occasional submarines. The war bears heavily upon us in thousands of ways. Not as hard as it bears upon Norway or Holland or Denmark, but heavily enough at that. We owe a duty to our own dignity and a duty to our own well-being. We need our goods at home. Perhaps in view of all this, and in view, too, of the chance the German note offers to this government to enter upon communications bearing upon peace, it would not be inadvisable or inappropriate to convey to the belligerents the idea that the prolongation of the war may provoke us to drastic action. We might suggest to Great Britain that in self-protection we may have to put an embargo upon supplies for the prosecution of the war. We might even say to Germany that we want more cessation and less explanation of the sinking of ships and the taking of American lives without warning. These things make the United States rather more of a party to the war than relishable. As the chief neutral nation that has been injured by both groups of belligerents we are entitled to intimate to the Allies that the neutral world has such concern in the war as makes suggestion of negotiation anything but impertinent. It might not be indelicate to intimate that if peace proposals, however indeterminate, are not to be considered at all, if the Allies are determined to carry on the war regardless of our rights, that we will take steps to protect ourselves by keeping at home the goods that are now going to their countries. There would be nothing unfair in such action. It would be only justifiable self-preservation, self-protection.

It seems to me that the Kaiser looks rather to Pope Benedict as a likely mediator than to President Wilson. The note to the Pope has a very especial quality of ingratiation. It may occur to many that the Pope is not exactly the mediator who will appeal to Great Britain or France, or Italy. But this is merely by way of parenthesis. It is simply worth bearing in mind in order that we may not get in the habit of thinking that the President is the only possible mediator. We are not loved so overly much in London because we have not got into the war on the Allies' side, nor in Germany because we have helped the Allies too much and not least by checking submarine frightfulness. Nor have we bettered our standing in Germany by our mild protest against the deportations in Belgium. Both groups of belligerents dislike us because they know that we profit

by virtue of their agonies. This being the case, perhaps a little more assertiveness on our part would not be unbecoming. An embargo might be a very powerful instrumentality in the inducement of a receptive attitude towards peace proposals. And if all the other neutral nations would join with us, in self-protection first and the general interest of humanity afterwards, it is not likely that British statesmen, confronted by a deep sea blockade of their islands would be so ready to declare peace proposals "preposterous," almost without knowing what those proposals are.

At the end we come back to the thought that the peace proposals, uncertain as they are, point to the end of the war. They are an emergence of a symptom at least of reason from the welter of brute force. They are a proof that Germany is not irrevocably committed to this war for mere lust of slaughter or dominion. They are a sign that the war-lords are ready to forego at last what they have found they cannot get. And something more than that. There is no doubt the peace proposals are a concession to the German people, who have wanted to know what they are fighting for. On the other hand, we must not forget that Germany has shown that she cannot be crushed and dismembered in Europe, save at a cost of such sacrifice on the part of the Allies as is unimaginable. But, says someone, nobody wanted to crush her. Maybe not, but the formation of the Entente was a menace to Germany. She was made to know her place somewhat humiliatingly in Morocco. When she began to build a navy she was pointedly asked what she expected to do with it and was told that England would build two or even four warships to her one. It is folly even in a pro-Ally to deny the actuality of such threatenings. Germany is still fighting and her peace proposals are not to be derided, however contemptuous may be their formulation. In so far as the proposals contain an alternative threat of more and fiercer war, they should be an incitement to some counter proposals in the hope of averting a protraction of the fighting. And there is further hope for peace in the idea that the United States to save itself at home may, and I think should, take such action against exportations as must inevitably shorten the war.

The events of the past few days should somehow work out to the end of starting the preliminaries of peace towards a finality at the Hague or elsewhere. The German Chancellor and the British Foreign Secretary have subscribed to the principles of the League to Enforce Peace. How the English Foreign Secretary or the present Cabinet can favor enforcing peace in the future and refrain from any manifestation of a spirit to promote peace is hard to understand. Peace having been brought to the fore, however modified or qualified, it is little short of criminal in any of the Powers to ignore it or despise it. Germany may not be so generous as she seems, but that is no reason why her antagonists should say that peace is possible only on their terms. There is no greatness of soul in such an attitude.

So peace is in the air—too much in the air, to recur to the vulgate. But it is wonderful the way the mere bringing of the subject into practical consideration lifts up the heart of the world. There is nothing else worth while in the world to-day than the cherishing of this newly vivified peace thought. We cannot believe that in all the countries at war the masses of the people are not living in a burning hope that something other than more and fiercer war will come of the peace note. It were too bad indeed if the bit of brightness that comes into the world's face, the joy that wells in its heart over the mere possibility of peace should be quenched and saddened by the intolerance or pride of rulers or politicians who cling to office as to a derelict on a sea of blood swept by storms of hate.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this scourge of war shall pass away—there's an echo of a mighty lover of his kind in those words—that this late summons of the world to concentration upon peace, even though it come from the man who is sup-

posed to have plunged the world into war, will not fail of effect. Grant that there be in this no illusion, that it is not a false but a true dawn of a Christmas time for a world that has been for two and a half years staggering in pain and horror through something worse than Chaos and Old Night.

The mere hope of this makes us all say "Merry Christmas!" this year with more heart than we have said it in what seems for its sadness and pity a long, long time.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The National Guard a Failure

EVIDENCE accumulates that the army plan upon which so many hopes have been based will not work. The concentration of the National Guard upon the Mexican border is a ghastly failure. The officers and men of the Guard are disgusted with their experience. They would not feel so bitterly about it, if they felt they had learned anything. They feel that they were tricked into taking a new oath of fealty and service upon false representations. They went to the front, many of them, on the assurance that their jobs at home would be held for them until they returned. They have been disappointed in that. They were told that they could secure their discharge for good reasons, but no reasons are good enough, unless they are backed by a pull. They have lost their citizenship and they have not been made into good soldiers. They have been the victims of every conceivable kind of ineptitude on the part of those to whom they looked for such protection and care as the soldier has a right to expect of his government. One officer told me that his regiment from an Eastern state did not have a cartridge for three weeks after its arrival at the border. Men with evicted wives and hungry children at home could not secure their release. Worst of all, perhaps, generally speaking, the men found the sense of the futility of their presence where they are, the impression that they were not the members of an organization that could possibly be made effective. Talk to most of the men about rallying to their country's flag under such conditions and the invariable answer is, "Never again." The National Guard spirit is dead. Its membership is convinced that the Guard can never be made under present conditions an efficient, not to say attractive, part of the service. Every returned Guardsman that I have talked to substantiates the strong statements of Captain Rupert Hughes in his articles from the border in *Collier's Weekly*. Capt. Hughes is no mollicoddle and no soft-handed aristocrat. He is not writing in the tone of a man afraid of the mere hard work of soldiering. What he chiefly makes plain is that in the National Guard organization either in spirit or form there is nothing to keep up the enthusiasm of the men who have composed it. The men are miserably paid and set to tasks that merely accent the measly character of their compensation. The recruiting of the Guard has fallen off, and such recruits as are now coming in are not up to the quality of the men who marched away from their homes some months ago. I do not feel called upon to make an abstract of these *Collier's Weekly* articles by Captain Hughes. He is a writer of character and not a mere blithering sensationalist. His work bears the marks of sincerity and veracity. No one can doubt that the National Guard as it now has place in the army plan will not do. Primarily one feels that we cannot hope to get an army, save perhaps in the face of an imminent invasion, while we continue to fix the soldier's wage at the present figure. It may do for the European soldier, used to a lower standard of living, but it will never do for an American. The kind of men who have made up the militia cannot subsist on house-servants' pay, when there is no fighting to be done. They are wasting time and losing money and chances in life when they are in service that is only preparation for possible action. There is no chance of this country's getting a volun-

teer army, aside from the National Guard for the same reason. The kind of men most desirable for the army simply will not go into the army. Therefore there is abundant justification for the campaign that is being made by General Leonard Wood and others in advocacy of compulsory service. There may be people who think with Mr. William Jennings Bryan that we could raise an army of a million men in a day if the country were in danger. A mob perhaps, but not an army, for it takes at least six months and nearer a year to make an army. An army raised in a day would not last through the next day if attacked by a seasoned force one-half or even one-third its size. If we are to have an army we must pay the soldier more, but to pay the American soldier anything like what he expects and gets in the walks of peaceful labor would bankrupt the country in no time at all. Pacifists who believe we should not have an army at all may think that this condition is all right, but no man who believes that we should have an army can contemplate the situation with equanimity. It does not seem to me, indeed, that even compulsory service will be arrived at easily unless we precede it with military instruction in the schools. There is no use having an army unless we have a good army. That is impossible for the reasons I have rather loosely summarized here, but for a still better reason, namely, because, save for the brief period of a war flurry, the average American has no respect for the army. The soldier is rather looked down upon. And it is no wonder he is, when we note in our cities the location of the recruiting offices. They are always in parts of town where they seem to be placed so as to lure the young man who is down-and-out, the boy bemused in liquor, the fellow who wants to go into a uniform to hide from his friends or the police. It does not seem possible that the popular impression of the soldier can be obliterated otherwise than by the exaltation of the military spirit and the military form of service through early education. To some few people the militiaman playing at soldier looks like the makings of a hero, but only for a time. He ceases to be a hero when the girls and his men friends think of him as merely digging ditches, watering mules, emptying slops and not courting the bright face of danger. These are facts that cannot be ignored. We cannot get an adequate and efficient army otherwise than through compulsory service. The volunteer army of Mr. Bryan and some others is a dream. The National Guard cannot be made into an army. All the voices from the border testify to that. And we cannot make officers for such an army over night. Predicating that we need and want an army well officered, where is there now any means of getting the officers? I know of but one method, that outlined elsewhere in this issue by George Morrison von Schrader of St. Louis, in a letter written last May to the *New York Times*. He suggests that army scholarships be established at the various state universities, that the young men receive free a sound general education, omitting some studies to make time for their military instruction by competent teachers assigned for that purpose by the War Department. The court should be for three or four years and at the end thereof the students would go out into the world equipped with knowledge fitting them for good positions in civic life, but holding themselves in readiness for service as officers whenever their country may need them. This plan is a simple one. It can be put into operation at a minimum of expense and without much waste of time. But why worry about officers until we are sure that we can get an army? I know that I shall be called a militarist for this article, but that matters nothing. If we want an army that will be a real army there is only one way to get it, and that is the way advocated by General Leonard Wood. I agree with Capt. Rupert Hughes and *Collier's Weekly*.

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The Progressive Programme

HERE is the simon pure Progressive dope. Senator Hiram Johnson is to be the Republican candiate

in the West and Col. Theodore Roosevelt in the East, in 1920. If at the time of the convention it appears that Johnson can win the country on the strength of what he shall have said and done in the meantime, Col. Roosevelt will withdraw in favor of the California Senator. And if the Colonel seems likely to carry the country, then Hiram will back out to make room for Theodore. It is a very pretty programme 'f faith. But four years is far in the future and it's a long, long way to Tipperary, to say nothing of Kilkenny.

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The U. R. Compromise

THE city of St. Louis should meet the United Railways in a spirit calculated to settle the differences between them. The corporation makes, for a corporation so much abused, attractive advances towards settlement. It is willing to reduce its capitalization, to accept a fair limitation upon income, to make extensive reductions in expenditures that can be cut, at the same time keeping up the quality of the service, and it will admit the city to participation in its earnings. For this the company deserves some consideration. It should not be held down to a too low realization upon its capital and it should not be taxed as heavily as it is now. Especially it should not be heavily mulcted for the renewal of the franchises expired and expiring. If possible, the city should get authority to grant an indeterminate franchise that would put an end to future haggling and jangling over the franchise question. The mill-per-passenger tax should be reduced. The company should not be bankrupted in revenge for past sins of omission and commission. Whatever the corporation may have done in days gone by, the fact is that the manner in which General Manager Richard McCulloch comes to the city for an adjustment of existing difficulties is wholly commendable in its conformity with the most enlightened conceptions of the best form of relation between the municipality and the public service corporation. It is either bankruptcy for the United Railways or an understanding with the city now. A bankrupt street railway service is something St. Louis does not want. It has other things enough to discredit its progressiveness in the opinion of the country. Of course there is municipal ownership as a way out. But the city is not ready for municipal ownership of street railways. There are other things the city can do with its money, things much more necessary, too. The city should enter negotiations with the United Railways with a determination to do the fair thing, and not with a disposition to "do" the company in any event. There is no joker in its proposition that I can discover, but over and above the proposal itself are the expressions of Mr. McCulloch in interviews in almost rabidly hostile papers which show clearly that the corporation is sincerely desirous only to do the right thing by the town.

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The Kind of Man Gardner Is

MISSOURI'S Governor-elect Col. Frederick D. Gardner has some wild and weird ideas on taxation, notably the imposition of a poll tax, but he will learn. Moreover, he is up against the problem of getting money right away to meet a big deficit. He has not time to attempt to frame an ideal tax system for the state, or even to consider too closely the equitableness of the distribution of the tax through the counties. Some of his taxes would overburden the already heavily burdened cities while letting many counties down disgracefully easy. That, however, is not a matter he can rectify—at least not before the Legislature meets. I think it likely that he will come out fairly well on taxation after he gets through with his immediate emergency. He is a man willing to learn and he is going to listen to some experts who have modern and just and natural ideas of taxation. There is much to be expected of a man like Col. Gardner. One act of his shows the kind of governor he is going to be. In one of the

conferences on the tax situation some members of the House and Senate said of some of his proposals that they could not support them because such support would ruin them at home. "All right," said Col. Gardner, "you just unload on me. I'm not going to be a candidate again for anything. I'm going to be governor to get the best results for the whole state. I'll take the responsibility for anything that I propose in the matter of taxation or anything else, and as members of my party you must support me." That is the talk that shows the people of Missouri made no mistake in electing Col. Gardner last month. I don't say that it will win over the legislators who demurred at supporting his tax measures, but I think it will win the people back of those legislators into bringing pressure upon the legislators to back up that kind of a governor. A state executive who acts that way may go wrong on some things, but he is the kind of man who, if he can be made to see wherein he is wrong, will be quick to go right. He is not one to go dickering in petty politics or to go catering to special interests. The people of the state will have confidence in such a man. He will become popular as he refuses to scheme and shuffle for popularity. If Col. Gardner keeps on in the way he is going he will have the Legislature feeding out of his hand, for the plain folks back of the legislators will not have things any other way. But the governor-elect will have to study the tax question and learn the great main thing, that the thing to tax is the thing you want to discourage, that the safest things to tax are the things that cannot be moved, that a tax on industry is a fine upon industry, that the tax that is simplest, justest, easiest collected at least expense, that penalizes nobody for what he gives the state but amerces him for what the community gives him, the one tax that cannot be shifted, is the Single Tax. I am not grieved at or impatient with Col. Gardner. There was a time when I didn't see the Single Tax. But everybody who really, honestly studies the subject of taxation becomes a Single Taxer in time, even though he does not say so. When Governor-elect Gardner sees the cat, as I have faith he will, he will announce his discovery in tones that will shake the foundations of the Ozarks. I look for splendid results for the right from the mistakes in taxation which it now seems certain the newly-elected governor is about to make. Meanwhile, I realize that it is a condition and not a theory that he has to deal with. He is going to pull Missouri out of the hole, by some methods of taxation that are good, and by some that are bad. And he is going to be his own and the people's governor.

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His Share

By Kendall Harrison

"Soldier, soldier, home from the wars—"

"I 'AVE bought me a bit o' ground,
And I think I'll rest
Out o' the sight and the sound
O' what I've knowed best.

"I 'ave come to my small estate
Through a many o' seas;
I 'ave wrought wi' the weak and the great,
Forgettin' my ease.

"I 'ave paid for my own free'old
In coin o' worth;
I 'ave striven wi' strong men and bold
For my piece o' Earth.

"I 'ave bought me a bit o' ground
Wi' blood and pain,
And I'm come, wi' my dyin'-wound,
Back to England again.

"My free'old is six feet long,
And may be as deep.
I've bought it, and not for a song—
I think—I'll sleep."

The Dance Before Augustus

By Patience Worth

For the past sixteen months Patience Worth has been at work upon a story to which she gives the tentative title of "The Sorry Tale." During all this time Mrs. Curran has given two or three evenings a week to the service of the unseen author, receiving from 500 to 3000 words each evening. The story is not yet finished, but Patience said the other night that "there be but the patchin' and then the thatchin'," meaning that as soon as she had put some finishing touches on the walls, the roof would go on and it would be complete. It is a long story, even now, comparable, in this particular, with "Les Misérables" or "Jean Christophe" or De Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again," but there is not a dull page in it. It is a tale of sorrow, as her title indicates, sorrow that reaches the poignancy of anguish at times; there are many places where the pathos of situation and beauty of words suffuse reluctant eyes; yet it is neither somber nor lachrymose. The continuity and intensity of the action bring into play so many emotions that the dominant one, while it deeply impresses, does not depress. It is no milk-and-water tale; red blood runs through it from beginning to end, blood that is frequently shed by violence. There is love in it and hate, tenderness and cruelty, devotion and treachery, poetry, passion, humor, philosophy, religion—thickly studded with glowing epigrams and wise aphorisms.

The scene presented here is selected because it is one that would seem to suffer least by separation from the context, and yet an outline of that part of the plot that directly relates to it is necessary to its understanding. The story is laid in Palestine in the time of Christ. Theia, a beautiful Greek slave, is the favorite dancer at the Court of Augustus Caesar, who presents her to Tiberius, his son-in-law. Tiberius discards her, after a time, and Augustus, presumably—for reasons of state, orders her destruction. The person to whom this commission was given disobeys from motives of avarice and carries her to Palestine where she is turned loose, with an Arabian slave, Panda, her personal attendant, in the wilderness of Judea. Their wanderings bring them to Bethlehem where, in a leper's hut outside the town, Theia gives birth to a child—the son of Tiberius—who is the principal character of the story. She names him "Hate" and this will probably be the title of the book. On the same night Christ was born. Theia contracts the leprosy and for nearly twelve years is an avoided outcast sharing the fate of all lepers in that land and time. She is healed and goes into Jerusalem where she is imprisoned and remains confined in the pits beneath the palace about seven years. Tiberius, who has in the meantime become the Roman emperor, hears that she, whom he had thought dead, is alive and has a son. He sends a trusted messenger, an Arabian, Ahmud Hassan, to search for her and the boy, destroy the son and bring her back to Rome. Ahmud Hassan finds her, but she is no longer the beautiful Theia. She is aged from privation and suffering, bent, weak, a creature of skin and bones. Yet she arouses the sympathies of Ahmud Hassan, who takes her to the hut of Panda, her devoted servant, in the hills outside of Jerusalem. There the strange discovery is made that a girl in the household of Panda, one Indra, whom he had reared, has as an heirloom a bundle, held in trust by Panda and never before opened, which is found to contain rich garments and jewels brought by Theia from Rome and given by her at that time to the man who was ordered to slay her. Among these things were jeweled sandals with golden strings, a cloth adorned with metal discs and a peacock's feather set in an ivory stem. And now, with the reminder that the Theia of this scene is but the pitiful wreck of a once beautiful woman, we may raise the curtain and let her tell the story of a night of feasting at the Court of Augustus when she was "Theia, who danceth like

the flames of Apollo's fires; Theia, who hath the wings of Mercury at her ankles bound."

AND Theia sat clasped of the goods of Indra. The sandals hung from their golded latches unto her arms, and the feather wafted slow, and her eyes raised like the waked babe's, and her lips spake soft:

"Panda, the gods cast back the golded wastes of the play. E'en of this have they finished!"

And she took up the sandals and spake unto them: "Behold thou, Theia! Thou hast sped her, and at this time her heart weigheth past thy bearing. Yea, thou art bound of golded latches, and she, bound, bound, and the latches tied, yea, and the hand of Rome holdeth them!"

"The pits have oped. Yea, yea, and Theia may step forth. Yea, even unto her hands hath Rome delivered her cloth, her goods. Yea, Rome is good. Yea, Rome is kind. Yea, Rome feedeth well the beast that Rome's food be rich and full. Theia may step forth free, free, free! Hark ye, sires, hark ye! Theia is free! Ah, thou without—the green afar, the blue o'erhead, the sands that glint, the dusts that speed the airs—hark ye! Theia is free!"

"Behold the mock that lieth upon the lips of Rome! Theia seeth Rome's lips to curl and the eyes of her to shut unto the bare oping, and the glance to speed from out the very corners, that they be sharp and hurt. Behold, behold, that thou shalt know, that thou shalt know the fullness of this mocking, behold!"

And she held forth the cloth and the sandals and the feather, and took up the metaled cloth. And Panda started forth and cried:

"Enough, woman! Enough! Do thou not this thing!"

And Theia laughed, laughed, and held forth the metaled rings that shewed as armlets, and put these upon her arms, and they fell upon the up-raised arm even unto the shoulder, for no flesh held them. And she stooped and put the sandals upon her feet, and brought the latches unto the shut, and the flesh filled not their opings. And the cloth she spread forth o'er her shrunk form, and it hung in billows. And the metaled cloth she spread forth behind upon the flags and spake:

"Look thou! This did Caesar bid fashioned that Theia should dance, dance! Yea, and the mighty halls were lined with waving fans of peafowl's flaunts. Yea, and Theia was the bird—the sign of vanity! Yea, and she eat of fruits, and he who caught of one the tooth of her had sunk within cried out in joy.

"And Caesar had set oped the hall, the mighty hall. And the walls were hung of the royal scarlet, and the purple of the mighty one, and the feathers of the vanity.

"And the floors of the halls were strewn of purple lilies and white locusts that sent up sweet at the trodding. And the pool within belched forth waters, and upon the stream flowers rose and fell, and slaves poured sweet oils upon the waters.

"And the slaves, robed, one rank of white, one of purple, one of scarlet, one naked and draped of grape leaves and purple fruits. And the virgins wore wool's fleece caught upon their shoulders with trailed vines, and their heads shewed bound of blooms, and their feet bared and saffroned upon their toes. And the metals of their anklets beat like golden treasures at their stepping.

"And behold, youths stroked upon golden lyres, and their limbs shewed bared and their brows wound of laurels. And others blew upon trumpets.

"And the black ones gleamed as ebon, oiled, and their loins wrapped of leopard's skins and white goats.

"And behold, they, the women of the court, came them forth robed, and their flesh gleamed robed, and their locks shewed of gold dusts, and their necks were bound of flashed gems, and their breasts were guarded with gold discs set with jewels.

"And babes of young youth bore fruits and flowers, yea, and cups and chalices. And the men of

Rome drank not from these, but begged that they might sup from out this"—and she held forth her curled hand—"and drink the laugh of Theia amid their sup. Yea, Rome was good! Yea, Rome was kind."

And the tears sped o'er the thin cheeks. And Panda shrunk as 'neath the lash, and cried out: "Enough! Enough!"

And Theia smiled and spake: "Nay; Rome would on with the play!"

"Behold thou! Behold thou! Then did the trumpet blast sound even as the cry of the peafowl, and the feast was called. And they lay beside the feasting-place, and each took unto himself that that he coveted that he eat, be this flesh or fruit.

"And this was the time—this. For slaves came forth and bore a golden salver, and upon this the royal bird shewed. And they sat that they eat, and behold, the bird stood up. And this was Theia! This was Theia! This!"

"And upon the feasting-place she stepped and swayed. And this did she pluck from out her locks—this!"

And she held aloft the feather and laughed upon it and stroked it and spake her on:

"Yea, Rome's nobled did she tickle with this."

And her throat swelled, and she reached unto her heart and swayed, and her eyes stood out, and she spake:

"And he was there—Tiberius! Yea, he was there. And Rome knew much* her smiling lips held behind their smile. And the bird of vanity bowed before her sire, and honeyed words dripped from off a wine-sweet tongue.

"The day had oped unto Theia. Yea, the voices of the multitude called her name, 'Theia! Theia! Theia! Theia!' And it sounded as music. And she tripped her, spreading forth her flaunts and preening her that she eat from out the noble hand. And knew not, knew not, that the hand of Caesar should cause her slaying!"

And Ahmad Hassan's eyes gleamed wicked, and Theia looked unto him and spake:

"But even though the bird had danced, the feast sped on. Yea, fruits lay sweet-spilled upon the floors, and wine-shook hands turned ever-spilling founts of wines. But Theia was drunk, drunk, upon words and glances.

"And behold, they had drunk unto the flaming of fires, and they set unto the building up of a mighty cup that each should add unto. And they brought forth a golden bowl whose lips gleamed of sapphires, and a cup fashioned out from one gleaming jade. And this they gave unto the hand of Theia.

"And she set unto the building up of the cup. Upon the honey-locusts poured she wines, and they sunk therein pomegranates and spiced grapes and leaves of the cinnamon and barks of it. And ripe figs therein they emptied, and they brought forth flower wines that smelled as the spring's wake, and poured unto it. And it gleamed and shewed the taint of the sweet of the pomegranate and the scents of flowers and the bite of the spices. Yea, and this was the cup that should send the dream-god unto the merry make.

"And behold, slaves came forth and brought them lilies bound 'bout of sweet grass, and these were cups. Yea, these they called lotus lilies, and they dipped these unto the stems o'er and ate of the cup. And behold they slept amid the feast's leave, like flies swarmed and stilled o'er filth.

"And Theia saw this thing, and waked, and shook, and knew the night of Rome mocked her day! This then, was Caesar's household without the slaves' place! Theia knew the pits, the games, the dance—but this! Behind this smile, what lay?

"And he, Tiberius, had drunk not his filling but spake word that Theia knew not and feared.

"And Panda looked upon this. Didst thou not, Panda?

"And he was kind, Tiberius, he was good, like

*A reference to the amours of Julia, wife of Tiberius.

Rome. And he promised a new day. And Theia spread her wings and strutted even as the vain-cock, and listed."

And her weak form stepped, and she strutted, and behold, she looked upon herself and burst forth laughs, peal upon peal. And amid her laugh she spake:

"They slept, but one waked and then the other. And his noble mightiness slept heavy. And wine had heated of them o'er, and they cried out for game, for laugh, for merry-make. And Theia now watched afar.

"And they bid that coals of fire be brought forth, and this thing was done. And they laughed and drank and sang, and the coals glowed. And they bade that a black slave, a young one, be brought forth, and this thing was done, and they lay a scourge upon her and caused that she dance upon the coals. And the smell of seared flesh scented o'er the sweet. And she fell, and they lashed upon her flesh and she danced. And they laughed and cast their wines upon the coals that they flame. And the slave sunk and rose not more.

"And Theia knew what hid behind the smile, and feared, and fled up unto where her sister lay—Eunice, who knew not yet Rome's nights.

"Even though at the morn he, Tiberius, had come upon Eunice and Theia dancing amid the garden's place, and looked upon them, still the sear had touched not Eunice.

"And the morn brought fear, and within Theia had sprung up a mighty Why? Within whose hand stood this stone that pressed upon her? And Rome answered not upon that day.

"And the time came that Tiberius should go forth, and behold, the slave's place oped and women came forth and took Theia out unto the hall's place. And they called forth Panda and bade that he go and bring forth the goods that Caesar had given unto the hand of Theia. And Caesar gave unto Theia this"—and she brought forth the seal—"and this, thou canst see, showeth the copper, yea, the gleaming green and sapphire of the vanity-cock. This he put upon the thumb of Theia, that Tiberius might look upon it and know his kindness, his goodness!" And she laughed!

"Then, then, Theia, the vain one, drank honeyed words and ate of first fruits and went forth sorrowed, but waiting the new day of promise.

"And it came, too soon! Theia knew the vat's dregs. Knew that grape and worm maketh wine. Afar, afar, she learned this thing, and Rome smiled not."

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God's Places

By Margaret Widdemer

I SAID, "I am so tired of all the old tired faces
In the crowded places,
I tire of all the weary steps that cross and beat
Down the long swift street;"
I said, "I will return into my own still room
Thick with peace and gloom."

I said, "I will go summon up the still bright streams
Of my trooping dreams,
Whose faces are as weariless and calm and young
As a bird-note sung,
Who drift along with sunset-colored robes outblowing,
Of all need unknowing."

And then . . . the sun shone cloudless and the wind
blew fleet
Down the long bright street
And through the windowed canyon's end the sky's
sweet blue
Shone unwearied through. . .
And I said . . . "But I must stay, for sec. my
brothers' faces
Here in God's own places!"

*The copper ring bearing the signet of Augustus, previously mentioned.

Culture in the "Enc. Brit."

III. MODERN FICTION (Continued).

By Willard Huntington Wright

WE have seen how generous "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is in its treatment of British novelists. And we have also seen how large a part morality plays in its literary judgments. Furthermore we have witnessed the glowing and enthusiastic manner in which English writers—provided they are eminently respectable—are praised far beyond their true merits. There now remains the fiction of France, Russia, Germany and America, which we will briefly inspect through the pages of the "Britannica."

Let us turn to Balzac who was not, according to this encyclopædia, even Dickens' rival in intensity and range of creative genius. Here we find derogatory criticism which indeed bears out the contention of Dickens' biographer that the author of "David Copperfield" was superior to the author of "Lost Illusions." Balzac, we read, "is never quite real." His style "lacks force and adequacy to his own purpose." And then we are given this final bit of insular criticism: "It is idle to claim for Balzac an absolute supremacy in the novel, while it may be questioned whether any single book of his, or any scene of a book, or even any single character or situation, is among the very greatest books, scenes, characters, situations in literature." Alas, poor Balzac!—the inferior of both Dickens and Thackeray—the writer who, if the judgment of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is to be accepted, created no book, scene, character or situation which is among the greatest! Thus are the world's true geniuses disparaged for the benefit of moral English culture.

De Vigny receives adverse criticism. He is compared unfavorably to Sir Walter Scott, and is attacked for his "pessimistic" philosophy. De Musset "had genius, though not genius of that strongest kind which its possessor can always keep in check"—after the elegant and repressed manner of English writers, no doubt. De Musset's own character worked "against his success as a writer," and his break with George Sand "brought out the weakest side of his moral character." (Again the church-bell motif.) Gautier, that sensuous and un-English Frenchman, wrote a book called "Mademoiselle de Maupin" which was "unfitted by its subject, and in parts by its treatment, for general perusal."

Dumas père is praised, largely we infer, because his work was sanctioned by Englishmen: "The three musketeers are as famous in England as in France. Thackeray could read about *Athos* from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind, and Robert Louis Stevenson and Andrew Lang have paid tribute to the band." Pierre Loti, however, in a biography shorter than that of William Carleton, hardly meets with British approval. "Many of his best books are long sobs of remorseful memory, so personal, so intimate, that an English reader is amazed to find such depth of feeling compatible with the power of minutely and publicly recording what is felt." Loti, like de Musset, lacked that prudish restraint which is so admirable a virtue in English writers. Daudet, in a short and very inadequate biography, is written down as an imitator of Dickens; and in Anatole France's biography, which is shorter than Marryat's or Mrs. Oliphant's, no adequate indication of his genius is given.

Zola is treated with more unfairness than perhaps any other French author. Zola has always been disliked in England, and his English publisher was jailed by the guardians of British morals. But it is somewhat astonishing to find to what lengths this insular prejudice has gone in "The Encyclopædia Britannica." Zola's biography, which is shorter than Mrs. Humphry Ward's, is written by a former Accountant General of the English army, and contains adverse comment because he did not idealize "the

nobler elements in human nature," although, it is said, "his later books show improvement." Such scant treatment of Zola reveals the unfairness of extreme prejudice, for no matter what the nationality, religion, or taste of the critic, he must, in all fairness, admit that Zola is a more important and influential figure in modern letters than Mrs. Humphry Ward.

In the biography of George Sand we learn that "as a thinker, George Eliot is vastly (*sic*) superior: her knowledge is more profound, and her psychological analysis subtler and more scientific." Almost nothing is said of Constant's writings; and in the mere half-column sketch of Huysmans there are only a few biographical facts with a list of his books. Of Stendahl there is practically no criticism; and Coppée "exhibits all the defects of his qualities."

Despite the praise given Victor Hugo, his biography from a critical standpoint is practically worthless. In it there is no sense of critical proportion: it is a mere panegyric which definitely states that Hugo was greater than Balzac. This astonishing and incompetent praise is accounted for when we discover that it was written by Swinburne who, as is generally admitted, was a better poet than critic. In fact, turning to Swinburne's biography, we find the following valuation of Swinburne as critic: "The very qualities which gave his poetry its unique charm and character were antipathetic to his success as a critic. He had very little capacity for cool and reasoned judgment, and his criticism is often a tangled thicket of prejudices and predilections. . . . Not one of his studies is satisfactory as a whole; the faculty for the sustained exercise of the judgment was denied him, and even his best appreciations are disfigured by error in taste and proportion." Here we have the encyclopædia's own condemnation of some of its material—a personal and frank confession of its own gross inadequacy and bias! And Swinburne, let it be noted, contributes no less than ten articles on some of the most important literary men in history. If "The Encyclopædia Britannica" was as naïf and honest about revealing the incapacity of all of its critics as it is in the case of Swinburne, there would be no need for me to call attention to those other tangled thickets of prejudices and predilections which have enmeshed so many of the gentlemen who write for it.

René Bazin draws only seventeen lines—a bare record of facts; and Edouard Rod is given a third of a column with no criticism. But the inadequacy of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" as a reference book can best be judged by the fact that there appears no biographical mention whatever of Romain Rolland, Pierre de Coulevain, Tinayre, René Boylesve, Jean and Jérôme Tharaud, or Henri Bordeaux.

Modern Russian literature suffers even more from neglect. Dostoevsky has less than two columns, less space than Charles Reade, George Borrow, Mrs. Gaskell, or Charles Kingsley. Gogol has a column and a quarter, far less space than that given Felicia Hemans, James M. Barrie, or Mrs. Humphry Ward. Gorky is allotted little over half a column, one-third of the space given Kipling, and equal space with Ouida and Gilbert Parker. Tolstoi, however, seems to have inflamed the British imagination. His sentimental philosophy, his socialistic godliness, his capacity to "warm the heart" and "improve the conduct" has resulted in a biography which runs to nearly sixteen columns!

The most inept and inadequate biography in the whole Russian literature department, however, is that of Turgueniev. Turgueniev, almost universally conceded to be the greatest, and certainly the most artistic, of the Russian writers, is accorded little over a column, less space than is devoted to the biography of Thomas Love Peacock, Kipling, or Thomas Hardy; and only a half or a third of the space given to a dozen other inferior English writers. And in this brief biography we encounter the follow-

ing valuation: "Undoubtedly Turgueniev may be considered one of the great novelists, worthy to be ranked with Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot; with the genius of the last of these he has many affinities." It will amuse, rather, than amaze, the students of Slavonic literature to learn that Turgueniev was the George Eliot of Russia.

But those thousands of people who have bought "The Encyclopædia Britannica," believing it to be an adequate literary reference work, should perhaps be thankful that Turgueniev is mentioned at all, for many other important modern Russians are without biographies. For instance, there is no biographical mention of Andreiev, Garshin, Kuprin, Chernyshevsky, Grigorovich, Artzybasheff, Korolenko, Veresayeff, Orlovsky, or Tchekhoff. And yet the work of each one of these Russian writers had actually appeared in English translation before the eleventh edition of "The Encyclopædia Britannica" went to press!

Among the modern German writers of note who have no biographies in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" are Ebers, Eckstein, Franzos, Gustav Frenssen, Wilhelm Meinhold, Luise Mühlbach, Peter Rosegger, and Clara Viebig. Several of these names are among the foremost in modern German literature, and the work of most of them had also appeared in English translation before the encyclopædia was printed. Such wanton neglect of modern German writers is made all the more indefensible by the liberal inclusion of a score of third- and fourth-rate English writers.

When we come to the American literary division of the encyclopædia, however, prejudice and neglect reach their highest point. Never have I seen a better example of the contemptuous attitude of England toward American literature than in the encyclopædia's treatment of the novelists of the United States. William Dean Howells, in a three-quarters of a column biography, gets scant praise and is criticised with not a little condescension. F. Marion Crawford, in an even shorter biography, receives only lukewarm and apologetic praise. Frank Norris is accorded only twenty lines, less space than is given the English hack, G. A. Henty! "McTeague" is "a story of the San Francisco slums;" and "The Octopus" and "The Pit" are "powerful stories." This is the extent of the criticism. Stephen Crane is given twelve lines; Bret Harte, half a column with little criticism; Charles Brockden Brown and Lafcadio Hearn, two-thirds of a column each; H. C. Bunner, twenty-one lines; and Thomas Nelson Page less than half a column.

What there is in Mark Twain's biography is written by Brander Matthews and is fair as far as it goes. The one recent American novelist who is given adequate praise is Henry James; and this may be accounted for by the fact of James' adoption of England as his home. The only other adequate biography of an American author is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. But the few biographies of other United States writers who are included in the encyclopædia are very brief and insufficient.

In the omissions of American writers, British prejudice has overstepped all bounds of common justice. There are no biographies of Edith Wharton, Winston Churchill, David Graham Phillips, O. Henry, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, Ambrose Bierce, Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Fawcett, Margaret Deland, S. Weir Mitchell, Opie Read, Robert Grant, Ellen Glasgow, Booth Tarkington or Alice Brown. And yet there is abundant space in "The Encyclopædia Britannica" for biographies of such English writers as Hall Caine, Rider Haggard, William de Morgan, Stanley Weyman, Flora Annie Steel, Edna Lyall, Elizabeth Charles, Annie Keary, Eliza Linton, Mrs. Henry Wood, Pett Ridge, W. C. Russell, and many others of less consequence than the American authors omitted.

If "The Encyclopædia Britannica" was a work whose sale was confined to England, there could be

little complaint of the neglect of the writers of other nationalities. But unjust pandering to British prejudice and a narrow contempt for American culture scarcely become an encyclopædia whose chief profits are derived from the United States. So inadequate is the treatment of American fiction that almost any modern text-book on our literature is of more value than "The Encyclopædia Britannica," for, as I have shown, all manner of inferior and little-known English authors are given eulogistic biographies, while many of the foremost American authors receive no mention whatever.

As a reference book on modern fiction, "The Encyclopædia Britannica" is hopelessly inadequate and behind the times, filled with long eulogies of bourgeois English authors, lacking all sense of proportion, containing many glaring omissions, and compiled and written in a spirit of insular prejudice. And this is the kind of culture that America is exhorted, not merely to accept, but to pay a large price for.

(Mr. Wright's next article will treat of the manner in which the world's dramatists are dealt with in "The Encyclopædia Britannica."—THE EDITOR.)

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Christmas at Indian Point

By Edgar Lee Masters

WHO is that calling through the night,
A wail that dies when the wind roars?
We heard it first on Shipley's Hill,
It faded out at Comingoer's.

Along five miles of wintry road
A horseman galloped with a cry,
"Twas two o'clock," said Herman Pointer,
"When I heard clattering hoofs go by."

"I flung the winder up to listen;
I heard him there on Gordon's Ridge;
I heard the loose boards bump and rattle
When he went over Houghton's Bridge."

Said Roger Ragsdale: "I was doctorin'
A heifer in the barn, and then
My boy says: 'Pap, that's Billy Paris.'
'There,' says my boy, 'it is again.'"

"Says I: 'That kain't be Billy Paris,
We seed 'im at the Christmas tree.
It's two o'clock,' says I, 'and Billy
I seed go home with Emily.'"

"He is too old for galavantin'
Upon a night like this,' says I.
'Well, pap,' says he, 'I know that frosty,
Good-natured huskiness in that cry.'"

"It kain't be Billy,' says I, swabbin'
The heifer's tongue and mouth with brine,
'I never thought—it makes me shiver,
And goose-flesh up and down the spine.'"

Said Doggie Traylor: "When I heard 'it
I 'lowed 'twas Pin Hook's rowdy new 'uns.
Them Cashner boys was at the schoolhouse
Drinkin' there at the Christmas doin's."

Said Pete McCue: "I lit a candle
And held it up to the winder pane,
But when I heard again the holler
'Twere half-way down the Bowman Lane."

Said Andy Ensley: "First I knowed
I thought he'd thump the door away.
I hopped from bed, and says, 'Who is it?'
'O, Emily,' I heard him say.

"And there stood Billy Paris tremblin',
His face as white as war his hair.

'O Andy'—and his voice went broken.
'Come in,' says I, 'and have a cheer.

"'Sit by the fire,' I kicked the logs up,
'What brings you here?—I would be told.'
Says he, 'My hand just . . . happened near hers
It teched her hand . . . and it war cold.

"'We got back from the Christmas doin's
And went to bed, and she was sayin'
(The clock struck ten) if it keeps snowin'
To-morrow there'll be splendid sleighin'.

"'My hand teched hers, the clock struck two,
And then I thought I heerd her moan.
It war the wind, I guess, for Emily
War lyin' dead . . . she's there alone.'

"I left him then to call my woman
To tell her that her mother died.
When we come back his voice was steady,
The big tears in his eyes was dried.

"He just sot there and quiet like
Talked 'bout the fishin' times they had,
And said for her to die on Christmas
Was somethin' 'bout it made him glad.

"He grew so cam he almost skeered us.
Says he: 'It's a fine Christmas over there.'
Says he: 'She was the lovinest woman
That ever walked this Vale of Care.'

"Says he: 'She allus laughed and sang,
I never heerd her once complain.'
Says he: 'It's not so bad a Christmas
When she can go and have no pain.'

"Says he: 'The Christmas's good for her.'
Says he: . . . 'Not very good for me.'
He hid his face then in his muffler
And sobbed the words, 'O Emily.'"

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The Caged Women of Japan

By William F. Woerner

IN my tour through the interior of Japan, I observed much in apparent confirmation of the many laudatory things said and written in recent years concerning the progressiveness of the national spirit, and the excellence of the private life and character, of the Japanese.

There are those who, let us hope groundlessly, regard the marvelous rise of this aggressive little Island Empire with apprehension, fearing it to be fraught with the ultimate menace of the so-called "Yellow Peril" looming up on the horizon of the occidental world. But the student of universal history well knows that in this age the qualifications of a nation for world-leadership must rest fundamentally upon a superior conception of national ideals and integrity, and that a comparative deficiency in racial or national morality is fatal to a country's permanent domination.

If Japan possesses these qualities necessary to world leadership, well and good, for then there is something to gain and nothing to fear in contemplating her possible ascendancy. On the other hand, if she does not, we may rest assured she will never dominate the earth. But does she possess these qualifications? Some say yes, and point to many supposed excellences of the Japanese character, while others say no, and point an accusing finger at the alleged deceit, cunning and insincerity that have characterized all diplomatic relations of Japan with other countries—traits of character, they say, which are consistently reflected in the private dealings between Japanese and the foreign merchants with whom they have had business relations.

No scientific standard has as yet been discovered, so far as I know, whereby to test the respective claims for superiority between the Yellow and the

White with any degree of satisfaction to either; yet I hope that I will not be accused of Japanophobia when I admit that, in my judgment, there lurks at least one distinct proof of fundamental lack of Oriental appreciation of human rights, in the toleration, nay, encouragement, on the part of both the Japanese Government and its people, of what they call the "Yoshiwara." It is a distinctively Japanese institution, and therefore must be regarded as expressive of the peculiar national spirit or consciousness of the Nipponese, regarded as a nation or race.

Not only is no attempt made to conceal or veil the existence of this "system," but the "Yoshiwara" is openly advertised as one of the peculiar attractions for tourists and sight-seers visiting the Japanese cities. I state the facts at first hand, but it is open to anyone easily to verify them, whatever may be thought of the conclusions therefrom.

Though there is a "Yoshiwara" in every large city of Japan, the one in Tokio, the capital of the empire, will best serve as an illustration of the system, and that is the one herein described.

There is in Tokio a large segregated district some six or eight blocks square, enclosed by high walls on every side. Entrance or exit is had only through immense gates, which, when closed, exclude those within from all contact with the world without. These gates are open to the public from seven o'clock in the evening until midnight for the purpose of carrying on the "business."

The district within is laid out in squares or rectangular lots upon which are built contiguous three or four-story frame buildings, usually of the airy "tea-house" style of Japanese architecture. All storeys above the ground floor are used for the consummation of the "business" for which the ground floor serves as an advertisement and invitation.

The great majority of these houses have the lower or ground floor wholly open, except for strong, vertical bars that imprison the human slaves there kept for exhibition, and this gives these lower floors a striking resemblance to a menagerie cage in a circus. There is, however, no roped lee-way separating these cages from the public, but the houses extend right out to the narrow streets or lanes which divide the district into rectangles, so that the pedestrians may make a critical inspection of the imprisoned human merchandise, and pick such article as their particular notions of comeliness or shapeliness may suggest.

While open for business the whole district is brilliantly illuminated by electric lights running along the outlines of windows, eaves or storeys, so that the alluring sparkle and glare of bright lights and the glitter of tinsel may help to attract crowds and excite their senses. Soft lights from above, hidden in the top of these cages, throw their glamour downward on the living goods on sale, without blinding the eyes of the observer, very much as we see female dummies displayed here in the big show windows of milliners or dressmaking establishments, who thus exhibit their wares to advantage.

This Tokio merchandise, however, does not consist of the dummy kind, nor even of animals. It consists of girls that are human—more so than their owners, who keep them on display. They range from seventeen years up. In some of the cages there are confined only a few; in others, they run higher, even up to a dozen or two. Some of them are pretty, all of them are given striking kimonos to wear, and all the kimonos of the girls in any one cage are exactly alike. But the colors differ in the different cages, and the inmates of each cage have their kimonos changed at stated periods of time. The girls sit in a row on the immaculate matting that covers the floor. Competition between owners of the different shops being keen, the girls are required to be studiously careful as to toilet and hair-dress, and faults of complexion or appearance are hidden beneath skillfully applied pads, powders and rouges. These women are numbered by the thousand in Japan.

Nobody is permitted to enter the cages, though there is nothing to prevent conversation through the bars by anyone choosing to do so. If one wishes a less public acquaintance with any particular girl, all he has to do is to pay the male attendant who stands guard at the cage the fixed, stipulated sum, and the girl whom the visitor fancies is ordered to leave the cage and entertain him on the upper floors in whatever way he may desire.

Such is the usual or "show-house" style. There is, however, a second kind of house, supposed to be of a somewhat higher order, where, instead of the living girls being exhibited as above stated, large photographs of the inmates are placed on view, with their respective names inscribed thereon, and the male caller makes his selection from the pictures thus displayed. There is a third or "de luxe" class of houses, patronized only by white foreigners, or by the very wealthy Japanese, where admission is obtained in a more formal manner to the apartments of a supposedly superior and more exclusive grade of ladies.

For each of these three grades of houses there is a fixed and uniform admission price, which, if I recollect my information aright, is respectively a half to one yen for the ordinary house, one to two yen for the middle class and three to five yen for the exclusive circle. A yen is the equivalent of half-a-dollar. The time limit for the two lower classes is midnight, when the institution is closed; but there is none for the first class.

But all the women are governed by the law of the "Yoshiwara." The payment of the stipulated sum entitles the visitor to the attentions of the particular girl whom he designates, who must serve him in such manner as he may suggest. For reasons appearing from what is below stated, none of this money ever goes to the girl. She has absolutely nothing to say as to whom she will see, nor may she refuse whatever male that wants her, no matter how repulsive she may think him.

Now then—for otherwise an American reader, not familiar with the Japanese "Yoshiwara," will fail to grasp the fact—let it be plainly stated that those girls are not there by their choice of such a life. They were brought there, usually as virgins, often against their piteous protests; they will be held there by force until the last vestige of spiritual humanness has died within them.

Here is the truth, almost incredible to Occidental belief: they have been sold by their own parents into irretrievable degradation. Their "natural protectors" sell them into a hopeless slavery to all the male public in Japan, while the artificial "protector"—the state—legally holds them down in this slavish slime. The common proceeding is this: Parents of a girl who are in need of money or who wish to provide for themselves in old age, or who find themselves in debt which they cannot see their way clear to pay, put up their daughter for whatever money they can get for her, which is often as little as one or two hundred yen, and never over five hundred (a yen, be it repeated, is the equivalent of fifty cents). In Japan the parent has the right of absolute control and disposition of the child, which right may thus be bartered away to another for a little money. The girls thus sold into the "Yoshiwara" are usually country maidens of previous good character. The only legal requirement is that they should not be under seventeen. The girl herself has nothing to say about it, is not consulted, and in fact often is led by artifice into the walls of the "Yoshiwara" in ignorance of where she is going or the fate that awaits her.

The lease by the parents of the daughter to the money-lender is tentatively for a fixed period, usually three years, within which time, if she is sufficiently attractive to remain in fair demand, it is supposed that she will enable her new owner to repay himself the amount borrowed, and interest and expenses, all out of the net profits he derives from the commercialization of his slave's body. Even

disregarding the cost of keep, the reader may calculate for himself how many thousands of times the girl must be called, before the accumulated stipulated pittances begin to bring any net profits to her owner. But if at the end of the designated period she has not "worked out" the burden of debt she never contracted, she remains in bond for so much longer as may be required to earn enough to clear the good name of her dear parents.

From the moment a girl passes the ponderous gate of the wall that encloses the "Yoshiwara," she is dead to parents, relatives, friends and to all the world outside the slimy hell-sewer into which she is cast. Once in, there is no escape. The girls are strictly guarded every moment, so as to frustrate any attempt to escape. They are not allowed out of the prison house without the permission of the police, as well as of the proprietor. Even if they could escape the house, it would not avail them, as they could not get out of the walled-in district. They see nobody except their own kind. Even when an untoward event causes a momentary release from the prison house, they are always attended by elderly women guards in order to foil any dream of running off. If the girls by any miracle break away, they are hunted down like criminals by the police, and returned to the sex treadmill.

Often, if not generally, the natural instincts of womanhood impel the girls at first to rebel and to resist submission. But the new arrival, knowing herself to be sold by her own father and mother, whom all Japanese children are taught implicitly to obey, deserted by all to whom she could look for help, learning that she must stay there forever or until she pays herself out in the only way she can make money for her master, surrounded by older victims who have learned their lesson, bullied by her master, who is losing money, and above all, forced to the sickening conviction of her utter helplessness, soon finds herself compelled to submit to the same bestialization as the countless others. When unbearable misery becomes the only fruit of any remnant of finer feelings, nature soon eradicates that remnant, and mercifully substitutes a brutish but bearable brazen depravity.

So most of the women in these cages bear with stony stolidity the staring scrutiny of the thousands of men as they peer at them through the bars, or they boldly solicit the passer-by to pick them out. But it is also true that here and there one sees a cowering form that shrinks against the wall, as far as possible from the bars which separate her from the crowd in front. And on such a face, to him who sees and can understand, there is a veiled look of such unutterable misery and hopeless horror that it haunts the mind for weeks. Display posters in the cages specially advertise the advent of new arrivals.

These girls are not even slaves of one man, but rather of the entire male population. Any man who has the necessary pittance to pay her owner, may pick any of the caged women. No choice of refusal is open to the girl, no matter how repulsive he may be to her. As no examination of any customer is called for (and except in flagrant instances, generally would be of little value) it is inevitable that this promiscuous association is accompanied by pollution and disease of all kinds, from which neither the girls nor the patrons can ever be safe. That this fear of contamination on the part of the public may be minimized, and business therefore not suffer therefrom more than is unavoidable, an alleged safeguard is advertised, in that the women are subjected to a bi-weekly medical examination, and in case of disease which is sufficiently developed to be discovered, the slave is sent to the "Yoshiwara" hospital in the district, where she stays until supposedly cured, and is then returned to the cage to work again until she is discovered to be again polluted, and so on.

I am not telling you of instances here and there. In the system are to-day enmeshed many thousands. Every city of size in Japan has its own district. In Tokio alone there are to-day more than two thou-

sand of these female victims publicly on exhibition in the cages.

It is evident to all that the life of any inmate of the "Yoshiwara" who is lucky enough to work her way out, and pay back in this way money that her parents got for murdering her soul, is nevertheless irretrievably ruined to the end. The woman has no choice. She is tabooed in decent circles. Notwithstanding a popular impression to the contrary in this country, she is branded as an outcast for life. A vicious criminal serving a sentence for voluntary crime is much better off both during and after his incarceration, than is the blameless girl, guiltless of wrong-doing of any kind, both during and after her sentence to the "Yoshiwara."

It is unnecessary to enter further into details. It is enough to bear in mind the salient thing, that the women in the "Yoshiwara" were deliberately put there without their consent; that without having committed any crime they are forcibly detained there and compelled to lead a life of the vilest degradation, and that this is all legalized and enforced by the law of Japan.

True it is that in Europe and America there are vice-districts, some of them segregated. But these are based on conceptions fundamentally different from those of the Orient. In the Occident they are not fostered and encouraged by law. Their inmates are not forced against their will. They are not compelled to remain. They choose their own customers, or rather may refuse whom they will. What they may earn is their own; they are not a collection agency for a money-lender to whom they never owed anything. The door is always open for them to leave. No law arrests them and compels their return. There are institutions here for the protection of wayward girls against themselves, and efforts to keep them away from evil, but not any institutions compelling virgin maidens to submit to be sold into deepest degradation and kept there behind bars for a stranger's profit; they are not arrested and returned like criminals if possibly they escape.

For a father or mother, or, as is so frequently the case in Japan, for both parents, for the sake of a few dollars, deliberately to contract for the damnation of their own flesh and blood to compulsory sexual slavery of this indiscriminate character, and for years to remain a public advertising exhibition thereof, is simply unspeakable as viewed by the occidental spirit. And to have this done by the thousands, with placid lack of interest by the public, if not rather approval, is beyond belief. But what renders us utterly dumb is the fact that these unspeakable parental contracts are not only not severely punished under the criminal code, but they receive legal sanction, full protection, enforcement to the letter, under the Law of Japan. For a white man it is hard to imagine a more flagrant perversion of proper functions of government, a viler distortion of the Majesty of the Law, than the utilization of its vast powers for such a purpose.

In Japan it is the state itself which aids, as accessory, nay, rather compels and therefore herself commits, the Great Crime, and this on a vast and wholesale scale in the name of the Law.

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The Lost Son

By John L. Hervey

HE comes in, not every noon-hour, but very often, to the café where, habitually, I take my luncheon. I first noticed him a couple of years ago, picking him out at once from the other "regulars" (whom one soon spots if one of them) and found myself, in a short time, looking forward eagerly and involuntarily for his appearance. If he fails to show up, somehow my luncheon lacks savor. If he does, I always enjoy it, coming away not more physically than spiritually refreshed—with a sense of emotional pleasure that truly "warms the cockles of my heart."

He is a young fellow, I suppose twenty years

younger than am I. Tall, broad-shouldered, of erect carriage and springy step, he is not merely well but elegantly made, yet devoid of that too-athletic physique which to the eye of the lover of moderation may become offensive. There is about him, moreover, an air of high breeding that is unconscious, innate, quite unpretentious and by that token all the more appealing to one who values blood—who has tabulated the pedigree of many a thoroughbred and knows what blood means. For a young man so tall, he has a small head and I would incline to pronounce him of Spanish blood or descent were it not that the shape of his skull, beautifully modeled, almost perfectly spherical yet so proportioned as to escape anything of the bullet cast, belies the assumption. Its contour is emphasized by his physiognomy and the formation and placing of his ears. Without being effeminate, the fineness of his features is extreme. The forehead is neither low nor high, neither broad nor narrow. The maxillary lines are suave, but at the same time firm and decisive, and the chin has the shadow, just the shadow, of a cleft. The nose, rather small, has clean-cut nostrils, yet lacks distinction, perhaps, more than any other feature. Neither aquiline nor Grecian, it is almost childish in its profile. The mouth is quite beautiful, with those "fluted" lips that sculptors love and Leonardo sought interminably to pencil in his sketch-books. His eyes, very dark brown, almost black, very bright but very soft, glow rather than sparkle. They are serious, reflective eyes, but I have glimpsed in them occasionally whimsical, almost roguish twinkles—such twinkles as arouse the risibilities of others, and this has caused me to believe that beneath his somewhat sedate manner lurks a large capacity for being merry. His ears, of which I have spoken, are smallish and so exquisitely formed and placed that one longs to draw or model them. His hair is of that deep, intense black that carries the bluish iridescence, fine, silky and kept closely cropped. It is not thick and I have told myself that this young man may become prematurely bald—which to him will not be so much of a misfortune because of the harmonious proportions of his skull. His complexion resembles that of a creole, but is not quite so darkly olive, and his skin is so clear and smooth that his black beard can be seen beneath it, no matter how closely or how freshly shaven he may be—and invariably he is both closely and freshly shaven. His hands (which peculiarly enough, are not small and seem shaped rather for labors of strength than delicacy) are irreproachably kept, without advertising the barber shop manicure. His whole person exhales an aroma of scrupulous self-respect and immaculate cleanliness with never a hint of the dandiacal.

He always comes in about eleven-forty-five—I myself always lunch at eleven-thirty so as to escape the rush at twelve—and very often he carries under his arm a sort of leather portfolio which, I have imagined, may contain legal or similar papers. Leading to the inference that he may be in the law—of which I should be sorry were it the fact. Again I have observed him studying columns of figures in a note-book, and wondered if he might not be a bank clerk?—of which also I should be—even sorer! I do not think he is a spender, because, while his clothes are well cut and fit him well, he wears them sometimes until they begin to go a bit "shiny." His scarves are very subdued, he always wears white linen with no touch of color, and he is guiltless of jewelry, save for a plain gold scarf-pin.

Without being at all striking in appearance, he is a young man who, once the appreciative eye restlessly seeking for individuality among the human horde pauses upon him, holds it quietly but firmly. You say, involuntarily, "What a splendid type!" And that impression familiarity does not dull but deepens.

Where does he come from? What is his name? What does he do? In short, who is he? I do not know—haven't the slightest idea. But it is one of my pleasures of imagination to wonder.

I have never known him to bring a companion to the café but once. It is his custom to come alone,

preferably seat himself by himself, to order and eat his luncheon without haste but with dispatch, and then to arise and go as unobtrusively as he has come. In ordering, he never assumes the air that most young males seem impelled to if the waitress happens to be personable. He is as polite to her as if he were at his mother's table. Plainly, he is nothing of the "skirt-hunter." Yet he is a young man over whom the young ladies, I can conceive, might easily "go wild." But does he care much for the young ladies? The only means of estimation I have is the fact that the solitary companion he once brought to lunch with him was a young lady—a very attractive young lady, very modishly gotten up. Moreover, a young lady who, to the experienced eye was, in an undemonstrative way, immensely interested in him. But he was not immensely interested in her. His manner toward her was deferential, attentive, charming. He let her do most of the talking—as, of course, he should!—and he answered her constant smiles with rare ones which, however, must have increased her interest in him, so winning were they. Behind them he also revealed two rows of the most even and dazzlingly white teeth in the world. But all the time I could not help thinking that really, although too polite to betray it, he would much rather have been eating his luncheon alone—or, possibly, with some other young lady!

I have never known him to address a word to any of the habitués of the café except the waitresses or the cashier. He has not at all a supercilious air, or a let-me-alone one. Nothing of that. He simply maintains a consistent reserve, so unassuming as to be almost unnoticeable, I presume, except by myself.

He invariably seeks out a table in or near the corner where I always sit, sometimes he sits at one directly opposite mine, sometimes diagonally across, sometimes just in front or just behind. But we have never, in two years, sat at the same table. Many times he has come in and found the other seat at my table vacant and I have hoped that he would take it, but he has always chosen another in the vicinity, perhaps going out of his accustomed "beat" to secure one by himself. And so, many times, I, on my part, entering a little late and finding no contiguous unoccupied seat save *vis-a-vis* with him, have in my turn passed on, though I would have much preferred to sit down where I could have the pleasure of studying him more closely than ever. I often think that he cannot have seen me there "or thereabouts" so regularly for so long a time without having become aware of my identity, or individuality, and I wish that he might give some sign of recognition, of the slightest desire for communication. But he never does.

"Perhaps," you will exclaim, "he may be thinking the same thing of you!" . . . But I do not think so—I really do not. Or, it is possible, being so much younger as he is, and so well bred, he thinks that the initiative should be assumed by me? Again, I do not think so. I cannot explain why—but I "feel it in my bones."

And, another reason for my silence—I will confess it—is a fear. A fear of disappointment. So many of these beings to whom we are so strongly attracted, in whom involuntarily we become so interested, whom we admire so much, retain their fascination only so long as they preserve their distance. Once their lips are unsealed in familiar discourse, the spell is broken. Behind the delightful personality, the alluring exterior, we find—alas, that I must say it!—such disillusion that often we could weep.

My young man, now—suppose, just suppose, that he proved one of those entirely commonplace young men whom occasionally the gods bless with forms and faces of such rare, such admirable beauty? Suppose that, having at last got him talking, it proved that we had not an idea—a real idea—in common, or the least discoverable community of aspiration; that the sustaining of a half-hour's conversation with him left me exhausted by the attempt to find a

mutual meeting-ground? What then? Could anything social be more cruel? Surely not—except (again alas!) that he might, upon his part, experience a similar sense of mere fatuity in me!

So, as I have said, I respect his silence and make no effort to penetrate the zone of inviolability with which he would, apparently, surround himself. But I cannot help wishing, wishing—

And now I am beginning to wonder if I have not, perhaps, lost him forever. He has not shown up for the longest time—several weeks—that I can remember. Every noon I hope to see him come in—and it comes and goes and he does not. It happened that I had plenty of time to dawdle over my luncheon to-day, so I did, prolonging its simplicity by much gustatory circumlocution and the making everything last as long as possible. But it was of no use. He did not come. And I arose and departed with a contraction of the heart. My thought was of Lamb's Dream Children, and beneath my breath I repeated the futile cry: "If I might have had a son like him!"

♦♦♦♦

Through the Rain

By Dermot O'Byrne

YOU, my friend, know the delight, keen and searching, when walking out in thoroughly bad weather, in surrendering body and spirit—aye, the will itself—to the violent caprices of unchainable rains and winds and seas. How often have we striven together against stinging south-westerly gales as they lashed the streaming and slippery quays of that old grey town of the west in which for one whole winter we had occasion to share lodgings. You will remember as well as I those dishevelled twilights when pools of water stood in the cracks of flags and paving stones, when slimy pins and ring-bolts gleamed sullenly under the struggling light of the last tawny glare in the west, when even in the harbor the black waves slapped with angry haste against the green and barnacled walls of the slips, and spars creaked and rattled and ropes strained before the hissing gusts of wind and rain. Standing there with the rain scourging our faces and the wind whistling as it seemed between our ears and our caps, our legs pinned by the whipping folds of our coats, we have read half-blinded the names of the somber and beautiful craft, sentient creatures, we fancied, and dumb only with surprise of the storm. Some of them were Celtic names of owners in the Southern ports or of those on the Clyde, whilst others were foreign enough, names full of rich, soft vowels that set the wander-blood that is the heritage of youth leaping in our veins, vague gleams of multi-colored romance flashing for a moment against the souging blackness before our eyes, and lovely and mournful melodies, half-sensed, stirring the heart with the sweet pain of that "Over the hills and far away" that is found in every language and 'is the oldest lilt in the world.

Together we have felt the sense of inexpressible lightness, almost of disembodiment, which comes at such an hour, as though the force of the storm had snapped the chains of Space and Time, and set our spirits free to wander unchecked in all centuries and all climes.

Yes, we both know the heartening ecstasy of these moments, but it is of another and a more mystical mood that I would write now, and although we have never spoken together of such things, I feel sure that these half beautiful, half terrible, states of vision are not unknown to you.

Do you recall certain lonely moments, noisy with outward storm, and yet tremulous with an inward quiet, intense and suspended—moments when the grey veil of torn mist upon which your eyes dream becomes a whirling mirror blown clear and dusked again by the demon of the wind, a bewitched crystal in which instead of the familiar black bog and curtailed mountain and frothing lake water, past things

may become appallingly apparent? Do you know such moments, I say? I think you do, for I am sure that in fleeting instants I have seen the wonder and terror of this wisdom in your eyes.

It was the memory of such an experience that came to me with a sudden, startling vividness a while back, just when a more than usually mastering gust blustered against the corner of the house, flinging a hissing scatter of hail down the chimney upon the fire and driving a stinging reek of turf-smoke in my eyes. Before I had rubbed them clear I saw again for a brief moment what I beheld through the rain that day. . . .

It is some years now since that desolate October evening. I was in Donegal at the time, a temporary inhabitant of that village which has become dearer to me than any place under the stars, a secret shrine of dreams and spiritual desire. All the morning it had rained—rained as perhaps it only can in the Northern hills. The wind was from the southwest and the clouds trailed low to the earth, dragging before the wind over the boggy and rocky soil of the glen and followed immediately by others, an endless whispering grey host hurrying into the mountains at the back with their sad and tender message from that West that is the illusive Heart's Desire of the Celtic imagination.

In the afternoon the rain still continued, but I had grown tired of work and of the unevenly papered walls of my room, whose only decorations were two cheap oleographs of the present Pope and his predecessor and a colored supplement from the Christmas number of some magazine of twenty years ago. Allowing my book to slip from my knees to the ground, I rose from my chair with a sigh and went over to the window.

For a few moments I gazed pensively at the heaped-up pearly mists pouring resistlessly up the glen, and then the ceaseless soft motion seemed suddenly to communicate itself to my own heart together with a strong inclination to mingle myself with those quiet-footed hosts and accompany them for a while on their road. I felt—obscurely still and yet with a certain persuasiveness that would not be put aside—the fancy inattentively and lightly conjured up in the morning that they were upon some secret quest, either the messengers or the seekers of some melancholy spiritual mystery. I could stay indoors no longer. Going downstairs I took my coat and hat from their peg in the white-washed passage and went out into the chill wet dimness of the evening. There was no one in the little village street as I passed through it. The white-washed walls of the cabins on either side were streaked with brown stains where the dirt had oozed down from the roofs, and the straw itself was sodden to every tone of stained yellow and tawny brown. Bristling grass growing among the soiled thatches and lank whips loosened from beneath the ropes and stones which bound them flapped desolately in the wind. The ill-kept road had become a morass and in the soft, deep ruts small rivulets gleamed dimly in the feeble light. Among the grass at the side of the road two or three ducks, complacently wallowing among the remnants of broken crockery and rusty and battered tin cans, shook the water from their tail-feathers and expressed their content with low chuckling quacks. This was the only token of life in the place. I followed the road up the glen between its borders of dripping grey thorn-bushes, passing a few more cabins, almost all with the tops of their half-doors fastened up against the weather. Behind one of these someone was practicing a reel on a crack-toned fiddle, and as I passed another I heard a sour voice scolding in Gaelic at some children.

Soon I had left all trace of human life behind me and was companioned on every side by the drifting mists. As I moved moodily forward through the intense loneliness and stillness I was surprised to remark a narrow *bohircen* which suddenly appeared to my right. I could not remember to have seen it before nor was I able to make out its direction, for the grey mantle of cloud was heaped so heavily over it that my eyes could only follow its course for a

few yards. The unremembered and obscure footpath seemed to hold some secret lure for my melancholy mood and unconsciously I resolved to follow it until I would at least find out where it led.

Leaving the road I plunged into the dense mist. The *bohircen*—or rather bridle-path, for it was little more—had fallen clearly into disuse for many years, for over its border the tufted heather—its tops now heavy and palely gleaming with silver and web-like veils of rain—had grown so closely that its direction was hardly discernible.

The wind, though not very strong, now and again made short rushes over the waste of black bogland, sighing sharply—as it seemed with a kind of impotent viciousness like some mortally wounded animal—and fainting away again immediately. No cry of heron, curlew, or plover broke the stillness. There was something trance-like in this melancholy groping through the dead and dripping heather with the walls of mist heavy and impenetrable about one on all sides, a silence and desolation unforeseen and disturbing. For an instant it seemed that the life of the spirit was shadowed forth in this uncertain progress through a dim and hovering company of shadows—a friendless, foeless land. I shook off this uncomfortable fancy hurriedly, and even as I did so the track suddenly came to an end. I looked about in all directions, stirring the heather with my foot, thinking that possibly in the course of time the path had become overgrown for a few yards, but without success. I stumbled irresolutely this way and that, uncertain whether to turn back at once or to venture a few perilous steps further in the soaking and trackless bog, and then suddenly an exclamation of astonishment and alarm escaped me. My right foot was sinking rapidly in a welter of soft, rich mud that bubbled oozing and gurgling in a cloud of froth as far as my shin before I could realize that I was no longer on firm soil. With an effort I succeeded in keeping my balance and dragged my foot up sharply. The bubbles sank down again in the depths of a heaving and throbbing vortex of mud and with a gasp of relief I drew back carefully until I felt the unyielding rock beneath the soles of my feet. It was then that I discovered that I was on the brink of a marsh or lake—I could not tell which, for the hurrying blind ones of the rain thronged the water impenetrably at a short distance from its margin.

There was nothing outwardly remarkable about the place, but even at the first glance I was filled with an unaccountable disquietude. Coarse and colorless reeds flapped and rustled before the wind at the edge of the water, and though slightly disturbed by the rain, the latter was so clear that I could see dimly the fungi stirring languidly in the depths. At that moment the wind dropped momentarily, the rain lightened, and the surface of the water became almost glassy-clear.

I leaned forward involuntarily. For an instant something seemed to glimmer redly in the oozy depths. I stared into the marsh and a strange confusion clouded my brain.

I groped feverishly among a heaped wastage of memories, searching for something that the gloomy glitter in the bottom of the marsh had fallen upon for one fleeting moment—some fragment of a tale heard in childhood, or perhaps dreamed—possibly even—

I started. There was something stirring in the mist on the other side of the water, something was approaching, forceful and pervading.

I listened with every nerve strained. Out of the mist came a strange mingling of sounds, a rhythmic ring and clatter as of multitudes of arms and bucklers and a great sighing like the hurried breathing of a vast host on the march.

I speak of sound, but even at the time I knew it was not sound, but as it were the shadow of sound, for it did not strike my ears, but rather some inner sense. Even as I listened a spear-head broke the mist, and then a second, and then many an one like stars bursting through a storm.

A great army began to defile transversely through the teeming hosts of the rain. This was no latter-day battle-array but a ragged horde of the gallow-glasses and kernes of the old time. They moved like shadows in a dream, mighty and shaggy shapes, some clothed in untanned skins, others in a kind of rough armor with cross-garterings about their legs, but the majority were half-naked. Their long, dark hair, curiously plaited, was matted with the rain and hung about their scarred brows. Their weapons were of a most diverse nature, some carrying immense ash-wood spears with heavy heads of iron or bronze, whilst others were merely armed with sickles or even small reaping-hooks. One or two of them bore great curved battle trumpets of the kind that was then called a *stoc* and among their number were many harpers. I knew they were hastening to battle, for all marched forward with heads erect, their eyes staring before them and a kind of blind defiance and ferocity in their gaze. In some faces the *mircath*, the battle-frenzy, was already burning.

At their head and a few paces in advance of the remainder of the army a tall, solitary figure marched. The upper part of his body was attired in a beautifully wrought suit of chain armor, while a kilt tossed about his knees. Across his shoulders was a purple cloak embroidered about the borders in serpent convolutions, a golden torque circled his bare throat and thin bracelets of the same metal glittered upon his brown arms. His head, which was bent in some melancholy reflection, was crowned with a golden circlet adorned with rays.

I stared at this figure, fascinated. There was something strangely familiar about his appearance, something arresting and intimate, though to my knowledge I had never seen any living man attired as he was. As I have said, his head was sunk upon his breast and I could not see his features. Reaching the edge of the marsh he paused as though struck with a sudden thought, but even when he motioned with his hand to the hosts behind him, commanding them to halt, he did not raise his eyes. The great army trailing back into the misty obscurity checked its march abruptly and each man became instantly motionless, though a low, hoarse murmur passed through the ranks for a moment as though of complaint at the delay. For a moment, I say, for immediately I realized vaguely that it was but the tearing sigh of the wind as it fled through the tops of the heather.

The king gazed steadily into the oozy depths of the marsh. I cannot explain the state of consciousness I was in at the time, but all of a sudden my vision seemed to become one with that of the brooding king, in that I saw that which took place with his own eyes rather than with my own. Again that dull, red-gold glitter glared obscurely in the depths of the water. And then the dimness cleared and I saw the reason. The weedy bed of the marsh was full of golden crowns like that worn by the staring king, and circled by these crowns were the brows of human skulls. The empty sockets where the eyes had been gazed up blankly through the water. The bodies of most of these mighty ones of old were engulfed in the bubbling mud, but some few had become loosened and rolled heavily to the swaying motion of the reeds with which they were entangled. For a moment I stared at the sight in entranced horror and then I was again on the other side of the water, which was now once more clouded and disturbed by the densely falling shafts of the rain. I saw that the king had raised his head. It was my own face into which I gazed, my own eyes somber with a dark foreknowledge that I encountered.

My heart leaped and for a moment seemed to cease beating. I gasped and then paused in wonder. The rain still beat in my face, but all trace of the marsh had disappeared. Surely I was stumbling down the street of my own village. Yes, here to my right was Owenin Beg's forge and a few paces further on the whitewashed walls of the chapel loomed out of the dripping dusk. I reach my own door shaken with a great bewilderment.

At first I supposed that, drugged by the monotonous blank greyness of the mist, I must have returned home almost unconsciously while my brain was busy with a kind of waking-dream while I beheld the strange scene I have related. But I have become persuaded since that while my body retraced its steps my spirit had lingered awhile by the side of that lost water that I have so often tried in vain to re-discover and had gained for a second time the foreknowledge of that death which was to overtake me and the fleeting power and glory that was mine so many centuries ago.

From "Children of the Hills." Dublin, Maunsel and Co., Ltd.

♦♦♦♦

Peter and Paul on Olympus

A PROSE POEM

By Henryk Sienkiewicz

(Translation by Jeremiah Curtin)

IT was a night of spring, calm, silvery and fragrant with dewy jasmine. The full moon was sailing above Olympus, and on the glittering, snowy summit of the mountain it shone with a clear, pensive, greenish light. Farther down in the Vale of Tempe was a dark thicket of thorn-bushes, shaken by the songs of nightingales—by entreaties, by complaints, by calls, by allurements by languor, by sighs. These sounds flowed like the music of flutes, filling the night; they fell like a pouring rain, and rushed on like rivers. At moments they ceased; then such silence followed that one might almost hear the snow thawing on the heights under the warm breath of May. It was an ambrosial night.

ON that night came Peter and Paul, and sat on the highest grass-mound of the slope to pass judgment on the gods of antiquity. The heads of the Apostles were encircled by halos, which illuminated their grey hair, stern brows and severe eyes. Below, in the deep shade of the beeches, stood the assembled gods, abandoned and in dread, awaiting their sentence.

PETER motioned with his hand, and at the sign Zeus stepped forth first from the assembly and approached the Apostles. The Cloud-Compeller was still mighty, and as huge as if cut out of marble by Phidias, but weakened and gloomy. His old eagle dragged along at his feet with broken wing, and the blue thunderbolt, grown reddish in places from rust, and partly quenched, seemed to be slipping from the stiffening right hand of the former father of gods and men. But when he stood before the Apostles the feeling of ancient supremacy filled his broad breast. He raised his head haughtily, and fixed on the face of the aged fisherman of Galilee his proud and glittering eyes, which were as angry and terrible as lightnings. Olympus, accustomed to tremble before its ruler, shook to its foundations. The beeches quivered with fear, the song of the nightingales ceased, and the moon sailing above the snows grew as white as the linen web of Arachne. The eagle screamed through his crooked beak for the last time, and the lightning, as if animated by its ancient force, flashed and began to roar terribly at the feet of its master; it reared, hissed, snapped, and raised its three-cornered, flaming forehead, like a serpent ready to stab with its poisonous fang. But Peter pressed the fiery bolts with his foot and crushed them to the earth. Turning then to the Cloud-Compeller, he pronounced this sentence:

"Thou art cursed and condemned through all eternity."

At once Zeus was extinguished. Growing pale in the twinkling of an eye, he whispered, with blackening lips,

"ANANKÈ" ("Necessity!"), and vanished through the earth.

POSEIDON of the dark curls next stood before the Apostles, with night in his eyes, and in his hand the blunted trident. To him then spoke Peter:

"It is not thou who wilt rouse the billows. It is not thou who wilt lead the storm-tossed ship to a quiet haven, but she who is called the 'Star of the Sea.'"

When Poseidon heard this he screamed, as if pierced with sudden pain, and turned into vanishing mist.

NEXT rose Apollo, the Silver-bowed, with a hol-low lute in his hand, and walked toward the holy men. Behind him moved slowly the nine Muses, looking like nine white pillars. Terror-stricken, they stood before the judgment-seat as if petrified, breathless, and without hope. But the radiant Apollo turned to Paul, and, in a voice which was as wondrous music, said:

"Slay me not! Protect me, lord; for shouldst thou slay me, thou wouldst have to restore me to life again. I am the blossom of the soul of humanity. I am its gladness. I am light. I am the yearning for God. Thou knowest best that the song of earth will not soar to heaven if thou break its wings. Hence I implore thee, O saint, not to smite down Song!"

A moment of silence came. Peter raised his eyes toward the stars. Paul placed his hands on his sword-hilt, rested his forehead on them, and for a time fell into deep thought. At last he rose, made the sign of the cross calmly above the radiant head of the god, and said:

"Let Song live!"

Apollo sat down with his lute at the feet of the Apostle. The night became clearer, the jasmine gave out a stronger perfume, the glad fountains sounded, the Muses gathered together like a flock of white swans, and, with voices still quivering from fear, began to sing in low tones marvelous words never heard on the heights of Olympus until that hour:

To thy protection we flee, holy Mother of God.

We come with our prayers; deign thou not to reject us,

But be pleased to preserve us from every evil,

O thou, our Lady!

Thus they sang on the heather, raising their eyes like pious nuns with heads covered with white.

OTHER gods came now. Bacchus and his chorus dashed past, wild, unrestrained, crowned with ivy and grape-wreath and bearing the cithara and the thyrsus. They rushed on madly, with shouts of despair, and fell into the bottomless pit.

THEN before the Apostles stood a lofty, proud, sarcastic divinity, who, without waiting for question or sentence, spoke first. On her lips was a smile of derision:

"I am Pallas Athene. I do not beg life of you. I am illusion, nothing more. Odysseus honored and obeyed me only when he had become senile. Tele-machus listened to me only till hair covered his chin. Ye cannot take immortality from me, and I declare that I have been a shadow, that I am a shadow still, and a shadow shall remain forever."

AT last came her turn to the most beautiful, the most honored goddess. As she approached, sweet, marvelous, tearful, the heart under her snow-white breast beat like the heart of a bird, and her lips quivered like those of a child that fears cruel punishment. She fell at their feet, and stretching forth her divine arms, cried in fear and humility:

"I am sinful, I deserve blame, but I am Joy. Have mercy, forgive; I am the one happiness of mankind."

Then sobbing and fear took away her voice.

But Peter looked at the goddess with compassion, while Paul, bending toward a cluster of white field-lilies, broke off one blossom, and touching her with it, said:

"Joy, be henceforth like this flower, and live thou for mankind."

Then dawn came, the heavenly dawn that looked out from a depression between two peaks. The nightingales stopped singing, and immediately finches, linnets, and wrens began to draw their sleepy little heads from beneath their moistened wings, shaking the dew from their feathers and repeating in low, liquid voices,

"Svit! Svit!" ("Light! light!")

The earth awoke, smiling, enraptured—for Song and Joy had not been taken from it.

♦♦♦♦

Black Gum

By Harry B. Kennon

NE need be no Moses
To see a bush burning
Unconsumed:
Nor need he be
A Prophet chosen
To see God in the bush
With Him ablaze.

Just look on
A Black Gum
In November;
Warm your soul
In the glow of it—
Give thanks.

And then perhaps—
Perhaps you will hear
God speak. . . .
It's up to you.

HAZELHURST, MISS.

♦♦♦♦

Is an 8-hour Work-Day Rational

By Frederick Schiller Lee

[Read before the Section on Industrial Hygiene of the American Public Health Association, Cincinnati, October 25, 1916. Printed in "Science," November 24, 1916. Professor Lee is this country's best authority on fatigue. He is with Columbia University, New York. His biography in "Who's Who" gives an imposing record of academic honors and a list of his most important writings on physiological subjects. He writes as a scientist, not as a sociologist or economist.]

MAY I say at once that it is not my intention to consider the political aspects of the eight-hour problem? There should not be political aspects in a topic that is so pre-eminently a problem of science. Furthermore, considered as a problem of science, the eight-hour day is rarely viewed in its proper light. In the voluminous literature that has been published concerning it, economic and social considerations have been too often paramount. Yet in an adequate analysis of it the real basis of the whole matter is physiological—the eight-hour problem is primarily a problem of physiology; if the physiological effects of any kind of labor are bad, the conditions of such labor ought to be changed. This is fundamental, and should precede any consideration of the economic and social effects of a change of conditions. This basic fact is continually overlooked.

The eight-hour day is the result of an evolution, beginning in human aspiration and fostered largely by humanitarian motives. That baser considerations, the desire to earn wages at the minimum cost of personal effort, impel many advocates of the eight-hour principle, cannot be denied, but this need not blind us to the fact that there are higher grounds on which the problem can legitimately be discussed.

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In the evolution of the eight-hour day, England, of all countries, presents the most interesting history. Diligent search has failed to reveal the origin of the traditional division of the diurnal twenty-four hours into eight hours each of work, recreation and sleep. It is said that the customary duration of the working-day of the fifteenth century was eight hours.

Whether this be true or not, during the subsequent three hundred years all the evils of unrestricted labor flourished vigorously. At the beginning of the nineteenth century most English artisans were accustomed to work from eleven to fifteen hours in the day. No delicate physiological tests were needed to demonstrate what such a system was doing to destroy the vital mechanisms of men, women and children. The results were sufficiently obvious, and the next one hundred years were marked by a series of struggles between workers and humanitarians on the one side, and capitalists on the other, in which progress toward a physiological working-day was gradually, though slowly, made. After sporadic reductions of the working-period to twelve hours or less, a ten-hour movement was succeeded in time by a nine-hour movement, and by the middle of the century the eight-hour day had been definitely proposed. It was won first, not in the mother-country, but by the artisans of Melbourne, Australia, in 1856, and this date marks the beginning of achievement of the eight-hour movement. In the United States agitation in its favor began immediately after the close of the Civil War, stimulated, no doubt, by the great extension of industrial work which then occurred. Thus, since the middle of the nineteenth century the eight-hour day has been the goal of labor. Such a day presupposes one day's rest in every seven and thus signifies a forty-eight-hour week. It is usually coupled, however, with an extra half-holiday, which for the majority of persons would be taken on Saturday afternoon. In this manner the week's work would be reduced to forty-four hours, and this represents the present demand of the eight-hour movement. Partly by law and partly by private agreement between employer and employed, the eight-hour day has been granted in recent years to one group of workers here and another there, usually localized groups and rarely including all the workers in a single industry of a single country. At the present time it has become legalized in our own country for public employes and employes on public works in the federal service and in thirty states and territories; for miners in the service of fourteen states; for employes in smelting and reduction works in nine states; for railroad telegraphers in six states; for employes in rolling, rod and stamp mills in five states; for employes in tunnels and in coke ovens in three states; for employes in blast furnaces, in cement and plaster mills, and those who work under high air pressure in two states; for employes in electric light and power plants, glass works and irrigation works in one state; and for employes in day's work, unless otherwise stipulated, in nine states. In 1913, of the 1,276,048 employes constituting the shop force of the 51,118 factories in the state of New York 354,641, or 28 per cent, worked 51 hours or less in the week. The eight-hour day will doubtless ultimately be achieved by a very large proportion of the world's workers in the more highly civilized countries.

What should determine the duration of daily labor? Here I would place, as of first importance, the physiological effects of the work and, as secondary and subordinate factors, its economic and social features.

The physiological effects of labor are now so well known as to require here only brief mention. The expenditure of energy by the bodily organs involves chemical and physical changes in them which, if continued, leads to the physiological state of fatigue. Fatigue is characterized chemically by the diminution within the acting tissues of chemical substances that have previously been stored within the living cells and either serve as sources of energy or are otherwise essential to tissue activity; and by the appearance within the living cells of other chemical substances, products of katabolic action, which are known as fatigue substances and react upon the tissues to decrease their power of responding to stimuli. If the same amount of work as before is then to be performed by the organs, the nervous system must send to them more powerful impulses,

and when this becomes no longer possible, the amount of work decreases. Fatigue substances spread from the place of their origin to other organs and react upon them, and thus the activity of one physiological mechanism, such, for example, as a neuro-muscular mechanism, fatigues others. In fatigue the senses are less acute; attention is less sharply focused; the power of discrimination is lessened; the muscles are weakened; the quickness and the accuracy of muscular action are decreased; glandular secretions seem to be decreased; the heart-beat may be slowed or, in extreme cases, possibly quickened and irregular; the blood vessels of the skin are dilated and draft an undue quantity of blood away from the brain. In fatigue the sense of weariness obtrudes and oppresses; but it cannot be too strongly emphasized or too often reiterated that the feeling of fatigue is a very uncertain index of the presence of a measurable degree of the fatigue of the tissues. The feeling may, indeed, appear just at the time when its warning note is really needed; but it may sound an unduly early and a false alarm; and again, and especially when other potent psychic influences inhibit it, its coming may be unduly postponed. It is a fitful, capricious thing, and this fact is too often overlooked in the consideration of industrial fatigue.

All these physiological changes may be within normal limits, and by rest the irritability of the tissues can then be readily restored and the freshness of sensation and the vigor of mind and muscle can be brought back. But if the work has been too strenuous or too long-continued, if the chemical changes in the tissues have gone too far, or if rest has been unduly curtailed, fatigue passes over into a pathological state which is known as exhaustion and is far less easily recovered from. Not only is the power of achievement then further diminished, but susceptibility to specific disease is increased. There may be a general neurasthenia or other diseases of the nervous system, including nervous affections of the bodily organs. The will may be weakened, and resistance to immoral temptations may be lessened. Intemperance is one of the common results of bodily exhaustion, and even crime itself finds here one of its prolific sources. Resistance to infectious disease may be diminished, apparently because of a diminution of the protective antibodies. Thus, excessive fatigue may bring in its train many disastrous sequelae with much physical and moral misery. The seeds of this more serious state are often sowed in industrial work, when the conditions of labor and living are such that a residuum of the fatigue of one day is carried over to the next and from day to day there is a cumulative, even if slight, diminution of physiological powers.

Let us develop a little further this topic of the physiological effects of labor. Laboratory experiments have demonstrated that the degree of fatigue of a muscle in a given time varies in accordance with both the amount of the weight lifted and the rapidity with which stimuli are sent to the tissue. Increasing the weight, or making the muscle contract more rapidly, increases the degree of fatigue in a given time and, if continued, brings on earlier exhaustion. These facts have their counterpart in industrial work, for fatigue here too depends on the intensity and the rapidity of repetition of the individual acts performed by the laborer. In general it may be said that the introduction of so-called labor-saving machinery has diminished the intensity and increased the rapidity of repetition of the laborer's acts. Lifeless machines now often lift the heavy weights once raised by human muscles. Other lifeless machines, intricate and automatic, relieve the laborer of much of his former light muscular work. But these same machines need to be tended by human agencies and set the pace for human activities, and the tendency is ever toward increasing the quickness and the constancy with which sense-organs, brain, spinal cord, and muscles must act.

The introduction of periods of rest while a

laboratory experiment with a muscle is in progress diminishes the fatigue of the moment, aids recuperation, and delays the oncoming of exhaustion. This is demonstrated very perfectly in each of us several times in a minute, since each beat of the heart is followed immediately by a resting period of sufficient length to enable the cardiac muscle completely to recuperate from the fatiguing effects of the previous contraction. The beneficial effects of similar resting periods in industrial labor are shown by the custom, not uncommon since the striking demonstration of the late Mr. Frederick Taylor in the lifting of heavy iron pigs, of giving workers occasional brief intervals of freedom from their tasks. The defenders of the twelve-hour duration of work in blast furnaces attempt to justify their attitude by the contention that the workman actually works but a fraction of the whole time on duty. A timely and striking instance of the value of frequent resting periods is reported by the British Health of Munition Workers Committee:

Two officers at the front recently, for a friendly wager, competed in making equal lengths of a certain trench, each with an equal squad of men. One let his men work as they pleased, but as hard as possible. The other divided his men into three sets, to work in rotation, each set digging their hardest for five minutes and then resting for ten, till their spell of labor came again. The latter team won easily.

Fatigue is modified by the external conditions under which the work is performed. Thus, it was found by Scott and myself that when an animal had been exposed for six hours to an atmosphere with a temperature of 91° F. (33° C.) and 90 per cent relative humidity, the fatigue of the animal's muscles came on more rapidly and their working power was diminished by about one-quarter. Certain industrial occupations too require their work to be performed in the midst of excessive heat and humidity and thus afford the conditions of an early oncoming of fatigue and exhaustion. Doubtless other environmental conditions, such as excessive or deficient light, noise, and gross mechanical vibrations influence the fatigue process, but these have not been adequately and experimentally studied. Attention might here be called to the suggestive little book recently published by the Gilbreths, which shows by what easy and simple means unnecessary fatigue may often be avoided.

It is obvious that if, under any given conditions of intensity and rate of labor and of its environmental features, the working-day is of such a length as to bring about the evil physiological results here mentioned, the surest way to avoid them is to shorten it. There exist few, if any, studies devoted to the specific physiological effects of a reduction of the working-hours, and this gap in our knowledge it is desirable to fill; but that the general health of laborers has thereby been benefited is testified to by many observers, and this is equivalent, in other words, to an improved physiological status among them.

The economic argument, that industry can thrive only with a long working-day and that any curtailment of it would be destructive, is perennial and has often been potent in discussion. This argument can be met very effectively by pointing to the effects of shortening the working-period on the quantity and quality of output in manufacture. These effects are so uniform that it may be stated as a general law that upon reduction of the daily hours of labor the average quantity of the output of the individual worker undergoes a preliminary decrease, then a return to the original amount, and finally a permanent increase. This augmentation of output occurs, not only with a reduction to ten, but even to eight, hours. Instances of this are numerous. Thus, the very careful study by Professor Abbe of the effects of reducing the working-day in the Zeiss Optical Works in Jena from nine to eight hours shows an average increase of about three per cent in the daily output of the employes. A certain steel

works in England reports that each of its machines turns out in eight hours the same amount of work formerly produced in nine hours. In the steel-sheet and tin-plate trades of South Wales it is stated that after the change from the twelve- to the eight-hour day the increase of output in the rolling-mills amounted to twenty, and in the open-hearth melting process to twelve and one-half per cent. In the year following the introduction of the eight-hour day into some of the coal mines of South Yorkshire it was reported that the production was "greatly in excess of what was ever produced by an equal number of men when the men worked twelve or thirteen hours." In the mining of bituminous coal in the state of Illinois during the three years previous to a reduction, in 1897, of the working-day from ten to eight hours, the average amount of coal turned out daily by each individual was 2.72 tons and during the subsequent three years 3.16 tons, an increase of 16 per cent. The president of a granite-cutting company which had kept for many years a careful record of each employe's work, writes in 1912 that the system

shows that the same man under identically the same conditions, accomplished more, of exactly the same kind of work when he was working nine hours, than he did when he was working ten hours, and again when the hours were reduced to eight hours this same man accomplished still more in an eight-hour day than he did in a nine-hour day, or a considerable amount more than he did when the day was ten hours long.

A German proprietor of glass-works reports that in a very short time after the reduction of the working-day from twelve and eleven to eight hours, "there was produced, without increase of staff, as much as before the reduction;" and a proprietor of glass-works in the north of France says:

I must acknowledge that the men produce just as much, if not more, in their seven and a half hours' actual work than during the ten-hour day that preceded it.

At the Engis Chemical Works near Liège, where a very exact study was made of the results of introducing the eight-hour day, it was reported that

In an eight-hours' day (seven and one-half hours' actual work) the same men at the same furnaces with the same tools and raw material have produced as much as before in a twelve-hour day (ten hours' actual work).

A very significant comparison of the effects of long and short hours was made in connection with the building in the same years of two of our battle-ships, the *Louisiana* and the *Connecticut*. The *Louisiana* was built at Newport News by a private company working its men ten hours a day; the *Connecticut* was built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard under the eight-hour system. In a report on the progress of the work during the first nineteen months it is stated by the compiler:

No other factor is considered than the productive ability of the two bodies of men doing exactly the same kind of work, using the same kind of tools and the same kind of material. It is practically all hand work, as the output of the automatic machines, with their speed limitations in production per hour, does not enter into this work.

The final computation showed that "the average production of a man per hour on the *Connecticut* exceeded by 24.28 per cent the average production per man per hour on the *Louisiana*."

Thus, the statistics reveal the utter fallacy of the notion that a longer working-day means a larger output. But the greater product of the short day, is, I submit, at first thought a very surprising fact, and its cause should be inquired into. It undoubtedly rests on a physiological basis, but without more accurate data any explanation of it must be only tentative. If man were a mere non-living automatic machine it would not occur. But his is a very different mechanism, in which that portion which does work, the effector machinery, is directed by a nervous system, which acts now consciously, now unconsciously, and through its receptor machinery is being continually influenced by external stimuli. All employers testify to the increased good-will, better spirit, and improved morale of the workers, that re-

sult from the shorter day. Because of these things the workers arrive more promptly at their places and tend to shirk less as the day proceeds. It is not inconceivable that in many cases there is a residuum of fatigue accumulated from the previous longer working-period, which must first be gotten rid of, and that thereafter the effector mechanism is less clogged. It is not improbable that realization of the brevity of the day and the early relief from toil act as a tonic. Such tonics exist. The spurt that occurs during the last hour of labor, irrespective of its length, is a commonly alleged, if not an attested, fact, and is ascribed to anticipation of release. Careful observation has shown too that other psychic influences increase markedly the output of a man's energy. All these varied influences acting upon the nervous system doubtless contribute to increase the expenditure of productive energy in the shorter time. Their combined influence is largely unconscious, and it is reported that the greater output is often a surprise to the workers themselves. That it has an origin largely in the action on the nervous system of such external stimuli as have been mentioned, is supported by the further facts that with the eight-hour day the workman makes fewer mistakes and spoils less material, and, in general, the quality of his work shows a distinct improvement. Thus, in the light of the facts of experience, the alleged economic necessity of the longer working-period because of the necessity of a greater output falls to the ground. The long working-period defeats its own object.

But the question may still be raised whether the greater output of the eight-hour day does not produce correspondingly greater fatigue and thus in turn defeat its object. I do not think so. If the day's fatigue were measured merely by the amount of energy transformed in producing the product, if here again man were a mere automatic machine, then surely there would be a direct ratio—the greater the product, the greater the fatigue, and nothing would be gained. But the case is not so simple as this. The day's fatigue is a sequel not simply of the amount of energy directly transformed in producing the material output. It is derived also from other sources—from the continuance of one bodily position, perhaps a strained position, from the noise and gross vibration of machinery, from strained attention, from all those minor factors which Abbe has grouped together as sources of his well-named "passive fatigue." A shorter day eliminates these by so much and at its end leaves the worker so much better off than his longer-laboring fellow.

The argument for shorter hours that is most frequently put forward, by labor leaders at least, is the social one. Thus, Mr. Samuel Gompers says:

The shorter workday is something more than an economic demand. It is a demand for an opportunity for rest, recuperation, development; things which make life more than mechanical drudgery.

This is undoubtedly a legitimate demand, but it in turn is dependent on the physiological requirements of the laborer. If a man is worked beyond his physiological limit he is incapacitated for his duties to his family and to society. The history of labor has demonstrated this abundantly, and the experience of reducing the hours of labor has almost universally been followed by marked moral and social improvement, such as is shown by decrease in intemperance and crime, improvement in living conditions, greater efforts toward education, greater intelligence and greater industrial efficiency—all this in contradiction, not only to the vivid predictions of disaster pronounced by active and unprincipled opponents of the change, but to the fears of those who were well-meaning but timid.

As possible factors in determining the duration of labor I might mention the degree of skill required by the laborer and the degree of responsibility devolving upon him. These may rightly be potent in determining the amount of wage to be paid, since they are the accompaniments of greater

intelligence and the results of greater training; but in their bearing on the length of the working-day they can be considered, it seems to me, only in the light of their physiological demands on the laborer. If the exercise of greater skill and the possession of greater responsibility deplete his physical and mental powers more quickly, he has earned a shorter working-period. If they do not, I see no reason why he should be granted time privileges.

Let me here summarize. Of the various agencies that have been considered as legitimate factors in determining the length of the working-day that which appears to me the most weighty is the physiological one, the physiological effects of the labor on the individual laborer. In the pursuit of his vocation as the employe of another every human being has a right to the preservation of his physiological powers, to the avoidance of excessive fatigue, to the continuance of his health. All questions of the percentage of financial profit, all questions of social demands or social opportunity, are subordinate to this. Moreover, this is essential to the other considerations mentioned, for only by the preservation of his health can the economic demands of his work be satisfied, only by this can he acquire and maintain skill and be worthy of responsibility. The whole question of the length of the working-day thus rests primarily on a physiological basis. In deciding the length of the working-day, therefore, the first and all-important query is: Is a long day physiologically detrimental to the individual? If so, it should be shortened. If the long day is not physiologically detrimental, then it is a fair question whether, because of his employer's interests or his own relations to society, his day should be long or short.

Is the reduction of the working-period to the eight-hour day a physiological necessity? Here two factors are to be considered: The characteristics of the labor and the capacity of the laborer. Different occupations differ greatly in their fatiguing power. Especially productive of fatigue are those that are characterized by great muscular effort; unusual quickness or complexity of muscular action; single acts, however simple, that are monotonously repeated over long intervals of time; constant strain in attention or bodily position; and those in which the work is carried on in excessively crowded places, in excessive heat and humidity, in the midst of excessive noise, or under other unfavorable environmental conditions.

While different occupations thus differ in fatiguing power, not only in themselves, but in accordance with the external conditions under which the work is performed, there exist also great differences among human beings in their susceptibility to fatigue from a given occupation. This also is paralleled by individual muscles in a familiar laboratory experiment: Homologous muscles from different experimental animals or even from opposite limbs of the same animal, when stimulated at the same rate and lifting equal loads, do not usually perform the same amount of work. In industrial work every observant foreman who knows his men recognizes their individual differences in working power.

Neither the fatiguing effects of the manifold varieties of labor nor the susceptibilities of different laborers to fatigue have been studied with the degree and the care that the subjects demand, and with such paucity of knowledge it seems hardly possible at present to attempt to answer the question whether the reduction of the working-period to eight hours is a physiological necessity. The universality of the beneficial effects of such a reduction, however, argues strongly in favor of an affirmative reply. There has been no more clear-sighted observer and more logically analytic thinker on this topic than the late Professor Abbe, of Jena, in whom the breadth of scholarly culture was combined with a keen sense of efficient business organization. Ten years ago, after carefully analyzing the results of the reduction

of the working-day in the Zeiss Optical Works and elsewhere, and considering the general condition of German industries, with their then prevailing long, and English industries, with their short, working-day, Abbe came to the conclusion that by far the majority of industrial workers do not reach their optimum in nine, and do not surpass it in eight, hours. With him the shorter day represents the physiological ideal and the goal for which industries should strive.

I am disposed to agree in general with Professor Abbe's conclusion for the present day. But it is evident, I think, that such a conclusion offers merely a temporary expedient. The establishment of a rigid and universal eight-hour system would probably prove not to be the best for all industries and for all individuals. In order to enable the wisest decision of the question to be made there is needed not mere opinions—not the opinions of employers, however broad-minded or narrow-minded; or of laborers, however industrious or indolent; or of labor leaders, however generous or selfish their ambitions; or of the laity, however philanthropic their motives; or of statesmen, whether they are impelled by a high idealism or by practical politics; but a rigidly scientific study of the question, through the medium of laboratory tests, of the physiological effects of different occupations and the physiological capacities of different laborers and a resultant classification, on a physiological basis, of work and workers. Such a study is not impossible, and it would afford the only basis for a rational and really intelligent solution of the problem. It would doubtless lead to the establishment of no rigid, but an elastic system, in which the work would be adapted to the worker, and the worker to the work. In one industry the duration of labor might be eight hours, in another it might be more or less than eight hours. So too within a single industry one worker might labor longer than another. Such a solution could be made to satisfy both economic and social demands and lead to the maximum of individual and national efficiency.

I quite realize the difficulties inherent in putting into practice a system which does not recognize the magic eight hours as the ideal, and especially the still greater difficulties in the establishment of a system in which within a single occupation one person works longer than another. But I believe that these difficulties would prove less formidable if we would once get accustomed to the notion that individual capacity is the first criterion to be considered in deciding upon labor's duration. The adjustment of wages according to individual capacity I will leave to the economists.

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In view of all this how fatuous was the action of the state of California in voting, in 1914, on the question whether the eight-hour day should be adopted! The proposition was defeated by about two to one, but the decision was necessarily a matter of sentiment, resting on no basis of adequate knowledge. An affair of such serious moment ought not to be decided by uninstructed popular feeling. The recent action of congress in imposing, after a few hours' consideration, an eight-hour day upon railway employees can hardly be called more sagacious than the action of California. The Adamson bill, however, has little bearing on the general principle of the eight-hour day.

It is obvious that any formal regulation of the duration of daily labor is for those whose daily services are employed by others. By so much as a man rises above this stage he becomes free to choose his own working-time. It is a noteworthy fact that with the world's leaders, in industry, in finance, in professional life, the duration of the daily task is wholly secondary to its accomplishment. They are limited by no eight-, or ten-, or twelve- or sixteen-hour considerations. This indicates why such men become leaders. Laborers can learn a valuable lesson from this fact. The greedy employer who constantly saps the energies of those who are the

medium by which he gains his wealth is to be condemned no more than is the "slacker" whose only guiding principles are a minimum of effort and a maximum of wage. Moreover, it is trite to say that the obligation rests upon the laborer that rests upon all men, so to use his free hours as to benefit himself, his family and society.

In conclusion I cannot refrain from quoting, with warm approval of their sentiments and of their application to our own country, the recent significant words of Sir George Newman regarding British industries:

Our national experience in modern industry is longer than that of any other people. It has shown clearly enough that false ideas of economic gain, blind to physiological law, must lead, as they led through the nineteenth century, to vast national loss and suffering. It is certain that unless our industrial life is to be guided in the future by the application of physiological science to the details of its management, it cannot hope to maintain its position hereafter among some of its foreign rivals, who already in that respect have gained a present advantage.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

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The Ballad of St. Kevin

(AN EARLY IRISH LEGEND)

By Sara Teasdale

WHEN Kevin went to the holy monks
He was both young and fair,
Three angels on the throne of God
Wept that they cut his hair.

When Kevin doffed his velvet clothes
And put the habit on,
Three maidens in St. Kevin's town
Were weeping till the dawn.

Moirá broke the night with cries,
And Bridget waked to keen,
But the one that wept without a sound
Was the dark Kathleen.

Kevin lived with the holy men
And ate their bitter bread—
He prayed by day on the cold flag-stones,
By night on his narrow bed.

He thought no more of Bridget
Than of girls he had never seen,
But the one that came to him in sleep
Was the dark Kathleen.

Then Kevin cried to the holy men,
"Beat me with whip and rod
So I may save my soul alive
And carry it up to God."

And the monks said, "Who among us
Is holiest of us all
To tell abroad Christ's death on the cross
Who was born in an ass's stall?"

And they cried out, "Kevin, Kevin!"
And Kevin bowed his head;
They sent him forth that night at dusk
When the sky like blood was red.

Kevin went to the market-place
To preach in the torches' glare.
A multitude of faces
Were pale in the windy flare.

His words were like a white-hot fire
That burns both deep and keen—
But they sank to silence when he saw
Sudden, the dark Kathleen.

Kevin went out by the miry roads
And little he had to eat,
He preached sometimes in the drowning rain,
Sometimes in the burning heat.

And many a time when his words like light
Swept the huddled souls and mean,
His voice went out, for his eyes had met
Eyes of the dark Kathleen.

Then Kevin ceased to pray for souls,
He only prayed to be
In peace far off from the following eyes
Dark as the winter sea.

Kevin went through the wilderness
Breaking the branches wide,
He only heard the crying wind
And saw the rain at his side.

Kevin climbed a mountain,
He thought he was alone;
Kevin went with breaking heart
Up its walls of stone.

When Kevin came to the crest of the cliff,
He looked down on Glendaloch—
The lake was grey as the cloudy sky,
And greyer than the rock.

Kevin lay on the freezing stone
And the night grew black with fears;
Kevin fell asleep at last
And his dreams were drenched with tears.

When Kevin woke he saw the dawn
Like a new sword cold and clean;
Kevin prayed . . . but he heard a sob—
Beside him the dark Kathleen.

Kevin caught her up in rage,
He heard not what she cried;
Kevin threw her over the cliff,
Down the cliff's side. . . .

Like a sword dawn slit the sky,
Like a new sword cold and clean;
Kevin prayed on the mountain top
For the soul of the dark Kathleen.

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Mrs. Miller's Canary

By Margretta Scott

WHEN the doctor told me that I would have to give up writing for a month I didn't know what to do with myself. I had lived so long in the world of my fancy that I had forgotten how to live in a real world.

The mornings were especially bad. I straightened up my room, lingered long over my breakfast, and the mail. I read the printed rejection slips for my stories attentively before I threw them in the scrap basket. I know each small item in the paper—even the advertisements—and when I had folded it carefully I would glance hopefully at the clock. It was just nine.

Then I got into the habit of going to the city's loafing place—the library—and I always cut through Mrs. Miller's back yard to get to the car line. I could have cut through Mrs. Sheean's back yard, which would have been nearer, but Mrs. Sheean was ordinary.

Mrs. Sheean wasn't so old that you wondered if she wouldn't die as you hove out of sight, and she didn't have a canary and a cat, and she didn't wear a child's pink sunbonnet perched rakishly on her white head. Mrs. Sheean was tall and thin, with a bony face and small, green eyes. Her back yard was dirty and infested with starved-looking chickens who were always moulting. I felt that Mrs. Sheean, even after old age had overtaken her, could never be another Mrs. Miller.

Mrs. Miller greeted me every morning by saying, "Howdy, Miss," and smiling toothlessly. She was always sitting on the back porch, the pink sunbonnet on her head, like some grewsome joke, her black cat at her feet and the yellow canary hopping about

in his cage which hung on a stand near her side.

She would sit there in a squeaking rocking-chair preparing vegetables for her dinner. Sometimes I would stand safely hidden behind a big tree and watch her. She always washed a fresh bit of lettuce for the canary, and while she put it between the bars of the cage, the bird would peck playfully at her fingers. That pecking seemed to delight the old woman, for she would smile and chuckle and shake her head.

One morning at my breakfast I saw a short article in the paper with this headline:

"MRS. MILLER, A WOMAN 76 YEARS OLD, BEATS CAT TO DEATH FOR KILLING CANARY."

I read the article and found out that a next-door neighbor, a Mrs. Sheean, had reported Mrs. Miller to the police, and that the case would be tried that morning at the Municipal Court at ten o'clock.

I felt depressed. I was anxious to pass through the old woman's back yard; I couldn't help but feel that the whole thing was a mistake, and that I should find Mrs. Miller on her porch in her squeaking rocking-chair, with the black cat at her feet, and the canary in his cage at her side.

The rocking-chair was there, but it was silent, and there was no cat, and no canary. I looked over at the house where Mrs. Sheean lived. The chickens were squawking and looking hungrier than ever, but the back door was closed and, although it was wash-day, there was no clothes-line strung across the yard. I felt that the article must be correct. I decided to go to the trial.

I found the court room crowded with Sunday's refuse: men and women, black and white, who displayed bandaged eyes and swollen lips as reminders of the day of rest. As I came in Mrs. Sheean was on the stand, dressed in respectable black. She stared straight before her and spoke in genteelly lowered tones.

"I saw her, Judge, with my own eyes. She took the cat and tied it to the clothes line and beat it with a broomstick. I yelled for her to quit, but she didn't mind me and when I got there the cat was dead. The poor beast—"

The judge interrupted her.

"What do you know of Mrs. Miller's character?"

"She's always been a peaceful old lady enough. She'd sit there on her porch and sort of twitter to that canary bird by the hour. I don't know what got into her. But when I saw her beating that cat I says to myself it's my duty to report such cruelty to the police." Mrs. Sheean sighed righteously. "I didn't want to, but I felt I ought to. I'm a woman with a nature."

I sat on the front bench and thought of Mrs. Sheean's squawking, moulting hungry chickens. After she had declared that she was a woman with a nature she looked around for the approval of the court room; then she took a deep breath like a singer who is about to strike a high note. She opened her mouth, but the judge held up his hand.

"That'll do now; you can step down. Mrs. Miller, take the stand."

Mrs. Miller was sworn in, was led to the stand and told to sit down. There were two red spots high on her cheek bones, and she kept moving her lips as though she were talking. She wore her pink sunbonnet and carried the empty bird cage in her hand.

"Mrs. Miller, what have you to say about this?" The judge leaned forward in his chair.

Mrs. Miller pushed her sunbonnet back from her face.

"I learnt that cat to leave my canary alone. Cats be smart beasts and I learnt it to leave my bird alone."

She looked helplessly at the judge.

"Well," he said, "how did it happen?"

The old woman's hand fumbled at her throat.

"Yisterday the cat jumped in and caught the bird what was walkin' about the room, just as cute, and then the cat run out under the steps with it."

"What did you do then?"

"I made up my mind to kill the cat 'cause it killed my canary. It's bad luck to kill a cat, too. But I killed it and I'm glad." She held up the empty bird cage and shook her head from side to side. "He was the cutest, yellerest little thing you ever seen—always chirpin' and happy around the house, and singin'. The day my little girl was buried that bird flewed in the winder." The old woman wiped her eyes with the strings of her sunbonnet. "I reckoned it was my little girl come back to her old grandma. I used to call her my little canary bird. She had such yeller hair and she was so chirpin' like and singin'. And she was no sooner buried than that little bird flewed in the winder. It looked to me like it was my little girl come back agin. I used to call her my canary bird, for she had the yellerest hair."

The old woman was silent. The judge cleared his throat.

"Is that all you have to say?"

Mrs. Miller steadied herself with a hand on each knee and arose stiffly to her feet. She pointed an accusing finger at Mrs. Sheean.

"She says I was cruel to that cat. I fed that cat when she ran it off with a piece of coal. It got real fat and sleek lookin'. I don't know how long I beat it. I tied it to the clothes-line, so it couldn't git away. I just kept a-thinkin' of that bird—how it flewed in the winder the day my little girl was buried. That little yeller thing would fly all around the room a-sayin' 'tweet, tweet, tweet'—"

"That will do, Mrs. Miller."

The judge removed his spectacles and wiped them slowly and painstakingly. He put them on and looked at the old woman in her pink sunbonnet, with the empty bird cage in her hand.

"The case is dismissed," he said.

♦♦♦♦

The Ever Present Landlord

By Scott Nearing

THE frontier was the economic shock-absorber of the early American democracy. It made a place for the venturesome, aggressive, discontented spirits that failed to find a place in the more closely knit society of the older world. The frontier, like the ocean, was open and free.

So long as there was plenty of uncultivated land, the man of energy and thrift could secure a piece of it for himself, and by dint of hard work and care, he could obtain a living for his family in fairly direct proportion to the amount of work which he was willing to do. When all of the desirable pieces of Mother Earth are taken into individual possession, the direct relation between effort and income gives place to an indirect relation in which land ownership becomes a source of income, irrespective of any effort expended upon it. Land scarcity enables the man who owns a piece of it to exact a rent from the man who wishes to use it. Rent can exist only where the amount of desirable land is limited. If land were as abundant as air and sunshine, the landlord might wait to eternity before his land would yield him a penny.

The frontier has gone and the landlord has taken its place in American life. The landlord is here, there and everywhere.

The increase of land values is inevitable in the United States. The total amount of land is limited. Each increase in the population of the country makes a greater demand for land. Each progressive advance in civilization which leads to new uses for the products of land, makes a greater demand for land. Step by step, the people of the United States are moving forward and upward along the path of developing civilization. Step by step they are adding to the total value of the resources upon which that civilization depends.

The inexorable character of this increase in land values becomes more evident if selected areas of land are considered. The facts are patent in the case of

an Illinois farm, which sold in 1880 for \$25 per acre, and in 1910 for \$250 per acre. The farm land (without buildings) of Iowa was valued at \$1,256,751.980 in 1900, and at \$2,801,873,729 in 1910. The land on which Boston stands was worth \$340,404,975 in 1889 and in 1913, \$716,435,800. Greater New York reported a land valuation of \$3,367,233,743 in 1906, and of \$4,643,414,746 in 1915. The choice portions of the land of the United States are rising in value. Each year adds to the power which their owners have over community earnings.

Much has been said and written regarding the increase in city land values. It is insignificant when compared with some of the increases in farm land values. Compare, for example, the increase in the land values of New York City with the increasing land values of the grain states of the West North Central group. The population of New York City is just under five million; of Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas the total rural population is almost exactly the same as the population of New York City. During the years for which figures are available (1906-1916) the land values of New York rose from \$3,367,000,000 to \$4,643,000,000—an increase of more than one-third in ten years. The total value of the farm lands in the states named was, in 1910, seven and a half billions of dollars. In 1900, this same land had been valued at two and a half billions. In the interval of ten years it had increased almost exactly five billions of dollars (about 200 per cent). The total value of farm lands in these five states is now one and one-half times the total value of land in New York City, and the rate of increase in the value of the land is four times the rate of increase in New York City.

And the end? The end is not yet.

House tenant, farm tenant, store tenant, office tenant—all wait upon the landlord with clock-like regularity and acknowledge his sway with a weekly or a monthly payment made by one man to another man for the privilege of using a little patch of an earth which neither of them had the slightest share in creating.

♦♦♦♦

Farmer Haynes' Niece

By George Sterling

HARMLESS as any dove, you'd say—
Blushing an' gentle, sweet an' true.
So you'd think for a year an' a day
An' the hour when she got around to you.

Hers were a pair o' lovely eyes,
Modest as any the poets sing—
Blue as chinks in the cloudy skies;
But thunder! they never missed anything!

Silk or blade o' the yellow corn,
Steeped all day in the drowsy air!
Purer gold no woman has worn—
An' a lie in her mouth for every hair.

Hers were lips as soft as a flower,
Hung with dew as the robins wake,
An' red as apples after a shower—
An' her tongue was a four-foot rattlesnake.

Her cheeks were the real arbutus pink,
Fit to bring a beau to his knees.
So would many a youngster think!
But her heart was a bit o' mouldy cheese.

Her voice? There, too, was never a flaw.
I've heard as good, but only a few:
Milk that rings in the pail. But pshaw!
The words that she set that music to!

Face an' voice an' wonderful form!
You'd dream of a world o' goodness hid
In the maiden bosom, healthy an' warm.
But the harm she did! The harm she did!

Wat Tyler

By Joseph Clayton

The Peasant Revolt of 1381, led by Wat Tyler, was not only the first great national movement towards democracy, it was the first uprising of the English people in opposition to all their hitherto recognized rulers in Church and State, and it was the first outburst in the land against social injustice.

The Black Death of 1349 and the pestilence that ravaged the country in 1361 and 1369 upset the old feudal order. The land was in many places utterly bereft of labor, and neither king nor parliament could restore the former state of things. Landowners, driven by the scarcity of labor, went in for sheep-farming in place of agriculture, and were compelled to offer an increase of wages in spite of the Statutes of Laborers (1351-1353) which expressly forbade the same:

"Every man or woman of whatsoever condition, free or bond, able in body, and within the age of three-score years, and not having of his own whereof he may live, nor land of his own about the tillage of which he may occupy himself, and not serving any other, shall be bound to serve the employer who shall require him to do so, and take only the wages which were accustomed to be taken in the neighborhood two years before the pestilence."

This act remained the law until the fifth year of Elizabeth.

"Free" laborers, landless men but not serfs, wandered away to the towns or turned outlaws in the forests. Serfs—only a small number of the population, for the Church had always recommended their liberation, even while abbots and priors retained them on Church estates, and Edward III had encouraged granting freedom in return for payment in money—escaped to those incorporated towns that promised freedom after eighteen months' residence. Villeins and lesser tenants commuted the service due from them to their landlords by money payments, and so began the leasehold system of land tenure.

For thirty years preceding the Peasant Revolt, the social changes had bred discontent, and discontent rather than misery is always the parent of revolt.

An early statute of Richard II, framed for the perpetual bondage of the serfs, heightened the discontent:

"No bondman or bondwoman shall place their children at school, as has been done, so as to advance their children in the world by their going into the Church."

This same act made equal prohibition against apprenticeship in the town.

The free laborer had his grievance against the Statute of Laborers. Villeins and cottar tenants had no sure protection against being compelled to give labor service to their lords; and they, with the freehold yeomen and the town workmen and shopkeepers, hated the heavy taxation, the oppressive market tolls and the general misgovernment.

To unite all these forces of social discontent into one great army, which should destroy the oppression and establish freedom and brotherhood, was the work John Ball—an itinerant priest who came at first from St. Mary's at York,

and then made Colchester the center of his journeyings—devoted himself to for twenty years.

Ball preached a social revolution, and his gospel was that all men were brothers, and that serfdom and lordship were incompatible with brotherhood. In our times such teaching is common enough, but in the fourteenth century, with its sumptuary laws and its feudal ranks, only in religion was this principle accepted. John Ball became the moving spirit in the agitation set on foot by his teaching. He had his colleagues and lieutenants, John Wraw in Suffolk and Jack Straw in Essex—both priests like himself—Willaim Grindcobbe in Hertford and Geoffrey Litster in Norfolk. The peasants were organized into clubs, and letters were sent by Ball far and wide to stir up revolt. In Kent and the eastern counties lay the main strength of the revolutionaries—it was in Kent that Ball was particularly active just before the rising—but Sussex, Hampshire, Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Yorkshire and Somerset were all affected, so grave and

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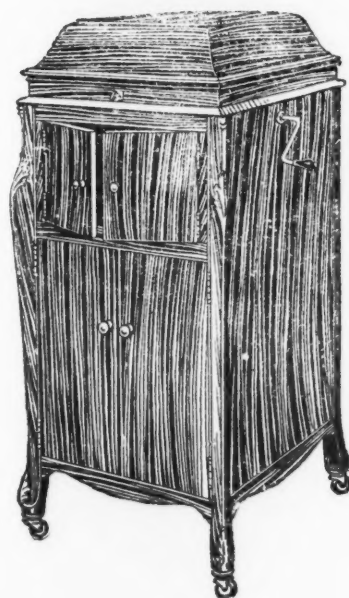
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so general was the dissatisfaction, and so hopeful to the laboring people was the message delivered by John Ball.

Of course, Ball did not escape censure and the penalty of law during his missionary years. He was excommunicated and cast into prison by three Archbishops of Canterbury—Islip, Simon Langham, and Simon Sudbury, for teaching "errors, schisms and scandals against the popes, archbishops, bishops and clergy," and he was only released from prison, from Archbishop Sudbury's gaol at Maidstone, by the rough hands of the men of Kent when the rising had begun. The "errors" of John Ball were civil and social rather than theological. The notion that Ball and his fellow socialists of the fourteenth century were

mixed up with Wycliff and the Lollards has really no foundation in fact. Wycliff's unorthodox views on the sacraments and his attacks on the habits of the clergy were of no interest to the social revolutionists, and John of Gaunt, the steady friend of Wycliff, was hated above all other men in the realm by the leaders of the revolt. Wycliff expressed as little sympathy with the Peasant Revolt of his day as Luther, later, in Germany, did with the Peasant War, or Cranmer with the Norfolk rising under Ket in 1549.

John Ball's sermons were all on one text—"In the beginning of the world there were no bondmen, all men were created equal. Servitude of man to man is contrary to God's will." He declared

that "things will never go well in England so long as goods are not kept in common, and so long as there are villains and gentlefolks." He harped on the social inequalities of his age, quoting freely from Langland's "Piers, the Plowman," and enlarging on the famous couplet:

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

As years went by and the time grew ripe for revolt, there is a definite call to rise in Ball's letters and speeches. "Let us go to the king, and remonstrate with him," he declares, "telling him we must have it otherwise, or we ourselves shall find the remedy."

Richard II was but eleven when he came to the throne in 1377. "He is young. If we wait on him in a body, all those who come under the name of serf or are held in bondage will follow us, in the hope of being free. When the king shall see us we shall obtain a favorable answer, or we must then ourselves seek to amend our condition."

Some of the rhymed letters Ball sent out, bidding his hearers "stand together manfully in the truth," urge preparation for the coming conflict:

John Ball greeteth you all,
And doth to understand he hath rung
your bell.
Now with right and might, will and
skill,
God speed every dell.

John the miller asketh help to turn his
mill right:

He hath ground small, small,
The King's Son of Heaven will pay
for it all,
Look thy mill go right, with its four
sails dight.

With right and with might, with skill
and with will,

And let the post stand in steadfast-
ness,

Let right help might, and skill go before
will,

Then shall our mill go aright.
But if might go before right, and will
go before skill,

This is our mill mis-a-dight.

* * * * *

Beware ere ye be woe,
Know your friend from your foe,
Take enough and cry "Ho!"

And do well and better and flee from
sin,

And seek out peace and dwell therein,
So biddeth John Trueman and all his
fellows.

* * * * *

In other letters he greets John Nameless, John the Miller, and John Carter, and bids them stand together in God's name; and bids Piers Plowman "go to his work and chastise well Hob the Robber (Sir Robert Hales, the king's treasurer); and take with you John Trueman and all his fellows, and look that you choose one head and no more."

These letters and the preaching did their work; the peasants were organized; men of marked courage and ability were found in various counties; and "the one head and no more" was ready in Kent to lead the army of revolt to the king when the signal should be given. Litster, Grindcobbe, and Wraw were at their posts. In every county from Somerset to York the peasants flocked together, "some armed with

clubs, rusty swords, axes, with old bows reddened by the smoke of the chimney corner, and odd arrows with only one feather."

John Ball had rung his bell, and at Whitsuntide, at the end of May, 1381, came the great uprising, the "Hurling-Time of the Peasants." The fire was all ready to be kindled, and a poll-tax, badly ordered, set the country ablaze.

The poll-tax was first levied, in 1377, on all over fourteen years of age. Two years later it was graduated, from 4d. on every man and woman of the working class to £6 13s. 4d. on a duke or archbishop. Even this with a further tax on wool was found insufficient.

So, early in 1381, John of Gaunt called the parliament together at Northampton, and declared that £160,000 must be raised. Parliament refused to find more than £100,000, and the clergy, owning at that time one-third of the land, promised £60,000. Again a poll-tax was demanded. This time everybody over fifteen was required to pay 1s., but in districts where wealthy folks lived it was held sufficient that the amount collected in every parish averaged 1s. per head; only the rich were not to pay less than 1s. per household, nor the poor less than 8d. In parishes where all were needy the full shilling was demanded without exception. It soon appeared that the money was not to be raised. In many parts the returns as to the population liable to the tax were not even filled in with any attempt at accuracy, and numbers avoided liability by leaving their homes—to escape a tribute, which to the struggling peasant meant ruin. Of the £100,000 required, only £22,000 was forthcoming.

Then one John Legge undertook to supply the deficit, if he had the authority of the crown to act as special commissioner to collect the tax. The appointment was made, with the result that the methods of the tax-collectors provoked revolt, and Legge lost his life over the business.

The rising began in Essex, when the villagers of Fobbing, Corringham, and Stanford-le-Hope were summoned to meet the tax-commissioner at Brentwood. Unable to pay, they fell upon the collectors and killed them. The government met this assault by sending down Chief Justice Belknap to punish the offenders. But as the judge merely had for escort a certain number of legal functionaries, and as the blood of the people was up, Belknap was received with open contempt, and, forced to swear on the Bible that he would hold no other session in the place, was glad to escape from the town without injury. And with this defiance and overpowering of the king's officers the signal was given, the beacon of revolt well lighted.

It was June 2nd, Whitsunday, when the Chief Justice was driven out of Brentwood; two days later Kent had risen at Gravesend and Dartford.

At Gravesend Sir Simon Burley, the friend of Richard II, seized a workman in the town, claiming him as a bondsman of his estate, and clapped him in Rochester Castle, refusing to hear of release unless £300 was paid.

At the same time word went about that the tax-collector at Dartford was

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insulting the women, and that, in especial, the wife and daughter of one John Tyler had been abused with gross indecency.

Whereupon this John Tyler, "being at work in the same town tiling of an house, when he heard thereof, caught his lathing staff in his hand, and ran reeking home; where, reasoning with the collector, who made him so bold, the collector answered with stout words, and strake at the tyler; whereupon the tyler, avoiding the blow, smote the collector with his lathing staff, so that the brains flew out of his head. Wherethrough great noise arose in the street, and the poor people being glad, everyone prepared to support the said John Tyler."

Robert Cave, a master baker of Dart-

ford, led the people straight off to Rochester; and the castle having been stormed, and all its prisoners released, Sir John Newton, the governor of the castle, was retained in safe custody.

And now the time had come for good generalship and discipline in the ranks, if the fire of revolt was to burn aright. Accordingly at Maidstone, on June 7th, Wat Tyler is chosen captain of the host; and proof is quickly given that the rising is not for mob rule or general anarchy, but to redress positive and intolerable wrongs. (Five Tylers are mentioned in the records of the Peasant Revolt: Wat Tyler, of Maidstone; John Tyler, of Dartford, who slays the tax-collector, and is not heard of again; Walter Tyler, of Essex; and two Tylers

of the City of London—William of Stone Street, and Simon of Cripplegate.)

In every respect was this Wat Tyler a man of remarkable gifts. Chosen as leader by the voice of his neighbors in Kent, his authority is at once obeyed without dispute, and his influence is seen to extend beyond the borders of his own country. Jack Straw acts as his lieutenant; John Wraw, of Suffolk, and William Grindcobbe, of St. Albans, come to him for advice; and it is not till Tyler moves on London with his army that the rising becomes national. He is plainly marked out as a great leader of masses of men. Skillful, courageous, humane, Wat Tyler is proved to be; firm, clear-headed, downright in manner, and yet large-hearted, jovial and brotherly—equally at home with king or beggar. There is nothing of the fanatical doctrinaire about this first great leader of the English people. He could order the execution of "traitors," but he is not the man for bloodshed in England, if the revolution he and John Ball aimed at can be accomplished by peaceful means. After more than 500 years the reputation of Wat Tyler stands out untarnished and unshaken.

Yet for eight days—and eight days only—does history allow us to follow the career of this remarkable man. On June 7th, Wat Tyler was chosen by the men of Kent to lead the revolt; on June 15th he was dead. Of his antecedents we know nothing. Parentage, birthplace, age, height, and personal appearance, are all unrecorded. His trade alone we can infer, and we know that his contemporaries trusted him to the full: for no suggestion has been made of any kind of rivalry or jealousy amongst the leaders, or of criticism or grumbling among the rank and file.

Wat Tyler emerges from the obscurity of history to become a strong democratic leader. For eight days he commands a vast army of men; he confronts the king as an equal; orders the execution of the chief ministers of the crown; and wrests from the king promises of fundamental social importance. Then, in the very hour of victory, an unexpected blow from an enemy strikes him down, and death follows. Surely to few men is it awarded to achieve an immortal reputation in so brief a public life.

No sooner is Tyler acclaimed as leader at Maidstone than the commons of Kent are flocking to the standard of revolt. The cry is for "King Richard and the Commons," and it goes hard with any who refuse to take the oath. John of Gaunt is the enemy. John of Gaunt is held to be responsible for all the mischief wrought on the coast towns of Kent by the privateer fleets of the Scots and the French, for the raiding of Rye and Winchelsea. (Only in the previous year these fleets had invaded the Thames as far as Gravesend.) John of Gaunt is the head and front of the misrule that bled the land with poll-taxes. John of Gaunt is the incarnation of the landlord rule that would keep the laborer in bondage forever. So bitter is the feeling against John of Gaunt, and so acute the fear that he is aiming at the crown, that a vow is taken by the men of Kent that no man named "John" shall be King of England.

John of Gaunt was the common en-

emy. But John of Gaunt was far away on the Scottish border, and there were enemies near at hand to be dealt with. The manor-houses of Kent were attacked; in a few cases, where their owners were notoriously bad landlords, were burnt. The main thing, however, was to obtain the rent-rolls, the lists of tenants and serfs, and all the documents of the lawyers. These papers were seized and destroyed by the peasants, for no assurance of freedom was possible while such evidence of service could be produced. These documents were the legal instruments of landlord rule; and as the people had risen to end this rule, a beginning had to be made by destroying the machinery. There was no general reign of terror in the country; there was nothing of the ferocity of the Jacquerie in France; no slaughter of landlords; and no common destruction of property.

The nobility seemed to expect judgment at the hands of the people, and those who were at Plymouth making preparation for their invasion of France put to sea as quickly as possible when news came of the rising. But the people had risen not for blind vengeance or for civil war, and the class who suffered badly at the rising were the lawyers

rather than the landlords. It was the lawyer's hand that the peasants saw and felt, and not the mailed fist, for the lawyer was not only the land agent of the lord of the manor, he was also the judge in matters of dispute between landlord and tenant, and it was he who kept the lists of villeins and serfs, and in the service of his lord did not scruple to manipulate those lists.

In those first days of the rising, when yeomen and more than one landholder joined the army of revolt, and all who were willing to cry "King Richard and the Commons" were counted as supporters, the worst that the landlord suffered (except in extreme cases) was the loss of his papers, but the lawyer who clung to his office was often hanged without mercy, as a scourge to the commonwealth.

Tyler was at Canterbury on Monday, June 10th, and here Archbishop Sudbury's palace was ransacked for papers, and his tenant-rolls burnt. Beyond this, and a rough exhortation to the monks to prepare to elect a new archbishop, no injury was done. The following day Tyler was back at Maidstone, and his men burst open the archbishop's prison and released John Ball, with all others who had incurred ecclesiastical displeas-

ure. This accomplished, with John Ball, the people's poor priest, in the midst of them, 30,000 men of Kent—yeomen, craftsmen, villeins and peasants—set out for London under Wat Tyler's command.

Blackheath was reached at nightfall on Wednesday, June 12th, and a camp fixed; but a few indefatigable rebels hastened on to Southwark that same night to burst open the Marshalsea and King's Bench prisons. John Wraw was at Blackheath, and after a short conference with Wat Tyler, hastened back to Suffolk to announce that the hour of rising had struck.

Near Eltham, Tyler had overtaken the young king's mother, the widow of the Black Prince, returning from a pilgrimage, and had promised that no harm should befall her or her women from his host. Reassured, the princess and her company went on their way in safety to the Tower of London, where Richard and his council were assembled, and told of the great uprising.

Judges had already been despatched into Kent at the first news of the disorders, but had turned back before reaching Canterbury, not liking the look of things.

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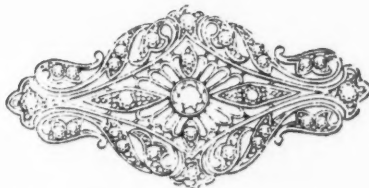
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13th, the camp at Blackheath was astir. It was Corpus Christi day and a solemn festival. After mass had been said before all the people, John Ball preached on his old theme of equality and brotherhood. "For if God had intended some to be serfs and others lords He would have made a distinction between them at the beginning." He went on to speak of the work to be taken in hand at once.

"Now is the opportunity given to Englishmen, if they do but choose to take it, of casting off the yoke they have borne so long, of winning the freedom they always desired. Wherefore let us take good courage and behave like the wise husbandman of scripture, who gathered the wheat into his barn, but uprooted and burned the tares that had half-choked the good grain. Now the tares of England are her oppressive rulers, and the time of harvest has come. Ours it is to pluck up these tares and make away with them all—the evil lords, the unjust judges, the lawyers, every man indeed who is dangerous to the common good. Then should we all have peace for the present and security for the future. For when the great ones have been rooted up and cast away, all will enjoy equal freedom, all will have common nobility, rank and power."

The sermon was received with bursts of cheers, and the people shouted that John Ball should be archbishop, "for that the present archbishop and chancellor, Simon Sudbury, was but a traitor."

Later that morning, Sir John Newton arrived at the Tower with a message from Tyler, asking for an audience with the king. All along it was the belief of the commons that the king had but to hear the tale of their wrongs and redress would be speedily obtained.

"Hold no speech with the shoeless ruffians," was the advice of Sir Robert Hales, the treasurer. But Richard agreed to an interview, and presently rowed down the Thames in the royal barge as far as Rotherhithe with the Earl of Suffolk (president of the council), and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

The river bank was crowded with the commons of Kent, and Wat Tyler and John Ball urged the king to land and listen to the message his subjects brought. They were promptly rebuked by the Earl of Salisbury for their boldness:

"Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor are you in a fit condition for the king to talk to you."

Instead of landing, Richard listened to the counsels of fear and pride, and the

royal barge was turned and rowed back swiftly to the Tower.

Wat Tyler and the men of Kent, with thousands more from Surrey, at once marched on to London Bridge, where they destroyed the houses of ill-fame that clustered round the south side of the bridge. The prisons had been pulled down the night before, and now the brothels were burnt to the ground and their inmates dismissed—that the new City of God of John Ball's vision might be cleansed of its old foulness. These places of infamy, rented by Flemish women, were the property of William Walworth, the mayor of London; and their destruction filled him with rage against the invaders.

Walworth made some attempt to fortify London Bridge by placing iron chains across the bridge; and he gave orders for the drawbridge to be pulled up, in order that a passage might be prevented. But on Tyler's threat that he would burn the bridge if a way was not quickly made for him, Alderman Sibley (who, with Aldermen Horne and Tonge, supported the claims of the revolutionaries in the City Corporation) had the chains removed and the drawbridge lowered, and Alderman Horne met Tyler at the city gate and bade him welcome.

Fifty thousand men followed Tyler in-

to London, and the city was now at the mercy of the peasant army. Walworth, who had no want of spirit, declared to the king and his council in the Tower that 6,000 soldiers could be raised in the city, but "fear had so fallen upon the soldiery that they seemed half dead with fright." Sir Robert Knolles with 600 men-at-arms guarded the Tower.

It was now that Wat Tyler's great qualities of leadership and the good discipline of his army were seen. With London in his hands, he warned his followers that death would be the instant punishment for theft; and proclaimed to the citizens, "We are indeed zealots for truth and justice, but we are not thieves and robbers." Every respect was to be shown to the persons and property of the people of London, and wrath was only to fall on John of Gaunt and the ministers of the crown, and the lawyers—the enemies, as it seemed to Tyler, of the good estate of England. In return, the citizens offered bread and ale freely to the invaders, and London artisans joined their ranks in large numbers.

The archbishop's palace at Lambeth was soon stormed, and all the records it contained were destroyed; the building itself was left uninjured.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the

Savoy Palace of John of Gaunt, by the Strand, was in flames; and all its wealth of treasure, rich tapestries and costly furniture, rare vessels of gold and silver, precious stones, and art work of priceless value, heaped up on a bonfire or ground to powder. The Duke of Lancaster's jewelled coat, covered with gems, was set up as a target and riddled with arrows, before it was cut into a thousand pieces and pounded to dust. One wretched man was caught attempting to sneak off with a silver cup; and being taken in the act, was put to death as Tyler had decreed. The Savoy burnt to the ground, but no one interfered with its inhabitants; and Henry, Earl of Derby, John of Gaunt's son (who was to reign in Richard's stead as Henry IV), passed out with all his servants unmolested. The wine cellar proved fatal to certain of the host, who, drinking freely, perished, buried under the fallen building.

From the Savoy the army of destruction passed to the Temple, the headquarters of the Knights Hospitallers, of whom Sir Robert Hales was president, and a hive of lawyers. The Temple was burnt, but no lives were lost; for the lawyers, "even the most aged and infirm of them, scrambled off with the agility of rats or evil spirits."

At nightfall the priory of the Hospitallers at Clerkenwell, the prisons at the Fleet and at Newgate, and the Manor House at Highbury, had all been demolished; and the men of Essex, led by Thomas Faringdon, a London baker, were at Mile End; while William Grindcobbe, with a body of men from St. Albans, lay at Highbury.

In vain Walworth urged the king and his royal council to act. Richard had sent to Tyler asking for a written statement of the grievances of the commons, and had been told in reply that the king must meet his commons face to face, and hear with his own ears their demands. In the evening, Walworth proposed that the garrison at the Tower should be despatched against Tyler, "to fall upon these wretches who were in the streets, and amounted to 60,000, while they were asleep and drunk. They might be killed like flies," Walworth added, "for not one in twenty had arms."

But the handful of soldiers at the Tower were in mortal terror of the peasant host, and "all had so lost heart that you would have thought them more like dead men than living."

The Earl of Salisbury checked Walworth's rash proposals. "If we begin what we cannot carry through," he observed, "we shall never be able to repair matters. It will be all over with us and our heirs, and England will be a desert."

An open conflict with Tyler and his 60,000 was a very hazardous proceeding. Who could be sure of escape if it came to battle? So far Tyler had only struck at the chief ministers and the lawyers, and why should others risk their lives in such a quarrel? Besides, it was said that Wat Tyler and a mad priest of Kent were for doing away with all nobles, and for making all men equal, and caution was necessary in dealing with men who held such strange opinions. England without its nobility would be a desert, and at all costs such an

irreparable calamity as the loss of England's nobility must be prevented.

So Walworth got no help in his plans for resistance; and when that night a messenger from Tyler warned the king that if he refused to meet the commons of England in open conference, the people would seize the Tower, Richard sent word in reply, promising to meet his subjects on the morrow at noon at Mile End, and there hear their complaints.

Tyler accepted the king's word, and after sleeping with his men hard by the Tower, at St. Catherine's Wharf, was at Mile End betimes. Here he met Grindcobbe, and hearing that the people of Hertfordshire had trouble with the abbot at St. Albans, bade Grindcobbe return and accomplish freedom for the abbot's tenants and serfs.

Richard went to Mile End with no large retinue, and two of his companions, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, left him at Whitechapel and galloped off in craven fear of the multitude that thronged the road. Richard,

though he was only fifteen, displayed both courage and cunning when confronted with Tyler. He knew that the discontent in the country was directed against the government, and not against the king, and that the misrule could not fairly be laid to his charge. Besides, he was the son of the Black Prince, and the people showed no signs of hostility. His policy was to yield and to wait an opportunity for regaining power.

The conference at Mile End began with a request from Richard to know what was required of him. Tyler answered that first all traitors should be executed, and to this demand the king agreed.

Then four definite proposals were put forward by Wat Tyler:

1. A free and general pardon to all concerned in the rising.
2. The total abolition of all villeinage and serfdom.
3. An end to all tolls and market dues—"freedom to buy and sell in all cities, burghs, mercantile towns, and

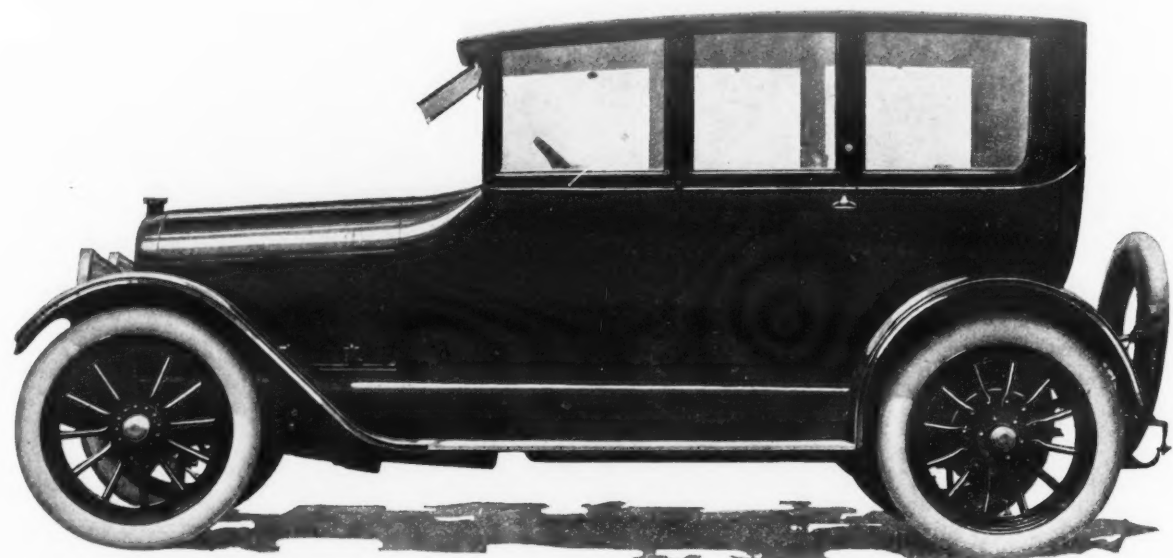
other places within our kingdom of England."

4. All customary tenants to be turned into leaseholders whose rent should be fixed at 4d. an acre forever.

Richard at once assented to these requests, and to prevent any uncertainty and remove all doubt or suspicion of good faith, thirty clerks were set to work on the spot to draw up charters of manumission, and to present banners to each county represented.

Then Richard bade the people return home in peace, bearing the king's banner in token that the king had granted the request of his subjects. One or two from each village remained to carry the charters of freedom signed and sealed by royal warrant.

Richard was taken at his word. Thousands of the peasants dispersed that day believing their cause had triumphed. Nothing could be plainer than the charters of manumission: "Know that of our special grace we have manumitted all our liege and singular subjects and



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others of the county of Hertford, freed each and all of their old bondage, and made them quit by these presents; pardon them all felonies, treasons, transgressions, and extortions committed by any and all of them, and assure them of our *summa pax*."

So ran the document which the peasants of Hertford bore, and similar charters were given to the counties of Bedford, Essex, Kent, and Surrey.

Richard was also taken at his word concerning the execution of traitors, and by the authority of Wat Tyler, Archbishop Sudbury, the chancellor, Sir Robert Hales, the treasurer, and John Legge, the poll-tax commissioner, were dragged out of the Tower and beheaded on Tower Hill. When Richard returned from Mile End the heads of these three men were on the gate of London Bridge.

Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, deserved a better fate, for he was an amiable and gentle priest, and "lenient to heretics." As chancellor he shared the punishment of a government deservedly hated, but there were many who deplored his death.

The soldiers at the Tower offered no resistance, but joked and fraternized with the people.

(John of Gaunt's chaplain, William Appleton, some of Legge's subordinates, and Richard Lyons also perished that day on Tower Hill. Of these, Richard Lyons was a thoroughly corrupt person, who five years earlier had been convicted of gross usury and of fraudulently "forestalling" in the wool trade, and had escaped the penalty of the law on being sentenced to pay a heavy fine and suffer imprisonment. At one time he had been a member of Edward III's council, and in that capacity had enriched himself and his friends at the expense of the nation.)

A cry was raised in London that night against the Flemings, and many of these industrious aliens, whose only offence was the employment of cheap labor, were put to death, denied even the right of sanctuary when they fled to the altar of the church of the Austin Friars. The houses of certain unpopular citizens were also fired, and it went hard with all who refused to shout for "King Richard and the Commons."

But Tyler gave no sanction to the attack on the Flemings, and though the London mob took the law into its own hands and dealt roughly with those whom it disliked, there is no evidence of general rioting and disorder. To the end the peasant folk in London remembered the brotherhood John Ball had proclaimed, and respected their fellows, and their good order is a lasting tribute to their leaders.

Tyler, with the bulk of the men of Kent and Surrey, remained in the city, and the king hearing of what had happened at the Tower, decided to pass the night at the Wardrobe, by St. Paul's, whither his mother had gone when the Tower was invaded.

Tyler, in spite of all that had been obtained at Mile End, was not satisfied. The peasants and serfs had been freed by royal warrant, but the landlords remained in possession of power, and there was no promise of better government, no word as to the restoration of the old common rights in the land, or the repeal of the savage forest laws. Re-

forms had been won, but the changes were not strong enough to ensure a social revolution.

Once more, on the Saturday, June 15th, Richard was invited to meet his subjects, and again he declared his willingness, summoning his commons by proclamation to meet him that afternoon at Smithfield, in the square outside St. Bartholomew's Priory.

It seemed on the morning of June 15th as though the rising had succeeded triumphantly. The peasants had their charters of manumission, the nobles were thoroughly alarmed and cowed, the soldiery powerless, and Wat Tyler and his men still held the City of London.

Holding such an advantage, Tyler determined to make the king decree further reforms, and when the two met at Smithfield, the confidence of victory could be seen in the peasant leader's bearing.

Richard, with two hundred retainers, and with Henry, Earl of Derby, the Earls of Suffolk and Salisbury, Sir Simon Burley, and Walworth, the mayor, were on the east side of the square, the great priory at their back.

Tyler and his army drew up on the west side, and when Walworth opened the proceedings by calling on Wat Tyler to speak with the king, Tyler, seated on a little horse, rode out into the middle of the square with a single attendant. There he dismounted, dropped on one knee before the king, and shook him heartily by the hand. He bade Richard be of good cheer, and declared that within a fortnight he should have even more thanks from the commons than he had won already. "You and I shall be good comrades yet," Tyler added.

Richard, in some embarrassment, inquired why the commons did not return home, and Tyler answered with a great and solemn oath that no one should leave the city until they had got a further redressing of all their grievances. "And much the worse will it be for the lords of this realm if this charter be refused," he concluded.

Then Richard bade Tyler say what charter it was the commons demanded.

"First, then," said Tyler, "let no law but the law of Winchester prevail throughout the land, and let no man be made an outlaw by the decree of judges and lawyers. Grant also that no lord shall henceforth exercise lordship over the commons; and since we are oppressed by so vast a horde of bishops and clerks, let there be but one bishop in England; and let the property and goods of the holy Church be divided fairly according to the needs of the people in each parish, after in justice making suitable provision for the present clergy and monks. Finally, let there be no more villeins in England, but grant us all to be free and of one condition."

"All that you have asked for I promise readily," Richard answered, "if only it be consistent with the regality of my crown. And now let the commons return home since their requests have been granted."

In the presence of his nobles and the hearing of his people the king had promised that the demands of his subjects should be granted.

For Wat Tyler the victory seemed complete, and now that the battle was

won he called out that he was thirsty, and complained of a parched throat. The day had been strenuous, and Tyler longed for a draught of the good home-brewed beer of his native country. His attendant brought him water, and Tyler rinsed out his mouth with it, to the disgust of the king's courtiers. Then beer was brought in a mighty tankard, and Tyler drank a deep draught to the health of "King Richard and the Commons." He remounted his little horse, while the nobles stood by in silent and sullen anger, "for no lord or counsellor dared to open his mouth and give an answer to the commons in such a situation." Had they not heard it proclaimed that henceforth all were to be free and equal in the land?

A "valet of Kent," some knight in the royal service, broke silence, muttering loudly his opinion that Wat Tyler was the greatest thief and robber in all Kent.

Tyler caught the abusive words, and immediately ordered his attendant to cut down the man who had spoken in his insulting fashion.

The "valet" edged back within the ranks of the king's party, and Tyler drew his dagger. Walworth, sharing to the full the rage of the nobles at the capitulation of the king, and yet anxious to avoid a conflict, shouted that he would arrest all those who drew weapons in the royal presence. Tyler struck impatiently at Walworth, but the blow was harmless, for the mayor had armor on beneath his jerkin.

Before Tyler could defend himself the mayor retaliated. Drawing a short cutlass he slashed at Tyler, wounding him in the neck so that he fell from his

horse. And with the fall of their leader fell all the promised liberties of the peasants, and the rising collapsed.

Two knights, Ralph Standish and another, plunged their swords into him while he was on the ground. Still, mortally wounded though he was, Tyler managed to scramble on his little horse. He rode a yard or two, gave a last call on the commons to avenge his death, and then dropped to the ground to rise no more.

Had the commons at once attacked the king's party, they would have conquered. But confusion fell upon the people, and there was no one ready to take command. "Let us stand together." "We will die with our captain or avenge him." "Shoot, lads, shoot"—the various cries went up, and the bowmen looked to their weapons.

But Richard, with the presence of mind that marked his dealings with the people at Mile End, turned the doubt and uncertainty to his own advantage. He rode out boldly into the middle of the square, reminded the people that he, and not Tyler, was their king, and bade them follow him into the fields and receive their charters.

There was no reason to refuse obedience, no reason to mistrust the king. Tyler had always spoken well of Richard, and the people themselves had seen him only yesterday sign their charters, and had heard him in Tyler's presence, only a few minutes ago, promise to do the will of the commons. It was not by the king's hand that their leader had been slain.

A small band carried Tyler's body into the Priory of St. Bartholomew, while the rest of the peasants followed

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Richard into the fields that stretched from Clerkenwell to Islington. Here he held them until Sir Robert Knolles arrived with 700 soldiers, for Walworth had lost no time in spreading the news that Tyler was dead, and in raising a troop for the king. By Richard's orders the commons were dispersed when the soldiery arrived, the men of Kent, now broken and dispirited, being marched through the city, and left to take their way home.

That very night Walworth and Standish were knighted for what they had done, and in the morning Wat Tyler's head stared horribly from London Bridge.

"My son, what sorrow I have suffered for thee this day," cried the king's mother, when Richard came to the Wardrobe.

"I know it well, madam," answered the king; "but rejoice with me now, and thank God that I have this day won back my heritage of England, so nearly lost."

The great uprising was over. Wat Tyler had fallen, as it seemed, in the very hour of victory.

By Walworth's orders, Jack Straw and two prominent men of Kent were hanged on the night of June 15th, without the formality of trial. Jack Straw, an itinerant priest sharing John Ball's views, it is said, explained before he died what had been in the minds of the leaders of the revolt. They had meant to get rid of the supremacy of the landlords altogether, and to substitute for the established clergy a voluntary ministry of mendicant friars; the boy-king was to be enlisted in the cause of the revolution before the monarchy was finally abolished; and in place of parliament and royal council each county was to enjoy self-government.

No longer in the presence of danger, the king and his ministers struck fiercely at the rebels.

On June 18th a general proclamation was issued ordering the arrest of all malefactors and the dispersal of all unruly gatherings. On June 22nd, Chief Justice Sir Robert Tressilian went on assize and "showed mercy to none and made great havock." John Ball was taken at Coventry and, with Grindcobbe, hanged at St. Albans on July 15th.

The Earl of Suffolk went down to Suffolk with 500 lances on June 23rd, and John Wraw, with twenty others, including four beneficed clergy, was quickly taken and hanged. Henry Despenser, Bishop of Norwich, grandson of Edward III's minister, suppressed the rising in Norfolk, and walked beside Litster to the gallows.

At least a thousand peasant lives were sacrificed to the law under Tressilian's sentence.

At Waltham a deputation came to Richard to ask if it were true that the royal promises and charters were annulled, and the king's answer left no room for doubt, for it breathed all the hatred and contempt of the commons that Tyler had striven to end:

"O vile and odious by land and sea, you who are not worthy to live when compared with the lords whom ye have attacked; you should be forthwith punished with the vilest deaths were it not for the office ye bear. Go back to your

comrades and bear the king's answer. You were and are rustics, and shall remain in bondage, not that of old, but in one infinitely worse. For as long as we live, and by God's help rule over this realm, we will attempt by all our faculties, powers, and means to make you such an example of offence to the heirs of your servitude as that they may have you before their eyes, and you may supply them with a perpetual ground for cursing and fearing you."

In despair at this rough ending to all their cherished hopes of freedom, the Essex peasants made a last attempt to fight for liberty, and on June 28th, at Great Baddow and Billericay, more than 500 fell before the king's soldiery.

On July 2nd all the charters of manumission and royal pardons were declared formally annulled, and sheriffs were strictly forbidden to release any prisoners. It was not till August 30th an amnesty was granted to those suspected of taking part in the rising. In the autumn parliament refused to ratify the charters, and the lawyers declared that without the consent of parliament the charters were illegal.

So there was an end to all Wat Tyler and the peasants had risen to obtain,

and well might it seem that the rising had been in vain.

Yet it was not altogether in vain that John Ball had rung his bell and died for his faith, that Wat Tyler had led the peasant folk of Kent to do battle for freedom. The poll-tax was stopped for one thing. And villeinage was doomed. "The landlords gave up the practice of demanding base services; they let their lands to leasehold tenants, and accepted money payments in lieu of labor; they ceased to recall the emancipated laborer into serfdom or to oppose his assertion of right in the courts of the manor and the country." (W. Stubbs.)

The great uprising brought out the desire for personal liberty in the laboring people of England that has never since been utterly quenched. It was the first insistence that peasants and serfs were men of England. "It taught the king's officers and gentle folks that they must treat the peasants like men if they wished them to behave quietly, and it led most landlords to set free their bondsmen, and to take fixed money payments instead of uncertain services from their customary tenants, so that in a hundred years' time there were very few bonds-

men left in England." (F. York Powell.)

If Wat Tyler died as a man should for the cause he loves, few of those who trampled on the cause of the peasants were to know the paths of peace in later years.

Richard died in prison at the hands of Henry Bolingbroke, John of Gaunt's son, whom Tyler had let depart in safety when the Savoy was in flames. The Earls of Suffolk and Warwick died exiled fugitives. The Earl of Salisbury, fleeing from Henry V, was hanged in the streets of Cirencester. Chief Justice Tressilian was hanged for a traitor in 1387, and Sir Simon Burley was beheaded.

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Nor ever abides it in stabilitie.

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A Song against Poverty

By Guido Cavalcanti, (1300)

O poverty, by thee the soul is wrapp'd
With hate, with envy, dolefulness, and
doubt.

Even so be thou cast out,
And even so he that speaks thee other-
wise.

I name thee now, because my mood is
apt

To curse thee, bride of every lost estate,
Through whom are desolate

On earth all honorable things and wise.
Within thy power each blest condition
dies:

By thee, men's minds with sore mistrust
are made

Fantastic and afraid:—

Thou, hated worse than Death, by just
accord,

And with the loathing of all hearts
abhor'd.

Yea, rightly art thou hated worse than
Death,

For he at length is longed for in thee
But not with thee, wild beast,

Was ever aught found beautiful or good.
For life is all that man can lose by
death,

Not fame and the fair summits of ap-
plause;

His glory shall not pause,
But live in men's perpetual gratitude.

While he who on thy naked sill has
stood,

Though of great heart and worthy ever
so,

He shall be counted low.

Then let the man thou troublest never
hope

To spread his wings in any lofty scope.

Hereby my mind is laden with a fear,
And I will take some thought to shelter
me.

For this I plainly see:—
Through thee, to fraud the honest man
is led;

To tyranny the just lord turneth here,
And the magnanimous soul to avarice.

Of every bitter vice
Thou, to my thinking, art the fount and
head;

From thee no light in any wise is shed,
Who bringest to the paths of dusky hell.

I therefore see full well,
That death, the dungeon, sickness, and
old age,

Weighed against thee, are blessed her-
itage.

And what though many a goodly hypo-
crite,

Lifting to thee his veritable prayer,
Call God to witness there

How this thy burden moved not Him to
wrath.

Why, who may call (of them that muse
aright)

Him poor, who of the whole can say,
'Tis Mine?

Methinks I well divine
That want, to such, should seem an easy
path.

God, who made all things all things had
and hath;

Nor any tongue may say that He was
poor

What while He did endure
For man's best succour among men to
dwell:

Since to have all, with Him, was pos-
sible.

Song, thou shalt wend upon thy journey
now:

And, if thou meet with folk who rail at
thee,

Saying that poverty
Is not even sharper than thy words
allow,—

Unto such brawlers briefly answer thou,
To tell them they are hypocrites; and
then

Say mildly, once again,
That I, who am nearly in a beggar's
case,

Might not presume to sing my proper
praise.

Exit the Actor

When a man as competent as John Ranken Towse, for forty-three years dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*, makes the statement that the race of great actors in America is threatened with extinction, we are bound to pay attention. Mr. Towse has just published a book of reminiscences entitled, "Sixty Years of the Theater" (Funk and Wagnalls). He passes in review the great actors and actresses that he has known, from Macready, Forrest, the Keans, the Booths, Davenport and their contemporaries, down to Robert Mantell and Margaret Anglin. Then he says:

"The record, as it stands, is not inspiring, so far as the art of acting is concerned. It indicates a condition of progressive decadence. The high imaginative drama, tragic or romantic, has virtually disappeared, not because the public will have none of it—for occasional revivals of it are eagerly attended—but for the lack of competent interpreters.

"To-day there are not on the American stage half a dozen players, male or female, who could bear the test of comparison with any one of fifty who were flourishing thirty or forty years ago. Of great actors there is not one. The best we have, in almost every department of drama—musical comedy and wild farce, of course, are not included in that category—are survivors of a past generation. Stars there are in plenty, but only two or three of them would by any stretch of courtesy be called first-rate actors. Most of them are specialists in the art of self-reproduction, and, therefore, utterly unprogressive. The name of the new performers is legion, but the number of them who exhibit signs of brilliant promise is woefully small. In all the arts of production—in painting, in lighting, machinery and spectacle, even in play-writing—the stage is making progress, but the race of competent actors is threatened with extinction."

Mr. Towse ascribes the degeneracy of the modern theater mainly to "the prevailing system of purely commercial management that has obliterated the old stock companies." He holds that the only chance for a real and permanent theatrical revival lies in the restoration of the stock system and of "honest, wholesome competition." He continues: "That is my unshakeable conviction after half a century of observation and

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experience. Sooner or later, I believe, this will come about. Signs of impending change in theatrical conditions—the disruption of syndicates, significant bankruptcies, etc.—are not wanting. From all sides come reports of the organization of new stock companies with definite programmes and good financial backing.

"If these experiments succeed there will be no lack of imitators. Then we may be upon the brink of a new era.

"In the host of little theaters—artistic, realistic, futuristic, independent, experimental, or what not—I do not, I must confess, put much faith. Some of them are excellent things in their way, and deserve every encouragement, but of all

the many scores of such experiments with which I have been acquainted not one, so far as I can remember, has lived for long, or left appreciable results behind. It is in a system of competitive stock companies, run on business principles, striving to win public patronage by deserving it, that I see the promise of a theater that will command the favor and support of all the intelligent classes."

But Mr. Towse does not hold the syndicate system alone responsible for "the low estate into which the theater and theatrical art have fallen in these latter days." He concludes:

"A considerable share of the blame must rest upon a public press which,



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in the interests of commercialism, has not hesitated to accept false standards and help the managerial game by lavishing unmerited and deceptive praise upon poor plays and indifferent performers. If the theater is ever to regain respect, it must be discussed truthfully, capably and fearlessly."

These statements have not passed unchallenged in the theatrical papers. We find in the *New York Dramatic Mirror* a leading article devoted to Mr. Towse's indictment. The *Mirror* concedes that the opinions of the veteran critic are worthy of respectful consideration, and disclaims the intention to start a discussion. Then it says:

"That there were great actors in Mr. Towse's early days of activity, and before, is conceded. The host is a goodly company. As Mr. Webster said of Massachusetts, they need no encomium. They are worthy of being emulated, or imitated if the latter be sincere.

"Nevertheless, there are some playing in the present time who have strong holds upon the theater-going public. We shall not enumerate them for fear of unintentionally missing one. But they fill the houses where they appear, and as often as they come back they find that the seats have been sold far in advance of their reappearance. Maybe the public of the present time does not know a great actor when it sees one, but no actor can fool a New York audience more than a fortnight. And the cry is for more theaters. The actors now playing cannot play to all who want to go to the theater. If the players of the present were mediocre would this be the case?

"The church is not deficient in great preachers because it has no Beecher or Phillips Brooks, and by the same token the stage is not famishing because it has no Booth, or Wallack or Mansfield. Always the majority has suffered by comparison with the few acknowledged to be superior. And where there is not one, or three or a half dozen who are acclaimed as superior, the majority become a sort of common level, and no one of the lot is more conspicuous than the others.

"With due consideration for the present legitimate school of actors, we think this is why no one is great in the sense in which the word is used by Mr. Towse. But greatness is a thing of growth. There was only one Napoleon before the days of Grant and Lee and the captains of the present European war."—*From Current Opinion.*

♦♦♦

The Answer

The teacher was trying to make his pupils understand that all good comes from one source. As an illustration, he told them of building a house and putting water-pipes with taps in all the rooms, these pipes not being connected with the main in the street. "Suppose I turn on a tap and no water comes, what is the matter?" He naturally supposed that some of the boys would answer that the water was not turned on at the main, but they didn't. On the contrary, one boy at the foot of the class called out: "You didn't pay your water bill!"

How to Get Officers

Public interest in army affairs has not recently died down. In point of fact this interest is becoming much keener of late. It seems to be the consensus of opinion of military men that the army plan, as at present operated, is turning out to be a colossal failure. Major-General Hugh Scott, chief of staff of the army, declares as much, and says, moreover, that such a conclusion is inevitable in the mind of any reader of the annual report of Secretary of War Baker. There is no manner of doubt that the concentration of the Mexican guard along the border has been not only a disappointment to the men gathered there but a scandal to the country at large. In a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly*, the leading article was devoted to this subject and it was written by Captain Rupert Hughes, a New York militiaman who is also a novelist and essayist. Captain Hughes' article is a tremendous indictment of the national guard plan. This idea may have been all right in the beginning but as it worked out in the concentration on the border, all the experts say that its chief effect has been to make every guardsman declare that he will never again enlist in that body for service. It would seem as if the country must come back to the original idea of a voluntary army, and that if this should be impossible of achievement the country must come to compulsory service. There is no other way, apparently, of getting a standing army. The possibility of a war means that as matters stand at present the national guard would be practically unavailable and any army worthy of the name could not be prepared for mobilization and action inside of six months at the very least. More probably it would require over a year's training to get the men into shape. But even if we should be able to mobilize a good sized army, a further great difficulty would present itself in the fact that there is no adequate supply of officers.

On this subject of supplying officers fit to command an army, probably nothing better has been written than the letter of Mr. George Morrison von Schrader of St. Louis, a member of the class of 1883 in the United States Naval Academy. This letter of Mr. von Schrader's appeared in the *New York Times*, last June. It was somewhat belated because the administration army bill was then very near its passage and the mobilization of the national guard to the Mexican border followed soon after. It was thought, of course, when the army bill was framed, that a good supply of officers could be had from among the officers of the regiments and companies of the national guard ordered to the border. Now, however, it would seem as if none of the officers—or at least very few of them—will ever be inclined to go back in the army, if they can get out of it. In this situation the letter of Mr. von Schrader should be of value as indicating a very well-worked-out plan for officering the forces of the country. An army cannot be made in a short time and of course this applies equally to the making of officers. Mr. von Schrader's letter therefore is very pertinent now, and no apol-

ogy is necessary for reprinting it. The letter follows:

St. Louis, Mo., May 31, 1916.

To the Editor of *The New York Times*:

Being a graduate of the United States Naval Academy, I have devoted some time and thought to the subject of "preparedness," and the great obstacle that presents itself, to my mind, in forming a large citizen army, lies in the inability of procuring competent officers. A suggestion on this subject at this time (the Army Reorganization bill having passed congress) may appear tardy. Still this bill is more of the nature of an emergency act, and there doubtless will be much legislation on the question before the army is on a permanent basis.

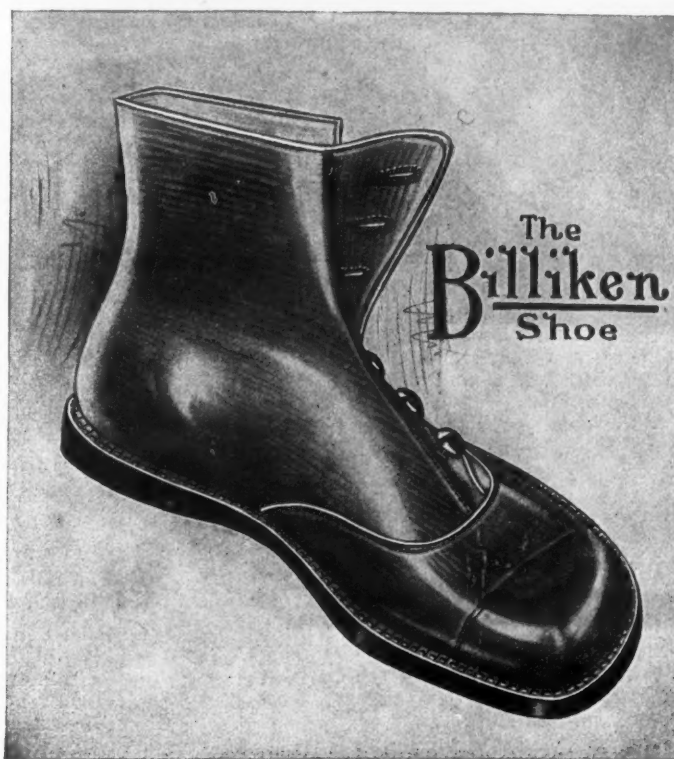
So far as our regular army and navy are concerned, West Point and Annapolis, with certain increases, will doubtless be able to supply their needs, but they are entirely inadequate to supply officers for the great citizen army in contemplation. Where are we to procure officers for this large body? To have them led by inefficient men would be simply to sacrifice them.

I have devised a plan for supplying our Government with an unlimited number of thoroughly trained officers at the

least expense and in a manner that would accrue in the most good to the country at large in times both of war and peace.

My plan contemplates the use of the various state universities. I would have the United States Government erect barracks for the housing of from 200 to 500 students at each of these institutions, or as many of them as are found desirable. Then let the Government appoint yearly from one to five thousand students, as the needs may be, to these various colleges, giving each its pro rata according to state population. These appointments should be placed in the hands of the Board of Public Schools of each state and be restricted to graduates of high schools physically capable. They would carry with them a free college education, thus giving many a poor, ambitious boy the opportunity he would not otherwise have. By "free education" I do not simply mean exemption from college fees, but free absolutely—that is, the students are to be housed, fed and clothed by the Government, besides receiving a small amount for spending money. The expense of these men would thus be about the same as a regular soldier's.

These appointees would go to their



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various institutions, where they could select at their own option any regular four years' course, attending classes with the other students, but in addition to the regular course, they would be required to devote one hour a day to some technical military subject and one hour to drilling. In order that the student might not be too severely pushed, a subject in the regular course might be dispensed with in favor of the technical subject required.

The barracks should be in charge of regular army officers, three or four, as necessity might indicate. There should be one in command, one or two instructors, and one drill officer.

The lives led by these students, while there, should be similar to those led by cadets at West Point, with possibly a few less restrictions. But they would be regularly enlisted in the government service and subject to all of the laws and discipline of the army. There would be no "play" soldier in the course, so noticeable in private military academies. Hence, at the end of four years, these men should be turned out technically trained and capable officers.

In consideration of the privilege thus given them the Government would require these men to return to their various institutions every year for thirty days, for a period of five or may be ten years, to study up modern improvements and to brush up generally. Thus one or two thousand capable officers would be turned out each year, and in a short time there would be from ten to twenty thousand available officers in

the country for the Government to call upon.

The latent power of this body of men would add a great permanency to the plan of preparedness. During a long period of peace, enthusiasm would lag and it might become difficult to fill the ranks of the citizen army, but with a group of men like this scattered over our country the raising of an army at quick notice in time of need would be vastly facilitated. It takes months to make a soldier, but years to turn out an efficient officer.

Then, too, the value to the country at large of these men returning home after their course should not be underestimated. They would be most valuable citizens in any walk of life they might choose, while the high moral code instilled by their training would go far to uplift the spirit of patriotism and integrity throughout the land.

I fully appreciate the fact that this is simply an idea. To go into details would be superfluous and far too lengthy. However, should this skeleton be deemed worthy of life by others, I would gladly turn it over to more competent hands to add the flesh.

G. M. VON SCHRADER,
Class of 1883, United States
Naval Academy.

At an evening party the hostess had coaxed a protesting guest to sing. After the song she went up to him smiling. "O, Mr. Jenkins," she said, "you must never tell me again that you can't sing—I know now!"

The "Better" Germany

By Rev. Charles Aked

Dr. Aked was of the peace expedition, organized by Henry Ford, that sailed on the Oscar II. He is an Englishman by birth and has been a popular preacher in London, San Francisco and New York.

I have learned that there is a "better Germany."

There are men and women in Germany who refuse to hate England. There are men and women in Germany who refuse to surrender the hope of renewed deep and lasting friendship with England, who believe that even the war would not be too great a price to pay for an Anglo-American-German alliance safeguarding the peace and progress of the white races, for centuries to come.

It is easy to catalogue crimes. The art of villification calls for no special training. But if there is anything good in the thought of Great Britain about Germany, should not a Christian minister delight to tell it to Germany? If there is anything good in the thought of Germany about England should not a minister of Christ hasten to tell it to the English-speaking world? If to publish in German newspapers throughout Germany an article about a sane and moderate England which refuses to hate Germany, is to be "pro-Ally," then I must be reckoned a fanatical pro-Ally; for this I have already done. If to write something of what I have learned about "a better Germany" is to label myself "pro-German," why, I must needs

wear the tag. Unto us also is committed a ministry of reconciliation!

I was in Berlin ten days. I moved freely amongst all classes of persons, civil and military, of all shades of opinion. I talked with jingoes and with pacifists; with members of the general staff and with social settlement workers; with soldiers of international reputation, theologians to whom every educated preacher in the world is under obligation, and successful business men and men of affairs. I was with Count von Moltke in the Palace of the General Staff a few days before he died; I spent one of the happiest hours of my life in the Royal Library with von Harnack, and another in the home of Adolf Deissmann; I was in the home of Hans Delbrück, Treitschke's successor in the chair of history in the University of Berlin; I dined with Littmann, Wellhausen's great successor; I talked with the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* in his office, and with Rohrbach, Germany's greatest political writer, at his club.

I talked with women who are leaders of wealth and fashion, and with women who are leaders in social and moral movements.

I talked with members of the government at the foreign office and in the vice-chancellor's palace. I talked with the Catholic, Erzberger, leader of the central party in the Reichstag, and with Bernstein, leader of the Socialists. I talked with officers of artillery, officers of infantry, and soldiers of the rank and file. I talked with Christian pastors—glad enough to hold out the hand of



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friendship to a brother-minister who had come to a war-stricken land with peace in his heart.

May I add a personal word? It is important for the sake of clearness. When I say that I "talked" with these persons it must not be supposed that I exchanged polite greetings with them, mentioned the war, picked up some stray expression of opinion, and came away. It is to be understood that I discussed with them seriously and at length the problems of the war and of an eventful peace. In many cases I submitted to them written questions. The same questions were put, and in the same words, to all the persons I met.

And this, amongst others things, I have learned:

There is to be found in Germany at this hour a body of opinion which is moderate, reasonable, pacific. It is at once ardent and informed. It is patriotic, of course. It demands a united and prosperous Germany, secure from attack, free to develop its own civilization, to feel its limbs and grow. But its vision is not narrowed to Germany. It believes in free nations and free men. It has the international mind. It is possessed by the international spirit.

And I have learned that it is terribly difficult for these men and women to be true to their convictions because everywhere, not least in America, their good is evil spoken of, and their peaceable words perverted to the injury of the Fatherland. In Boston last week I read of the "climb down" of Germany from the demands made by her a year ago, of the repudiation now of the annexa-

tionist propaganda of the days of her military successes. The most devoted adherent of the cause of the Allies, the most furious opponent of the central powers, could not for one moment write in such terms, if he had been in Berlin and learned the facts.

What are the facts with regard to annexation?

There was a year ago and there is now an "annexationist" party, a militaristic and jingo party such as may be found in America or England, France or Japan. These men say that they have won Belgium and a part of France with their blood, and mean to retain it. Yes; but there was a year ago, even as there is now, a determined anti-annexationist party beyond all comparison greater and more powerful than the jingoes whom they oppose. Who are the annexationists? What does the world know of them, individually and personally? What, in a year or ten years, will the world remember of them?

But the anti-annexationists, the men who will sway the councils of empire and rebuild the future, bear names which, to Americans and Englishmen, are familiar as household words. It is more than a year since they published their noble protest against annexation; and a writer does the world, and not only Germany, a dis-service when he ignores this thirteen-month-old document and represents the "moderate" demands of Germany to-day as evoked by the fear of ultimate defeat.

The pen that actually wrote the protest was that of Theodore Wolff—I have talked with him and I know. But

von Harnack signed it, and Baumgarten and Wellhausen, and Schüking, and von Liszt, and Welbrück, and Dernburg, and Rohrbach—and eighty or ninety others, all daring to say to Germany:

"We subscribe to the principle that the policy of absorption or annexation in the case of the people accustomed to independence is to be rejected."

And the suggested annexation they described then, in July, 1915, as:

"A political blunder fraught with grave consequences and calculated not to strengthen but to fatally weaken the German Empire."

Many of the signers of this declaration I saw. They stand where they stood a year ago. They remain opponents of annexation.

"The machinery of negotiation must be lubricated with peace, not with war," one of them, and he the greatest of them all, said to me. And when I pressed him as to how widely the anti-annexationist view prevailed amongst the German people, he said:

"The geographical position of Germany is not favorable to her economic development. Her greatest river finds its way to the sea through territory which is not her own. It would be overwhelmingly to her advantage to possess the mouth of the Rhine. But there is not a sane man or woman in Germany to-day who dreams of laying a predatory hand on the 'river-route' to the sea which would be of inestimable value to the German people. Before the war began it would have been equally impossible to find in Germany a sane person who proposed to annex the territory

contiguous to the mouth of the Scheldt. Belgium was safe from us. And Belgium will be safe from us when the war is over."

And France! "What are you going to do with France?" I asked another of the signers of the protest, a man who in two continents has served the German empire, "What are you going to do with the parts of France occupied by your troops?"

"Nothing," was the prompt reply, "leave them until the day that peace is concluded."

"What about Serbia and Montenegro?" I asked one of the best-known editors in Germany; and after demurring that I ought to seek my answer in Vienna or Budapest, he said, "Serbia must be restored and Montenegro, too."

Ought not these things to be known? Do we help the cause of England by believing a lie of her foes? Do we serve the God of Truth by falsehood? Is it pro-German to say that, along with a militaristic Germany, there is to-day "a better Germany" and that this abides?

We have been asked to see something sinister in the phrase, "Berlin to Bagdad." To the angry partisan it seems to convey the menace of German exploitation and German aggression. I do not feel called upon to dogmatize about it. I can say, with only a desire for conciliation in my heart, that it does not present itself in this light to come of the best Christians in Berlin with whom I talked. To them, the phrase does more than visualize a railway. It points to the regeneration of Asia Minor, to a

Mesopotamia which shall flourish and blossom as the rose.

I talked with a scholar who knows the world that lies between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean as few men in America know it. Familiarity with his books may fairly be demanded of any person who claims to know anything at all about the countries whence Christianity started upon its conquering way. And this vision of the Asia Minor of the future seemed positively to inspire him. "The cradle lands of civilization," he said, "will recover from the deadly blight of centuries. Regions potentially the richest beneath the sun will become once more the homes of happy men. German schools, German colleges, German railways, German enterprise and science—and over the desert the song of harvest home!"

And still, the "better Germany" refuses to shut out a "better England" from its view. For I have talked with scholars and with statesmen who see "with the mind's eye, *Horatio*," Great Britain joining in such development. They refuse to believe that the evil results of this war are permanent. To them the losses are temporary. The gains will endure. They see Germany and Great Britain brought together again by "a community of interests, rivals, but friendly rivals, in the commercial and industrial renaissance of Asia Minor, neither seeking to exclude the other, both serving the high interests of the race."

I know that there is another Germany—a worse Germany. All the world knows that. But I set out to tell something of "a better Germany." And these are only some of the things that I have learned.—*From The Congregationalist.*

♦♦♦

Eye-Witness

By Ridgely Torrence

Down by the railroad in a green valley
By dancing water, there he stayed
awhile

Singing, and three men with him, listen-
ers,

All tramps, all homeless reapers of the
wind,

Motionless now and while the song went
on

Transfigured into mages thronged with
visions;

There with the late light of the sunset
on them

And on clear water spinning from a
spring

Through little cones of sand dancing
and fading,

Close beside pine woods where a hermit-
thrush

Cast, when love dazzled him, shadows
of music

That lengthened, fluting, through the
singer's pauses

While the sure earth rolled eastward
bringing stars

Over the singer and the men that
listened

There by the roadside, understanding all.

A train went by but nothing seemed to
be changed.

Some eye at a car window must have
flashed

From the plush world inside the glassy
Pullman,

Carelessly bearing off the scene forever,
With idle wonder what the men were
doing,

Seeing they were so strangely fixed and
seeing

Torn papers from their smeary dreary
meal

Spread on the ground with old tomato
cans

Muddy with dregs of lukewarm chicory,
Neglected while they listened to the
song.

And while he sang the singer's face
was lifted,

And the sky shook down a soft light
upon him

Out of its branches where like fruits
there were

Many beautiful stars and planets mov-
ing,

With lands upon them, rising from their
seas,

Glorious lands with glittering sands
upon them,

With soils of gold and magic mould
for seeding,

The shining loam of lands afoam with
gardens

On mightier stars with giant rains and
suns

There in the heavens; but on none of all
Was there ground better than he stood
upon:

There was no world there in the sky
above him

Deeper in promise than the earth be-
neath him

Whose dust had flowered up in him the
singer

And three men understanding every
word.

The Tramp Sings:

I will sing, I will go, and never ask me
"Why?"

I was born a rover and a passer-by.

I seem to myself like water and sky,
A river and a rover and a passer-by.

But in the winter three years back
We lit us a night fire by the track,

And the snow came up and the fire it
flew

And we couldn't find the warming room
for two.

One had to suffer, so I left him the fire
And I went to the weather from my
heart's desire.

It was night on the line, it was no more
fire,
But the zero whistle through the icy
wire.

As I went suffering through the snow
Something like a shadow came moving
slow.

I went up to it and I said a word;
Something flew above it like a kind of
bird.

I leaned in closer and I saw a face;
A light went round me but I kept my
place.

My heart went open like an apple sliced;
I saw my Saviour and I saw my Christ.

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Well, you may not read it in a book,
But it takes a gentle Saviour to give a
gentle look.

I looked in his eyes and I read the
news;

His heart was having the railroad blues.

Oh, the railroad blues will cost you
dear,

Keeps you moving on for something
that you don't see here.

We stood and whispered in a kind of
moon;

The line was looking like May and June.

I found he was a roamer and a journey
man,

Looking for a lodging since the night
began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have
the pay,

He went to the windows, then he went
away.

Says: "We'll walk together and we'll
both be fed."

Says: "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without
money!

O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

It went all through me like a shining
storm;

I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

They sang that love to burning birth,
They poured that music to the earth

I heard the stars sing low like mothers.
He said: "Now look, and help feed
others."

I looked around, and as close as touch
Was everybody that suffered much

They reached out, there was darkness
only;

They could not see us, they were lonely.
I saw the hearts that death took hold of,
With the wounds bare that were not
told of;

Hearts with things in them making
gashes;
Hearts that were choked with their
dreams' ashes;

Women in front of the rolled-back air,
Looking at their breasts and nothing
there;

Good men wasting and trapped in hells;
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-
wells.

I saw them as if something bound them:
I stood there but my heart went round
them.

I begged him not to let me see them
wasted.
Says: "Tell them then what you have
tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee;

OLD No. 7

Gold Medal "Honor" Whiskey

Trade Mark

FOR more than three-quarters of a century Jack Daniel's "Old No. 7" has held a place of honor in thousands of homes. At five expositions it has been awarded gold medals.

☐ Pure as the mountain dew and fully aged in wood it has a delightful bouquet. As a drink, either straight or highball it has no equal; as a tonic it has never been excelled.

☐ Keep a bottle of "Old No. 7" always on hand.

The Only Registered Operating Distillery in St. Louis.

Jack Daniel Distilling Company

Distillers of Whiskey and Brandy and Wholesale Dealers of Wine and Other Liquor.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Lynchburg, Tennessee
Hopkinsville, Kentucky

BOTH PHONES

Birmingham, Alabama
Nashville, Tennessee

Distillery, 3960-62-64 Duncan Av. Office and Salesroom, 117 S. Broadway.



Told him I was lost.—Says: "Lean on
me."

Something happened then I could not
tell,
But I knew I had the water for every
hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing;
They needed what the stars were sing-
ing,

What the whole sky sang like waves of
light,
The tune that it danced to, day and
night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to
come;
The song seemed easy, but I stood there
dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through
them;
They let down light and drew me to
them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,
Drinking in the word that all things
say

Where the worlds hang growing in clus-
tered shapes
Dripping the music like wine from
grapes.

With "Love, Love, Love," above the
pain,
—The vine-like song with its wine-like
rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song
takes root
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

I came to the earth and the pain so near
me,

I tried that song but they couldn't hear
me.

I went down into the ground to grow,
A seed for a song that would make men
know.

Into the ground from my Roamer's light
I went; he watched me sink to night.

Deep in the ground from my human
grieving,
His pain ploughed in me to believing.

Oh, he took earth's pain to be his bride,
While the heart of life sang in his side.

For I felt that pain, I took its kiss,
My heart broke into dust with his.

Then sudden through the earth I found
life springing;
The dust men trampled on was singing.

Deep in my dust I felt its tones;
The roots of beauty went round my
bones.

I stirred, I rose like a flame, like a
river,
I stood on the line, I could sing forever.

Love had pierced into my human sheath-
ing,

Song came out of me simple as breath-
ing.

A freight came by, the line grew colder.
He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

Says, "Don't stay on the line such
nights,"

And led me by the hand to the station
lights.

I asked him in front of the station-
house wall

If he had lodging. Says: "None at all."

I pointed to my heart and looked in his
face.—

"Here,—if you haven't got a better
place."

He looked and he said: "Oh, we still
must roam

But if you'll keep it open, well, I'll call
it 'home.'"

The thrush now slept whose pillow was
his wing.

So the song ended and the four re-
mained

Still in the faint starshine that silvered
them,

While the low sound went on of broken
water

Out of the spring and through the dark-
ness flowing

Over a stone that held it from the sea.
Whether the men spoke after could not

be told,

A mist from the ground so veiled them,
but they waited

A little longer till the moon came up;
Then on the gilded track leading to the
mountains,

Against the moon they faded in com-
mon gold

And earth bore East with all toward the
new morning.

—From Scribner's Magazine for
December.

"Papa, what is the difference between
a President and a Vice-President?" "A
Vice-President is surrounded by obscur-
ity when he takes office and a President
is surrounded by it when he leaves."—
Judge.

BRITT

Offering you a way to make sure how you can gain the greatest profit from your business—

The Unit Plan

Allows the most progressive marketing methods to be undertaken conservatively.

BRITT CREATIVE ADVERTISING SERVICE

Creators of "The Unit Plan"

Walnut—Ninth, St. Louis.



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THE GIFT SENSIBLE, ALWAYS INTERESTING
AND FOREVER FASCINATING

Eastman, No. 3, Brownie Kodak— $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inch pictures; a most popular size\$4.00

Eastman, No. 2A, Folding Brownie Kodak— $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches; very compact and simple to operate.....\$7.00

Eastman, No. 1, Film Premo—Loads in daylight for 12 exposures; $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inch pictures. Regularly priced \$12.00; as a Christmas special\$11.25

Eastman, No. 3A, Folding Brownie Kodak—size of picture $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The popular post card size, priced\$12.00

Eastman, No. 3, Folding Pocket Kodak—fitted with the new Autographic back; size of pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$; priced, complete, at.....\$20.00

513
OLIVE ST.

Aloe's

539
N. GRAND

Trade at Home

By George A. Briggs

She stood at the window watching for him. He waved his gloved hand as his tall form turned in at the gate and came briskly up the steps. She hurried to the door, and as she helped him remove his overcoat, she asked eagerly:

"How did he take it?"

"My dear Edith, your revered father is impossible. He is dated yesterday." He lightly threw his arm about her waist and drew her to the long davenport before the blazing logs.

"What did he say?"

"He sprung a lot of old stuff," replied the young man disgustedly. "It wouldn't go even in magazine fiction."

"Tell me," she persisted.

"He says you cannot marry me because you are the daughter of Rodman Brandt,—mouthing the name with reverent awe as if it meant royalty,—while I am an empty-headed loafer."

"Poor Dad," she mused tenderly. "I hope you were kind to him."

"I told him as diplomatically as possible," he said, smiling reminiscently, "that his fetish worship of business makes me sick; that I don't need to make money, because my income now is more than you and I can spend; further, that money-making is simply sordid and sordidly simple."

"Did he blow up?" she asked, with an interested smile.

"You might call it that," he replied easily, "if you have no superlatives in your vocabulary. He was the maddest man in Chicago."

"I hope you held your temper," she said.

"I went further than that," he replied: "I compromised my principles."

"How?"

"Please don't blame me, Edith,"—apologetically. "I actually promised to make a venture into business. I told him I would make at least five hundred dollars within the next two weeks, just to show how easy it is."

"Oh, Ted, you're a dear," she cooed, ecstatically squeezing his arm. "How nice it will be to avoid hurting his feelings."

"That's the way I felt," continued Ted magisterially. "But he needs a lesson. So I told him I would make the five hundred off of him."

"Don't be hard on him, Ted. He's an old man."

"I sha'n't,"—loftily,—"but even if he has made a success of his small-town department stores, he needs to learn that there are other kinds of wisdom besides knowing that cerise is a color and not a chorus girl. I don't like the delay," he went on, "but—"

"It's all right," she broke in. "It won't hurt us to wait two weeks; and think how glad we shall always be that we humored him."

* * * * *

"Welcome, Patricius," exclaimed the young man with the red hair and the plaid overcoat, as he greeted a tall, dark young man with nose-glasses who alighted from the seven-ten a. m. express from Chicago. "What brings such a distinguished guest to Ehrhardt?" he inquired. "Your telegram mystified me. Why desert the flesh-pots to enter our

midst at this unearthly hour, after the manner of plain business men?"

"That's what I am—a business man," returned the other as they shook hands.

"My mind refuses to conceive an effect without a cause," reflected he of the red hair. "Therefore you are either broke or a liar. In either case, again welcome."

Laughingly the two entered a taxi and were whisked away to the Tremont House. The visitor registered, got a room; soon they were at breakfast.

"Let me unburden myself," said the red-haired one, in response to a question. "We are having a hard winter. The town is unspeakable. My job ends with the completion of the hydraulic system. And I am tickled to death to see you. Why are you here?"

"Isn't there a Brandt store in your delightful—what do you call it?—village, town or city?"

"City, of course, you rummy. And yes to the Brandt thing. But why?"

"I want to get Brandt's goat."

"Some goat and some job. But I thought it was his daugh—"

"Stow the comedy."

The visitor then explained his mission. As he proceeded he was frequently interrupted by ejaculations of interest, joy, admiration and conviction by him of the red hair.

"Count on me as a fellow goatherd," he exclaimed, as the visitor concluded his explanation.

At ten a. m. a tall, dark young man with nose-glasses entered the office of *The Ehrhardt Patriot* and inquired for the editor. That weazened little man immediately presented himself, peering through his horn-rimmed glasses and smoothing back from his narrow, bulging brow the thin wisps of his iron-gray hair.

"Good morning, Mr. —" began the stranger, smilingly extending his hand.

"Babbitt," supplied the editor, taking the proffered hand limply.

The stranger presented an engraved card which read:

THEODORE WALTON

ADVERTISING SPECIALIST CHICAGO

As the little man gingerly took the card and glanced at it suspiciously, Walton went on:

"I'm in Ehrhardt to make a laboratory experiment in local advertising. It will be expensive, but you will profit by it immediately without expense."

"Come in," sighed Babbitt, as he led the way to a little paper-strewn back room.

"What are your page rates with daily change of copy?" asked Walton briskly, as they seated themselves in two dilapidated chairs with broken rush bottoms.

"Twenty-five dollars," sighed Babbitt.

"Very well. I want a page till forbidden. Here is the cash for ten insertions." Walton extracted twenty-five crisp ten-dollar bills from a well-filled wallet. Babbitt's eyes bulged, and his hand trembled as he took the money and counted it.

"Now, Mr. Babbitt," continued Walton in terse, businesslike tones, "I'm starting a 'Trade-at-Home' campaign in Ehrhardt. The page I have bought will contain nothing objectionable. If, however, the news I stir up really is news, I want you to feature it."

"Say no more, stranger," cried Babbitt with conviction. "I'd go to hell for two hundred and fifty dollars."

All afternoon Walton was busy directing a workman in a local machine-shop. When he left he was carrying a package containing twenty silver dollars on which the mechanic had worked.

After supper the icy blast caught him fairly in the face as he hurried down the dimly-lighted business street. Two blazes of electricity stood out in bold relief from the general darkness. The first proved to be the Empire theater. It occupied a long, narrow storeroom. Walton paid his nickel to a smiling bright-faced blonde, and entered. The room was small, but there were few empty seats. After watching the commonplace films for some fifteen minutes, he left. He proceeded a square further to the Star theater.

This was a larger place, but the front was not so well lighted. A sad-faced woman of some forty years took his nickel. On entering the auditorium he found a sprinkling of people spread thinly over the thousand seats. Leaving soon, he asked the ticket-seller for the manager. She directed him to a little short-order restaurant diagonally across the street. Walton had no difficulty in identifying him, because he was the only patron there.

"Pardon me," he asked as he approached, "are you Mr. Finney?"

"No," replied the other. "I reckon you'll find him at the Empire."

"But I'm looking for the Star man," said Walton, looking puzzled.

"That's me. My name is Pike."

"You're the man I want to see," announced Walton, presenting his card.

"I'm in Ehrhardt," he went on, "to make a laboratory experiment in local advertising. It will be expensive, but you will profit by it immediately without expense."

"I feel sorry for you, brother," said Pike, slowly shaking his head. "This town is dead—especially just after the holidays."

"The deader the better," returned Walton enthusiastically. "It's my job to bring it to life and make it busy and prosperous."

"You'll have to hurry if I'm to be in on it," answered Pike with a tired grin. "I've sunk two thousand in my lease of the Star, and it's me for my wife's folks if this dullness continues."

"No chance," persisted Walton. "I'll keep you here and make you like it."

"How?" asked Pike, smiling dubiously.

"Well," suggested Walton, "suppose that I help you for ten weeks, without charge, to make expenses every day before three o'clock?"

"Please say that again, Mister, before I wake up," urged Pike whimsically.

"That's just what I'll do," said Walton, as he caught Pike's eyes and held them. "I'll buy a hundred thousand tickets right now," he said impressively, "good for any time between ten a. m. and two p. m., to be used during the next ten weeks, if you'll sell them to me for a cent apiece."

"Hold on," cried Pike, scratching his head. "Ease that to me a bit at a time!"

"Here's the idea," Walton continued. "The thousand dollars will pay all your expenses for the ten weeks. It's my

loss if the tickets are not used. All your receipts for afternoon and evening will be velvet."

Pike was perplexed and suspicious.

"Go on talking," he said: "I'm sizing you up."

"There's nothing to size up," returned the other. "My offer is part of my plan—my experiment. I'll have a page in *The Patriot* for a time. Part of that space will advertise the Star. In a week I shall have everyone in Ehrhardt talking favorably of your place. Better still, they will be coming to see your show morning, afternoon and night."

"What's your game?" asked Pike warily.

"To boost the trade-at-home spirit. What it costs me in Ehrhardt is immaterial so long as it boosts my basic plan."

"Young man, I'm afraid of the cars." And Pike shook his head with negative finality.

"Very well," said Walton smilingly. "Always remember I came to you first. The Heliograph people in Chicago told me to see Mr. Finney. I didn't know which theater he ran. I came to you because you have the best and biggest house."

He arose, pleasantly bade Pike good night, and left. Just as he reached the door, Pike called:

"Come back here!"

Walton returned.

"I'm damned if I see it exactly," said Pike, "but I'm a sport, and that thousand looks good."

The frost on the windows of Hunter's Department Store concealed the displays therein when Jake Hunter waddled in through the front door like a fat little duck, at eight o'clock the next morning, and stuck his bill into the day's proceedings. Ted Walton awaited him.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunter," he began, extending his card. "I'm in Ehrhardt to make a laboratory experiment in local advertising. It will be expensive, but you will profit by it without investment."

"A bad time for that," quacked Jake. "Business is rotten."

"Then you need my pulmotor," returned Ted smilingly. "My slogan is 'Trade at Home.' I purpose to give the people of Ehrhardt an object lesson. Every dollar that stays here has a daily purchasing power equal to the number of times it changes hands. All this is lost when it is sent away to Chicago or elsewhere. My job is to keep it here."

"Go back to my office and wait for me," Hunter directed. Then he paddled vigorously about the store, giving directions. Finally he dived into the office where Ted awaited him.

"Now," he queried, "what's it all about, what does it cost, and how long must I listen before saying no?"

Ted laughed as he took from his pocket a silver dollar. Its edge was surrounded by a German-silver ring. To this was attached a long pasteboard tag. The tag was numbered. Across its top in large printed letters appeared the words, "Trade at Home."

"I'll begin by paying you for this much of your time," Ted replied, handing the dollar to Jake, who examined it curiously. "The first step," continued Ted, "is to determine how many times a dollar changes hands. I want you to

pay out this coin in the regular course of trade, merely stipulating that the one who receives it shall note the hour and write his or her name on the tag."

"I see," said Jake—but plainly he didn't.

"Many other dollars like this," continued Ted, "will be put into circulation by many other merchants. Every time one of them changes hands, the hour and the name of the recipient will be written on the tag."

"Yes?" said Jake, puzzled.

"This will continue for ten days," Ted went on to say. "Every day at two o'clock the holders of tagged dollars are requested to present them at the office of *The Patriot*. The tags will be removed, and new ones attached. Every such person will receive an extra dollar as a reward for doing this, provided the tagged coin came into his possession not earlier than noon of the same day."

"I see," reiterated Jake, and this time he was getting his head above water.

"Then," continued Ted, "*The Patriot* will publish a daily history of each dollar. It will tell how many times it changed hands and whose hands it passed through. So much for the news columns. Editorially it will point the moral of the experiment and boost the slogan, 'Trade at Home.' Then, in a page ad for which I pay, there will be in large type a list showing how many times each store received any of these dollars. This will tend to show what stores of different kinds have the best business. Naturally in your case the comparison will be with Brandt's. You

cannot be afraid of that." And Ted looked admiringly through the glass office door, and then turned challengingly to Jake.

"I should say not," replied the latter, flapping his arms like wings.

"Thus during these cold, dull January days," continued Ted, "*The Patriot* will be full of interest, the merchants will engage in friendly rivalry, and the people will be taught the lesson of 'Trade at Home.'"

"What do you get out of it?" asked Jake noncommittally.

"Nothing," replied Ted suavely; "but I think you mean to ask what it will cost you."

"Perhaps I do," the little man admitted.

"We want these dollars to be on a par with other dollars," said Ted smoothly. "They are somewhat handicapped with the rings and tags. To equalize that difference we want all the merchants to give a five per cent discount on goods purchased with them. *The Patriot* will advertise the names of all who agree to this."

"But what else?" persisted Jake.

"Not a thing," replied Ted. "If the news and the advertising do not bring good results, just telephone *The Patriot* you are out of it. Now—are you with us?"

"I'll see if anyone'll take it," quacked the little man.

The Patriot of Monday afternoon, January sixth, featured the campaign. The list of participating merchants practically was a roster of local mercantile life. Tuesday's issue had a report after

Choose

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Daily and Sunday

for news, editorials and
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18 South Sixth St.

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Twelfth and Locust Streets



EUROPEAN PLAN

THEATRE PARTIES A SPECIALTY

The new decorated Cafes the most beautiful in the city
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MUSIC EVENINGS

Tea Rooms Open from 11 A. M. to 1 A. M.

OTTO E. SONNENBURGH, Manager



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PLANTERS HOTEL

Fourth and Pine Streets



European Plan

Rates: \$1.50 Per Day and Upwards

Open after the performance for Theatre Parties

Table D'Hote, Luncheon 60c and Dinner \$1.00 served in
Dining Room on Parlor Floor.

Music by specially engaged orchestra from
10:00 until 1:00 o'clock.

Private dining rooms for parties of four or more can be
secured. Tables can be reserved by telephone.

W. M. WALKER, Manager.

ST. LOUIS' LEADING FIRE-PROOF EUROPEAN-PLAN HOTELS

THE PLANTERS AND HOTEL JEFFERSON

LYMAN T. HAY :: :: General Manager



EASTMAN HOTEL

Hot Springs, Ark.

Open January to April

W. E. CHESTER, Manager



ARLINGTON HOTEL

Hot Springs, Ark.

J. W. CORRINGTON, Manager

the style of racing news. Dollar No. 17 led by a neck.

At two-thirty-three Brandt's store paid it to Bonny Jacobs, a dressmaker. At four o'clock she paid it to her landlord, John Hocksum. At five-fifteen Joe Bayliss, a cigar-maker, received it in change when he paid his rent. At five-twenty-three it entered the coffers of the Elks' Club. At six-forty-one Henry Kieth got it. And at eight o'clock it took lodgings for the night in the till of Hunter's store.

Tuesday morning at eight-three it was paid to Mrs. Hyssop, a boarding-house-keeper. Again at eight-thirty John Hocksum got it for rent. At ten-fifteen he deposited it in the First National Bank. At ten-thirty the bank paid it to Horace Overton, who used it at Brandt's at ten-fifty. They in turn paid it to Mrs. Van Brunt, Ehrhardt's social queen, at eleven-three. She used it to pay a bill at Madame Vining's at eleven-eighteen. Madame Vining transferred it to her husband, Bill Spence, at eleven-thirty. At eleven-thirty-six the tag was stamped at the Tremont bar. At twelve-three it was paid to Joe Hart, whose possession of a two-dollar bill almost gave the bartender a stroke of apoplexy. Joe had strength enough to keep it until two o'clock, when he claimed the reward at *The Patriot's* office.

The Patriot's news report covering the peregrinations of all the tagged dollars filled three columns. The editorial was in Babbitt's best style. Ted's page fairly howled with black-face type. Brandt led Hunter six to five.

Ehrhardt gobbled the news avidly. Exciting incidents were a novelty. The second day the Trade-at-Home campaign was an absorbing topic of conversation. On the third the streets were unusually lively in spite of the zero wind. Ehrhardt was awake and in the game.

The Patriot of Wednesday gave Brandt a total record of eighteen and Hunter of twenty-three. Thursday the totals were Brandt forty-two and Hunter fifty-nine.

Thursday afternoon at four-fifteen a young man with red hair and a plaid overcoat bought a dollar necktie at Brandt's. He tendered a "T-at-H," as the ringed coins were called. The clerk gave him five cents as discount and started to stamp the tag.

"Hold up," exclaimed the ruddy one. "Give me back that T-at-H and take another dollar and this nickel."

The clerk did so wonderingly. The customer was about to depart when Homer Proudfit, the manager of Brandt's, accosted him.

"Hello, Mr. Holton," said he, stroking his long silken beard. "Don't you want us to have that dollar?"

"It's just a—just a notion," replied Holton confusedly, his face vying his hair in color.

"Doesn't five per cent look good to you?" persisted Proudfit pleasantly.

"Ye-es," hesitated Holton awkwardly.

Proudfit smiled, tapped Holton on the shoulder and suggested: "Some romantic use for it in your mind, doubtless."

Holton mumbled something, blushed and left the store. Proudfit rushed to the door, his beard flying and his skull cap askew. Seeing a newsboy, he called:

"Here, boy. Follow that red-head, and tell me where he goes next and what he does. Hustle, and there's a dime in it for you."

"You're on, boss." And the boy scurried away.

Fifteen minutes later, when he returned, he reported: "He went to Hunter's. He chinned de boss, and togedder dey went to de flossie doll dat sells dose dollar shirts. He bought one, give her a T-at-H, and she give him fifteen cents."

"Are you sure?"

"Didn't I stand right dere?"

"The skunk," exclaimed Proudfit. "No wonder his phoney store beat us yesterday!"

Thursday night and Friday morning it was whispered excitedly that Trade-at-Home dollars were worth more than five per cent. Brandt's and Hunter's were overstepping the prescribed discount.

Friday night Proudfit and Hunter met in the Hundred Club and refused to speak.

Saturday morning a T-at-H was good for a dollar and a half's worth of merchandise at either store. At noon they were giving two dollars' worth. Before they closed at ten p. m. the purchasing power of the ringed coins had risen to five dollars.

Saturday's *Patriot* gave Brandt and Hunter total records of two hundred ten and two hundred forty-one.

At ten-fifteen Saturday night Proudfit entered the Hundred Club. When the attendant had taken his habitual silk hat and long silk-lined overcoat, Proudfit went directly to the bar. He took an unhabitual Scotch highball. He came out rubbing his bald little cranium with a handkerchief. Ted Walton greeted him in the deserted reading-room.

"Ah, Mr. Proudfit, how goes it?" he asked, as he rose with a pleased expression to greet the merchant.

"I'll show that tub of wind!" Proudfit exploded viciously as they seated themselves.

"Why don't you and Hunter get together!" suggested Ted.

"You don't want to chum with a skunk, do you?" returned Proudfit. "That man doesn't know what honor is. He never kept an agreement in his life."

"I'm sorry," said Ted regretfully. "Jealousy is a hard thing to combat."

"That's it," exclaimed Proudfit, with self-pity. "You've no idea what that fool Hunter's jealous egotism has cost us."

"I think I can imagine," sympathized Ted. "That's the difficulty with country merchandising. Why do you waste your talents here, Mr. Proudfit? You ought to be in New York or Chicago."

"Lack of capital," replied Proudfit.

"It's a shame," Ted went on, "for a man of your ability to be buried in Ehrhardt."

After his day of stress and bitterness these words were to the merchant as a Paris model to a grass widow. Ted fed him with more of the same kind, spreading it with a verbal trowel. Proudfit never batted an eyelash, but took it all and came back smilingly for more. The conversation drifted into many channels. At eleven o'clock Ted said:

"Well, I suppose we ought to be turn-

ing in. I tried to see you during business hours yesterday and again to-day, but you were busy. May I have half an hour Monday morning?"

"Why not now?" suggested Proudfit. "To-morrow's Sunday."

"So it is." And Ted settled back in the big chair as he lighted a cigarette. "I wanted to talk to you about trading-stamps."

"Yes?" interrogated Proudfit.

"Yes," continued Ted. "Pardon me for saying so, but they are illogical and absurd."

"Why?" asked the other, thoughtfully stroking his beard.

"They are not attractive to buyers," said Ted earnestly. "A stock must be carried for holders to choose from, and they have to select things they neither want nor need. This implies capital investment, rent, depreciation, dead stock and other economic waste."

"There's something to that," replied Proudfit judiciously; "but customers demand them."

"Pardon me again, but they do not," Ted maintained stoutly. "They demand something for nothing, of course, but trading-stamps are the poorest possible means for supplying that demand. The customer must buy a hundred dollars' worth of goods before she can use stamps to get a dinky three-dollar vase she doesn't want."

"How'll you beat it?" asked the merchant.

"We'll give them something they want," announced Ted proudly, "something that will give each stamp imme-

diately purchasing power, and above all something that will not send a cent out of Ehrhardt."

"What?" asked Proudfit eagerly.

"Think," urged Ted impressively. "The fortunes of to-day are made out of things that sell for a few cents, especially if they offer entertainment that all members of the family may share."

"Moving pictures," exclaimed Proudfit.

"Of course," replied Ted, smiling appreciatively. "I knew you would guess it at once. I've bought a hundred thousand Star tickets for special hours, good at any time within ten weeks. That means during your dullest annual season."

"I see," said Proudfit.

"This unfortunate fight," Ted went on, "has distorted the figures as regards your store and Hunter's. Of course, I know that normally you sell about a third more than he."

"A half," interposed Proudfit.

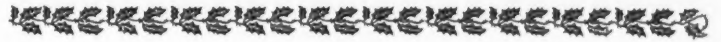
"Well, perhaps a half," admitted Ted. "The relative figures for the other stores are approximately accurate. So I have apportioned thirty thousand tickets to you, twenty thousand to Hunter, ten thousand to Worley's three drug stores, and the rest to other merchants, according to size. All I have talked with are for it."

As Ted talked, Proudfit's face became cold and impassive.

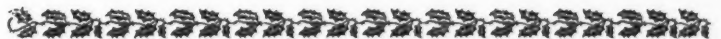
"What's the price?" he asked.

"That's the only difficulty," admitted Ted frankly. "I can give a discount of forty per cent. That will make them net you three cents. A ticket is to be

STIFEL



The Beer That Makes Life Worth While



Sold As Draught Beer Only.

given with each dollar's worth of goods."

"You'll have to count me out," said the merchant decisively.

Ted looked at him in amazement. "You can't mean it," he exclaimed.

"Your scheme is all right, young man," declared the other, "but not for me."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," returned Ted dejectedly. "It's a blow to me and to the Trade-at-Home movement, but, of course, you know your own business."

"You bet I do," exploded Proudfit, rubbing his baldness. "Never again for me in anything Hunter has his bill in."

"I think you are making a mistake," urged Ted.

"You don't know Hunter,"—excitedly. "He's a measly skunk. Have you made your contract with him?"

"Well, no—not exactly," hesitated Ted. "We talked it over, and he is sympathetic. I shall close and get his check Monday morning."

"Now, look here, young man," said the merchant, excitedly leaning forward, "you and I are both business men. You have doubtless gone too far with Hunter to back out if you continue the deal. I can sell the other merchants as easily as you can. If you want to give me a discount of fifty per cent, I'll take the whole damned thing."

"But Mr. Proudfit!" protested Ted.

"It's either me or Hunter," replied the other, producing his check-book. "Choose."

"Why, of course, if you put it that way, the welfare of Ehrhardt and the success of the Trade-at-Home movement leave me no choice. I accept."

* * * * *

Soon after Rodman Brandt came back to his office in Chicago after luncheon on Tuesday, January 14th, a long, businesslike envelope addressed to him was delivered by a special messenger. It contained two receipts and a statement. The first receipt read as follows:

Ehrhardt, Indiana, Jan'y 13th.

Received from Theodore Walton one hundred thousand Star Theater tickets at 2½ cents each.

BRANDT'S STORE,
Per Homer Proudfit, Manager.

The statement read:

MY VENTURE INTO BUSINESS:

To ad in Patriot.....	\$ 250.00
To T-at-H., dollars.....	20.00
To redeeming same	
(ten days)	200.00
To machine-shop ex-	
pense	10.00
To personal expenses..	57.50
To one hundred thou-	
sand tickets at 1c.....	1,000.00

Total expense	\$1,537.50
By receipts from tickets	\$2,500.00
Less expense	1,537.50

Net profits

The second receipt read:

Received from Rodman Brandt, as per contract, one daughter, delivered in good condition by the minister.

THEODORE WALTON.

—From *The Blue Book* for January.

♦ ♦ ♦

Teacher—Who can tell me the meaning of a "round robin?"

Bright Boy—Please, miss, it's what that burglar was doin' last night when they nabbed him.—*Buffalo Courier*.

JEWELRY — THE IDEAL — CHRISTMAS GIFT

There is nothing quite so appropriate—nothing that is appreciated more than a dainty gift of silver or gold—a handsome diamond—a tasty watch—

We show a complete and comprehensive display of jewelry—all the latest styles—all the proper designs. Our merchandise is moderately priced—within the reach of all.

Let us suggest a few articles as presents:

FOR MEN

Watches
Watch Chains

Rings

Stick Pins
Watch Fobs

FOR WOMEN

Beauty Pins

Diamonds

Brooches

Belt Pins

Tea Sets—Table Silver—Cut Glass, etc., etc.

Come in and inspect our beautiful gift displays—whether you wish to spend 25c or \$1,000.00, you can depend on Kranke Values and Kranke Service.

WM. KRANKE LOAN CO.

505-7 PINE ST.

"Where Your Dollars Go Farthest"

505-7 PINE ST.

Hyphen-Bearers

By Newell Martin

With deep interest I have been studying an old Telephone Directory to learn what sort of people make the greatness of New York. Our chauvinists should do the same, and learn something about the newest Americans. At every stage of our progress, narrow-minded people and crooked-minded people have had much to say against the latest arrivals. Some profound student of social movements has always stepped forward, with the air of a scientific discoverer, to say, "The immigrants of fifty years ago enriched the nation, but these new immigrants are undesirable." There are also, always, everywhere, ardent exclusionists and expulsionists. One well-known magazine has hinted that some way should be found to induce German-Americans to go back to their old home after the war, and it is obvious that some of our prominent publicists are of the same opinion. In London, Herbert Samuel, a prosperous Hebrew, threatens to send back to Russia some thousands of less fortunate Hebrews.

But, aware as I am of the shortcomings of our new competitors, I suspect

that it is a fallacy to pretend that our immigration is falling off in quality. Study of the recondite sources of information that lie before me indicates that immigrants of late years are of better stock than we used to get.

It is true that in my grandfather's time there were among us descendants of patriots who had left England for lack of liberty, or who had been exiled from Ireland, or who had fled from Continental Europe to get away from the Inquisition or the Holy Alliance; but we used to import great numbers of negro slaves and transported convicts. Now among the immigrants who come to us are descendants of the Italians who built up the civil law of the Jews, who founded all our religions, and of the Turks, who set Constantinople free from the effete Byzantines.

We used to be as insular as our English founders. In my college class there was not one student whose name indicated an ancestry from outside of the British Islands. The New York Directory of 1850 was a slim, shabby little book, full of English names. But we have gloriously ceased to be provincial. I turn to the Telephone Directory for May, with its 850 pages and 350,000 addresses, and see that New York is no

longer an English colony. I open it at random and read two dozen names in succession, one from the head of each column, and find this:

Runkle, Ruskay, Russell, Russian Volunteer Fleet, Ruton, Ryan, Rybakoff, S. & S. Delicatessen, Saccoccio, Sackin, Safferstone and Salb, St. Andrew's Society, St. Vincent Ferrer Literary Society, Salinger, Salomon, Saltzseider, Samberg, Samson, Samuels, Sand, Sanders, Sanes. Only two of those names are English.

Turning now to the *Times*, I find among the advertisements the official list of the dazzling boys and girls who took the highest marks this summer in graduating from the high schools of New York and its suburbs, and are qualified for college scholarships from the treasury of one hundred dollars a year. There are more than three hundred of these marvels, five columns of these wonder-children, battalions of intellect. Louisa Viggeani is the foremost of them all, with the impressive mark of 95.99. The first girl after her has 94.92. Of course seven of the first ten are girls. Twenty of the first twenty-five are German-Americans, Hebrew-Americans, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans. They have all risen to the

dizzy height of a mark of over 90. Here are their names, and of such is the kingdom of this world:

Louisa Viggeani	J. S. Orliansky
A. Greenberg	C. H. Tobias
Melanie Rohrer	Lydia Felder
Ruth Harr	B. Mack
Elsie Hoertel	Hermine Schaff
Jacob Kabak	F. M. Sommerfield
Bertha Shoenberg	Ellen Ahern
S. B. Fishkind	A. F. A. Ziegler
Helen Meyer	Sam Saretsky
Victorine K. Mayer	M. M. Polsenski

I turn to the second column of prize-winners and read:

Bertha Silberberg	Jonas Massims
Julia Keegan	Naum Shamroy
Rose Sperber	Marie Zadoorian
Morris Bunsis	Ruth Biegeleisen
M. W. Feinberg	Rebecca Shub
Mary B. Cowley	John Hanselman
Nora Mulvey	Louis Holl
Kathryn Noone	Sydney Heimer
Susette Burns	F. H. Villaume
Ada Isaacs	Florence Flynn
Herman Zazeele	M. Skolnik

Sophie Sachatoff

The Telephone Directory is itself a sort of prize list. The submerged ninth-tenths do not hire telephones.

And as to the school-list, every child on that list is one out of a thousand, a survivor from the competition of myriads.

On that last list all but two are hyphen-bearers, Hebrew-Americans, German-Americans, French-Americans, Irish-Americans, Syro-Americans, Armenian-Americans. Among these boys and girls are governors and governesses, mayors and alderwomen, of the near future. When you see an editorial about the "Inefficiency of the Melting-pot," or "American for the Americans," remember this list of honors and be glad that the stream of the elect has not ceased to flow westward.—*From The Century for December.*

♦♦♦

A Cucumber Tragedy

Rations in the Southern navy were mighty scarce in 1864. Coffee and hardtack were the mainstays of officers and crews. The officers of a small gunboat discovered some unguarded Federal stores and started to appropriate them. They succeeded only in getting a large bottle of pickles, when they were attacked by Union troops. They ran to their small boat, and made the gunboat in safety. All that afternoon the officers thought of these pickles, and how good they would taste at evening mess. The mess steward was a black field hand who knew little about anything but "cohn pone." When the mess was announced that night all hands trooped below in eager anticipation. The mess table held only coffee and hardtack; no pickles in sight. The lieutenant in command said to the steward: "Look here, Culpepper, what did you do with those pickles? Why are they not on the table?" "Pickl's? Pickl's? Ah don't know nuffin' 'bout no pickl's, suh." "Yes you do. Don't you know those small cucumbers in the glass jar that we got from the Yanks?" "Oh, cewcumbels? Yessir. Ah knows 'bout dem, but Ah done frowed um ovahbo'd; dey done turned sowah."

Tags from Tagore

The Mystic in the Metropolis

I will sit in the corner and write of my wanderings over the face of the Metropolis, and of my delving into the deep of her depths.

Time is passing—Time is always passing—

And I do not know why.

My ignorance makes me sad;

Therefore will I try to forget my woes,

I will make completely void my mind,

And will proceed to write a book—

I do not know why.

Along the Avenue

I passed by the Worth Monument, at the corner where Fifth avenue and Broadway meet,

I do not know why.

The place was filled with curiously twisted iron shapes, and broken boards, and stones.

The buses plunged down the gaping sides of the abyss, they snorted as snort the sacred pneuts, and ploughed out upon the other side.

I could see the vari-colored hats of the women on top bobbing, bobbing.

I could see on the front seat a man whose neck was snapped back so suddenly that the cigar flew out of his mouth—

And on the corner I saw more persons waiting to enter one of these buses,

I do not know why.

Then over the dark abyss, quivering through the thick swirling dust of the struggle, there came to me a Voice from Heaven—faint, but clear as a Himalayan stream when the fingers of spring stroke the snow on the peaks:

"Thus it ever has been:

Thus it ever shall be."

I saw that it was a Symbol of Eternity, and was Satisfied.

I have lost my little bag of peanuts,

I do not know why.

I had them in a Sixth avenue surface car, and when I alighted I left them alone upon the seat.

The car carried them away swiftly, imperiously, into the darkness, out into those regions where lie the Seventh Avenue Car Barns.

And I, alone, weep.

Now I am come to the open Plaza, with its green barns and dusty shanties.

I gaze upon it,

But I have eyes for naught save the Monumental Perpetuation.

I do not know why.

Mighty thoughts weave in my mind, over me I feel the spell of the Awful, I am suddenly part of the Universe of Awe.

In the damp and shining streets the arc lights glow ruddily, and on the warm air is a far-off melody like to the melody of Heart's Pain.

But the jagged edges of the wicked pillar tops make me shiver,

The magnificently magnified champagne glass makes me shiver,

Aged youth crouched therein, poised in pain after hurling her discobolus across the Plaza at the Marching

THE CANDY SHOP

912 OLIVE STREET

IBSEN'S
FINE CANDIES

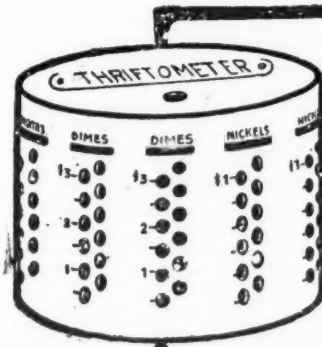
30 cts.

50 cts.

80 cts.

Fine Assorted Baskets
Fancy Boxes and
Novelties for Xmas.

Our Special 3 lbs. for \$1.00



For Your Child's Christmas

A bright new nickel-plated
Thriftometer
and pass book in holly box.

\$1.00 is all you need.
Tend to this to-day.

American Trust Co.
Broadway and Locust

TOM KEARNEY

Dealer in

Cigars and Tobacco

407 WALNUT STREET

: : : :

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE

Hero, makes me shiver,
I do not know why.

Amazement is mine, amazement comparable only to that writ clear in the mien and expression of Victory, flying before the face of the Marching Hero toward the Melancholic Marble across the way—
Amazement and alarm.

All the evening through have I been pacing the pavements of the Avenue,
And within me something has been

struggling, striving blindly to express its struggle.

And I stand now before the Monolith of Knowledge.

The Biggest Public Library.

Across the faces of the kingly beasts that guard the entrance I see spread evidences of mighty pain.

O Beasts in the likeness of Horace Greeley! Do you too know that same struggle, that striving for expression, that pain—
Inexplicable—unutterable?

—A in the New York Sun.

Reputations

Once upon a time there was an exceedingly Smart Woman who appeared to have just about everything the world could provide. She owned country estates, and town houses, yachts and motor cars, emeralds and sables, and a reputation as spotless and remote as the North Pole.

Then once upon the same time there was an Ordinary Woman who possessed a small apartment and a limited income, squirrel furs, a few imitation pearls, but a reputation that was decidedly misty and vague.

Now it happened by chance that the Smart Woman met the Ordinary Woman and invited her to call. She showed her pictures of the yachts and country estates, held her emeralds in the sunlight and flung the sables around her shoulders.

The Ordinary Woman went into raptures over everything that was shown to her, with one exception, and that one thing was the Smart Woman's reputation. She called it colorless and chilly—something that was hopelessly out of place in such surroundings—and the Smart Woman, who had always regarded it as her most priceless possession, was decidedly abashed.

"But you will admit, dear, at the very least it is absolutely spotless."

"Certainly," said the Ordinary Woman; "that's what makes it so deadly uninteresting. Come and see me tomorrow. I always talk better at home."

And so the Smart Woman called at the small apartment, where she heard all about the limited income, tried on the squirrel furs and compared the imitation pearls with those she happened to be wearing.

"And now, dear," she said, "I insist on seeing your reputation. You saw mine, and I'm anxious to see the difference between them—that is, of course, if you don't mind."

The Ordinary Woman laughed.

"Mind! Good heavens, no. The entire world can inspect it for all I care. Look!"

What she saw made the Smart Woman gasp. Whereas her own reputation was a ghastly, glaring white, this one seemed a delicate gray, with purple shadows and soft mauve tints that drifted one into the other.

"However did you manage—" she began.

"Oh, mine is nothing to be compared with others I've seen. I colored it quite simply. I began by rouging a little and letting people see I wasn't afraid of having a cocktail in public. Then I let all the men I *knew* were married kiss me. That brought out the mauve, and those dashes of purple suddenly appeared after a series of suppers in a studio. Of course, you understand the foundation of the whole thing is lying to one's husband."

"I couldn't—I positively couldn't," and the Smart Woman's earrings swung to and fro in diamond denial. "Wouldn't stoop to such a thing, but if you'll sell me your reputation I'll buy it. It's exactly the kind of one I've been longing for all my life. It hasn't been over-colored."

The Ordinary Woman shook her head. "Not for everything you could offer

me. It's my dearest possession. It makes me content in a small apartment on a limited income to wear squirrel furs and imitation pearls. People talk about my reputation—they never bother about yours."

And so the Smart Woman went back to her country estates and town houses, her emeralds and sables, and when she died all the obituary notices had to say about her was that she possessed a spotless reputation, and after that people forgot she ever existed.

But the Ordinary Woman went happily on with her little wickednesses and small-sized sins, much to her own enjoyment and the great distress of her women friends who had husbands.

MORAL—Reputations are for use, not cold storage.—From *Town Topics*.

♦♦♦

A Cycle of Propriety

By "Seneca"

Every sign points to the belief that we of to-day are passing into one of those cycles of propriety which have characterized modern development from time to time. Indeed, it might be decided that we are already far in it. Formerly it manifested itself mostly in a rage for piety. That feature is not quite so violent as it once was, but it has its recrudescences and we are suffering one now, as may be observed in the various efforts to instill what is conceived to be the grace of God by legislative enactment.

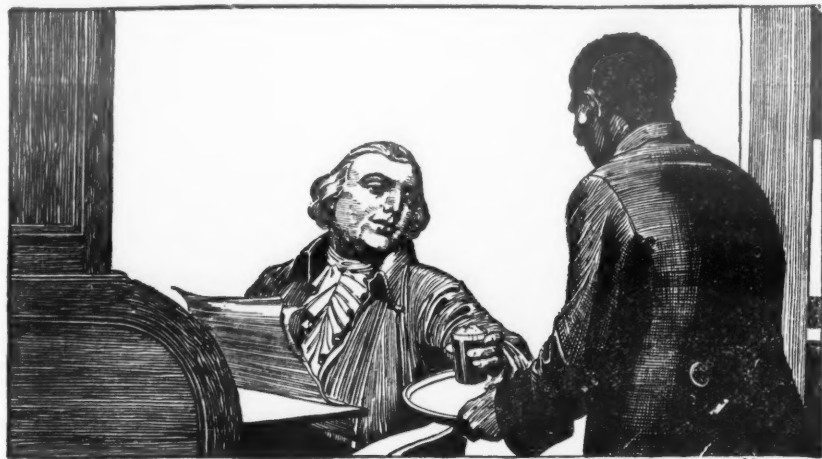
It is curious how persistent is that old error of brutality and ignorance that the Prince of Peace who came to persuade men with gentleness and love, may save men by coercing them. And yet in recent times the error has never been more dominant than it is now.

The tendency of the age is to refuse to tolerate the individualism necessary to a free society. In such a society, men naturally do a great many things that offend the sense of propriety of other people. Hence the thing to do is to suppress the offending person, and that, too often, entirely regardless of the precious rights of the offender as a freeman. If anyone is doing anything you do not like, "pass a law."

The legislature which is to meet at Jefferson City this winter is expected to concern itself almost entirely with passing laws that will strengthen the conventional code of morality and regulate the conduct of various people in different ways. And the religious element, the followers of the meek and lowly One, who came into the world to protest against force as a means to any end, is that element which more than any other is constantly calling for coercive laws to govern men's conduct—conduct which in most instances involves propriety or private interest.

It is a curious fact that manners and morals often seem to shift in inverse ratio. That is, in the ages when manners seem most refined, when most trouble is taken to hide the ugly things that are considered immoral, secret immorality seems to flourish best. Conversely, when the speech and manners of a people are crudest and rudest the virtue of the people seems to be of the highest.

Not, however, that morals ever really



"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." No. 4

Gouveneur Morris—"Father of the Penny"

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouveneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and

generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

Visitors to St. Louis are courteously invited to inspect our plant—covers 142 acres.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

The Beer for the Home,
Hotel, Club and Cafe
Budweiser
Means Moderation.



EDW. DEVOY

SELLS

COAL and COKE

604 EQUITABLE BUILDING
613 LOCUST STREET

change very much, save by the slow process of growth. Manners, though, change very greatly in the relation towards morals. Just now the change of this attitude involves the stern suppression of sexual immoralities and of what are usually termed the vices, while the more sordid immoralities, the wickedness which exploits the weak, which commits the gravest social injustice, which piles up wealth by wrongful methods, give little concern to the more militant type of jousts for purity and propriety. These latter forms of immorality are of academic interest, only, to most of the church reformers.

The court of William of Germany has long been known as the most prudishly proper in the world. The Kaiserin, who censors the plays and operas presented in the government supported opera house in Berlin, always "blue pencils" the word "love" wherever it appears, viewing it as very improper. And yet the frightful deficiency in human slaughter of the war machine organized by this court is even now being demonstrated to us.

The reign of Oliver Cromwell is cited in English history as an age of propriety and stern virtue and is contrasted with the following reign of the profligate Charles. And yet, with all its sternness and cant, were the truths known there was probably no more morality in the Cromwellian period than the other. It is certain that the Cromwellian era was prolific in the most disgusting hypocrisy, the greatest oppression and bigotry and doubtless other more sordid immoralities. The succeeding reign of Charles offers an evidence of the shift in the attitude of manners toward morals. The more generous immoralities came into favor, albeit manners exhibited a great pretense of refinement. And in such wise these matters appear to have a disposition to invert. Eras of refinement in manners, of niceties of speech, of secrecy as to the ugly things of life are too often but a gloss over the immorality that lies below. It is evidence that men are shamed and seek to hide their weaknesses. When manners place those particular forms of immorality under condemnation and begin to favor the meaner moralities, such as dishonesty, oppression and murder, those manners exhibit a greater coarseness.

It was Francis I of France, one of the greatest respecters of appearance and the proprieties that country has ever known, who turned his court into a secret brothel and whose own licentiousness was without limit, yet banished one of his courtiers because he uttered some pleasantry at an obscene spectacle at which the whole court was present. The reign of Louis XIII was one given over to secret debauchery, but which outwardly preserved all the proprieties. The long and brilliant reign of Louis XIV was noted no less for its slack morality than for the refinement and high tone of its manners, its literature and its art. So it will be seen that niceties of outward conduct, refinements of speech and correctness of manners do not always mean a corresponding improvement in morals, any more than an attitude of manners that affects to condemn the more genial immoralities means a corresponding improvement in morals. Human nature

does not change very easily, and morals are very closely knit with human nature. Manners, however, are subject to change.

Manners have changed greatly within the last generation, but whether to the gain or loss of society is surely open to discussion. There is far greater refinement of speech than there was among men twenty-five years ago. There is far greater tolerance, not to say approval, of all the moral conventions made and provided for us, mostly by fanatics, than there was in the years gone by. Any crowd of men now is far more "lady-like" than any similar crowd in years past. Attend any meeting of a body of men at a club, dinner or elsewhere and see how seriously it takes itself. The body, even if supposedly to a degree social, is nearly always "strictly business," which is to say, devoted to some scheme which in final analysis means getting more money. It used to be the rule to serve alcoholic drinks at all banquets. Now such service is fast getting to be the exception. This is supposed to be due to the high level of virtue we have achieved, but may it not rather be due to the fact that wine is revealing and that men fear to expose their true selves to their fellows, lest this revelation place them at a disadvantage in the struggle to get all the material things they can? Alcohol offends the very nice sense of propriety of the present day and it lessens efficiency—the efficiency, of course, devoted to the gathering the material comforts of this life. Is it not a matter of selfish protection and of distrust of one's fellows rather than of pure and unadulterated morals that we credit ourselves with?

I read a book not long since, by one of Lincoln's intimates, which sought to mitigate the reputation "Father Abraham" had as a teller of risqué stories—an ability which always made his presence so enjoyable to any crowd of men of his time. The author protests that there was nothing "unclean" about Abraham Lincoln; says he never told such stories save when they had a peculiar aptitude in illustration. That Lincoln was "clean" may be granted as true, nor is there anything essentially unclean in such stories. They are coarse, but their very coarseness is only the vehicle to bring out some funny or humorous point. No protest was made against Lincoln's stories in his day. His skill as a teller of funny stories was considered by his contemporaries an accomplishment, and it is to be doubted that any of the thousand of stories he told ever had the least immoral effect on his hearers. It remains for this finicky age to make apologies. Nowadays you will seldom hear a smutty story told in a crowd of men. The tellers of such stories are afraid, unless they know their hearers. When a story is told it is likely to be received by some of those present with distinct uneasiness. It is not such a story as "mother would like."

The manners of the age are very much more refined than they were. The age of the Medicis in Italy was also one of great refinement. We have a passion for all the conventions of propriety and are developing all kinds of crusaders, prohibitors and suppressors, who want to purify the world to the cost of everybody's liberty. We are "cleaner-minded"

than we were, which is to say that we do not expose our "uncleanness," because we are afraid we will run counter to somebody else's sense of propriety. We all strive to conform. But we are not as independent as we were. We are not as coarse in speech and manners as were our fathers, but we are far less frank. We have a much nicer sense of propriety, but far less individuality. We have a far deeper respect for what the other fellow may think, but we lack some of the mental honesty of the fathers. We are more sober than our fathers, but we have retained all the sordid meannesses and selfishnesses they had. We are much "nicer," but there is no evidence that we are better. We flatter ourselves that we are more moral but the fact seems to be that we are merely less frank.

The food experts tell us that the modern method of milling cereals takes out much of their nutritive quality. The average baker's loaf of to-day is crisp on the outside and fine, white and fluffy within. It looks good until you come to eat it and then you find it a little disappointing. It is not like the bread "mother used to make," which may not have looked so good, but was good. The food experts tell us that the millers have refined the flour to the point that they have taken out of it nearly all the minerals and other elements of "coarseness" which are its real nutritive qualities. May not the same thing be true as to men? Is there not possibility of over-refinement? May not the male half of humanity that seems to be striving to achieve a nicety of manner and a purity of mind, such as well become a woman, soon reach a point where it will begin to degenerate?

Kennard's
4TH & WASHINGTON

THE gift that is put to a daily use, is the gift that furnishes the greatest opportunity for thoughtfulness.

You will find not one, but many such gifts at this store where all is utility and beauty.

FURNITURE

Oriental Rugs

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Carpets

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Electric Lighting Fixtures

This is the store where the choicest gifts of the most reliable character are sold at the lowest prices.

Shoes
of
Dependable
Quality

Swope
Shoe Co.
OLIVE AT 10th ST.

The Merry Yuletide

The chandelier was loaded.
The tree was lit up.
The glasses were full to the brim.
The table had all it could hold.
The chairs were unsteady on their legs.
The decanter was up to the neck.
The spoons were in their cups.
The prunes were stewed.
The beets were pickled.
Music was furnished by a full orchestra.

—Town Topics.

What I've Been Reading

By W. M. R.

To the reading clan I would recommend a book pertinent—"How to Read," by J. B. Kerfoot (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York). Mr. Kerfoot is one of this country's best readers and—writers. He does the book reviewing for *New York Life*. Rarely does he employ more than one hundred words in telling how a book strikes him; sometimes his review may run to three hundred words, but not often. And always he gives the reader a definite idea of what the book is about. He does this in choice English. And he conveys his criticism of the volume mainly in the mood which he makes to pervade his review. You know after reading one of Kerfoot's paragraphs whether you want to read the book.

Now a man who can do this is worth following when he sits down and produces a whole book that tells how he does the thing so deftly. "How to Read" is a book with lots of oxygen in it. It is exhilarating. This is quite wonderful, too, because he tackles his subject in a scientific fashion—goes at it somewhat in the manner of a psychoanalyst vivisectioning a wish or a dream. But he makes his scientific method very simple. He is happily illustrative. I know nothing better in latter day demonstration than Kerfoot's showing how words in language are a succession of incredibly swift-moving moving pictures. He goes on to show that the writer of a book doesn't tell a story but makes the reader of the book tell himself a story by the arrangement of words in a context calling up associations of general ideas. The reader is following a movie in his mind, and his grasp of the subject is dependent upon his alertness in the grasp of the images as they pass.

Among other interesting things that Mr. Kerfoot demonstrates is that all reading is done for one of two purposes—to find oneself or to lose oneself. This proposition is most pleasingly elucidated and anyone who reads at all must see that the proposition is indisputable. From this proposition it is an easy progress to the Q. E. D. of Mr. Kerfoot's book, that "reading is a form of living." Reading becomes a kind of mental metabolism, a process of development. The development proceeds by a man's becoming better able to see into himself and to see out of himself. In his seeing he absorbs more of all life into himself, gets more out, more *en rapport* with the cosmos.

Again, reading is by Mr. Kerfoot identified as a form of the play instinct—it enables the reader to identify himself in imagination with the pictured fulfillments of his instincts. This is the secret of refreshment in reading. And, of course, following this line of thought, the gratification to be found in reading is at its highest when the act of reading becomes most unconscious. It's like driving an auto. You don't drive well until you do it without knowing that you are doing it. One reads best when he does so with "an unconscious alertness." One reads at the last to satisfy one's mind-hunger, to satiate what may be called curiosity as to the cosmos, which includes oneself. As Mr. Kerfoot says,

"Reading should be a zestful, conscious, discriminating search for our own." In our mind-hunger we dine on the cosmos *a la carte*. But, of course, we have to make sure of our intellectual digestion.

I shall come back to this book again, and explicate further, so far as I can, Mr. Kerfoot's idea. The book is simply splendid in its clarified thinking, in its felicitous illustration. In reading it I was constantly reminded of the writing of Henri Bergson. Indeed, its philosophy is Bergsonian, if anything. Mr. Kerfoot uses, perforce, now and then the "lingo" of metaphysics, but never without elucidating it into common speech. He has an art of first, apparently, lifting very simple thoughts into abstrusity, and then marvelously simplifying the very simple. The psychology of reading is here at its best. And more than this—"How to Read" is a work on general aesthetic that supplements and indeed improves upon the "Aesthetic" of such a master as Benedetto Croce.

✦

Since I last read Swinburne's reply to Buchanan's "The Fleshly School of Poetry," I have never read a more fiery, colorful, singing, thundering essay than "Pencraft: A Plea for the Older Ways," by William Watson (John Lane Company, New York). William Watson is the English poet. Newspaper readers will remember him as the author of a poem, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue," an attack upon a lady of Premier Asquith's family—a forerunner of Kipling's verses setting forth that "the female of the species is deadlier than the male." But literary folk remember him more gratefully for such poems as "Wordsworth's Grave," "The First Skylark of Spring," a magnificent poem on Burns and a series of preternaturally brilliant epigrams.

In "Pencraft" he jousts against all the "new" in English writing—verse and prose. He has a gorgeous indignation against the debasement of language. Those who damn certain kinds of writing as merely literary he scarifies with his scorn. He will have none of that contemporaneous tolerance for writing without form, which takes the will for the deed. If a piece of writing be not well done, 'twere better 'twere not done at all. Simply because a man means well, or has the proper feeling, writing that does not conform to the canons of taste and method as they have been established through effort towards artistic expression, should not be patiently accepted. At least it should not be regarded as literature. He rages against free verse, against the invasion of writing by colloquialisms. He says that there are three kinds of speech—loquitive, cantative, scriptive. Put it thus: talking, singing, writing. These speech-forms are different. The scriptive speech it is that constitutes literature. Literature is not mere loose talking, nor is it spontaneous singing. It is a consciously selective use of language. Thus it is that there are certain words, which occur to all of us, that would spoil any passage of prose or poetry if substituted for certain other words.

William Watson rises to rare heights in his attack upon anarchism in expression. He will have none of the individual writer being a law unto himself.



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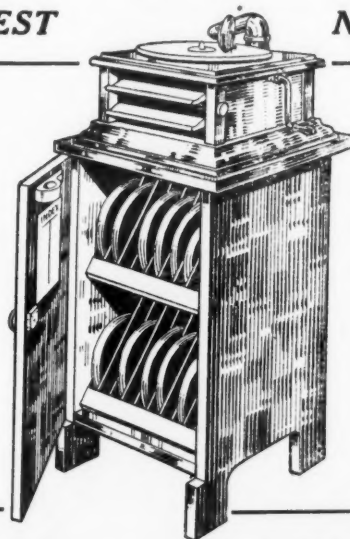
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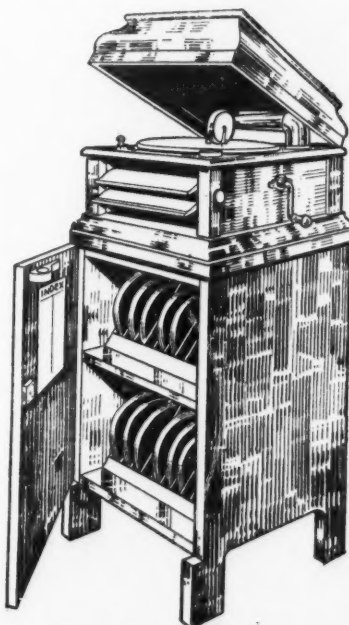
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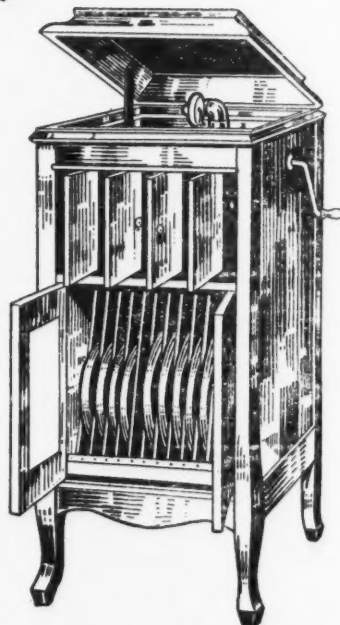


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He is more tremendously smashing on this point than is Mr. Irving Babbitt in "The New Laocoon." Mr. Watson accepts Walt Whitman, but not quite ungrudgingly. There is this to be said for his contention, however: that Whitman

for all his formlessness does achieve at his best a certain form—as in "Captain, O, my Captain," and "When Violets Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." Mr. Watson says that nothing truly literary has been produced in American letters

since our writers left off the habit of keeping in mind English models.

Needless to say, perhaps, that the infuriated English poet presses his point too far. Language is a living thing. It grows. It cannot have a true life if it be kept in prisons of form. It tends to become ossified. Language, like men, must go back to the soil, back to the origins of speech, and thus acquire something of spontaneity. There is something more than form in the writings of Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Shelley, Keats and others. They are all law-breakers. Pope is a great poet, but his form comes near to killing his matter. Still, writing is an art, and art has rules and proportions and values that are man's decorations upon natural things. The writer without art may move us, he may stir our thoughts or our feelings, but it does not follow that what he writes is literature. Even so good photography is not art in the sense that painting is art. Nor is a verbatim report of a conversation art, in the sense that a dialogue in Shakespeare is art. It is not enough in literature to have something to say; one must know how to say it. The theory that "anyone can write" enrages Mr. Watson. His claim is, in the end, that writing must be creative, that it must be a shaping, by the writer, of some experience or thought or emotion or observation into something which is quite other than the material so shaped. In propounding his doctrine this poet writes a language that frequently lifts up the heart and sends thrills along the spine. There are many purple passages of prose at once firm and flexible. His invective is fully as good—nay, it is better than Swinburne's because it does not proceed to the ferocity which, somehow, suggests a kind of impotence. "Pencraft" is a kind of writing of which we have seen but little in many years. It is perfectly gorgeous prose.

❖

Writer as well as actor is Edward H. Sothorn, and his writing has the quality of his acting. His stage art we all know. It has charmed us often, with its romanticism, its poetry. At its most tragic, Mr. Sothorn's mimetics have a sort of gentleness—even a wistfulness or tenderness. So with his writing in "The Melancholy Tale of Me" (Scribners, New York). This is a book of remembrances. They are glamourised with "the light of other days." There is but one writer to whom Sothorn is inevitably to be compared. That is Sir James Matthew Barrie. "Ned" Sothorn has much of Barrie's lightness of touch that somehow achieves a power of impact greater than might be expected of the force behind it. So, too, Sothorn has the same kind of whimsicality we find in Barrie. You get the impression that Sothorn loves everybody even though he sees through them rather clearly. In this book of memories he is unfailingly charming. Nothing could be more pleasing than his description of his boyhood, of his mother, of that incorrigible practical joker, his father, the creator of *Lord Dundreary*. The home life he knew was a joyful one, even though there hung over it the comic menace of his father's "irresponsibility." The narration of it seems to have now and then somewhat of the atmosphere

of Dickens, in his *Pickwick* or *Micawber* mood. And so, too, with the autobiographer's story of his early career upon the stage. It was not all rosy for him; that one may sense very perceptibly, but in the telling of his trials the hardness is all softened by the kindly spirit, the tolerance of the teller. "Ned" Sothorn is bitter towards nothing and nobody. He does not seem to have met anyone in whom he did not find more to commend than to condemn. His narrative is a continuous outpouring of affection for people. And this is not lessened in volume as he grows older. His sense of the comedic in life is always keen, and there goes with it the sense of the pathos in simple things. For mere artistry in writing one will have to seek long and far before finding anything better than the sort of fairy-tale he tells of his first meeting with Maude Adams. His character-analysis of his father and his contemporaries is most amusing and he makes vivid the life of the theater in the days around about and after the eighties of the last century. Disappointed any reader must be who looks in this book for any criticism of actors or of the drama. Mr. Sothorn evidently has saved for some later book an exposition of his views upon the theater. Frankly,

with a comic, apologetic, deprecatory gesture he talks about himself and his experiences, which he makes sure shall never strike any deep note. He is determined not to be too serious, and above all, to say nothing that will hurt. To be quite plain, "the melancholy tale" lacks pungency after he gets down the years some distance from his youth. But that earlier part of his life story is irresistibly charming. One does not get from the latter part of his story an impression of the buoyancy that characterizes the earlier chapters. One looks in vain for the character-revealing anecdote that most memoirists specialize in. And Mr. Sothorn has painfully little to say about the drift of the drama, the changes in the art of acting, the forces that have operated to bring about present conditions. It is all too, too gentle. Still, there may be more to come. Mr. Sothorn must have reached some conclusions concerning his art. He may formulate them when he shall have done with acting. Having said all of which I must again declare that in so far as the book reveals Sothorn the man, it is a most prepossessing self-portraiture. There is nothing you could call egoism. It is hardly self-consciously that he appears as one who thinks kindly of his

fellows and not too poorly of himself. The note of false humility is never struck. Sothorn in this book is the Sothorn of the stage—a man who has never been glaringly self-advertised. In book as on the boards the man and his genius cannot be said to "strike" anyone. You can't think of him making a "hit." He pervades. He rather steals upon the affections. His book has a sweet savor. A little more and it might have been too saccharine. But it is easy to forgive him as we read the fond depictions of many an actor dead and gone, as we feel the poetry of his kindness for some who were what might be called failures.

❖

At the risk of being accused of "slopping over," I will say here that one of the best American books in I know not how long is "A Hoosier Holiday," by Theodore Dreiser (John Lane Company, New York). You may not care for Mr. Dreiser's novels, "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt," "The Financier," "The Titan," "The Genius." Even you may sympathize with the moral boneheads who have been trying to get the authorities to suppress the latter novel. For myself I think there are very decided elements of greatness in Dreiser's novels. They are elemental and yet they

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have an art of their own as well. He may be called indiscriminating in choice of material, but he is not, actually. He is trying to grasp the American in all his multifariousness, trying to give us the big chaotic effect of American life. And he does it—does it better than anyone among us who is writing to-day. If you want to find Dreiser as he is, you should go to his book, "A Hoosier Holiday." There you will discover, too, his philosophy. There also you will discover the United States more honestly limned, yet lovingly withal than in any other book I can recall. You will find things in the book raw and crude. But even as the big volume is made beautiful by the drawings of Franklin Booth, the artist who accompanied Dreiser on his "Hoosier Holiday," you will discover the crudities of the narrative turned to something rich, rare and delicate by the very genuine sympathy of Dreiser. He tells us of an automobile trip through New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio to his boyhood home in Indiana. He leaves nothing out. His record is a glorified guide-book, but into all that he sees Dreiser puts Dreiser. And if Dreiser does take himself seriously, nevertheless he is a good, honest, sound-hearted and direct thinking Dreiser. If you have ever been an American boy brought up in a small town and you do not find yourself touched to something close to tears by the way in which Dreiser visualizes in retrospect his youth, there is something wrong with you. Here and there are flashes of bitterness of memory, but they do not last for long. They melt into a beautiful sympathy for all American life, for its lack of æsthetic value, for its unilluminated materialism, for its deprivation of culture, for its lack of vision. Dreiser is beauty-hungry. He craves for the beauty of life. He is a sort of behemoth raging that he did not and does not live in a Renaissance. His esurience positively burns in these pages. For a page or two he breaks forth into what seems like contempt, but the mood passes and the people whose sullen contentedness he condemns are spoken of in terms of endearment. All this accompanies a most microscopic observation. Nothing is too small to escape record, and when recorded, philosophizing thereon.

As you get along in the book you find in Dreiser a Superman. He has not much faith in anything. He admires idealists but dismisses them with a sad smile. He cannot see any order in the scheme of life. So far as I can make out, he thinks that everything and everybody are moved by some incomprehensible life-force—some force which, according to our view, is little short of insane. Possibly we are working out into a new race which shall have no trace of ourselves. Dreiser doesn't know. But he cares. He cares that we miss so much of the joy and beauty of life as we go along from darkness to darkness. It is this true philanthropy of his that saves his—what shall I call it?—atheism from being utterly horrible. I gather from Dreiser and all his works, and especially "A Hoosier Holiday," the same impression I get from Gobineau's "The Renaissance." The Superman may be all right, but eventually democracy or the ochlocracy "gets" him. The Supermen are all failures in the long run.

Dreiser is a superman but he cannot be happy for thinking of the piteous plight of the epigoni. Dreiser is ambitious, but he knows ambition will not bring him what he wants. He wants something that is not here at all, or at least is not here in any satisfying measure—as Walter Pater says. It would not surprise me if Dreiser should go back to the Roman Catholicism from which he emerged and for which, now, he has anything but reverent or kindly feeling. Dreiser seems to me to be a spiritualist without exactly knowing it. This I believe must be apparent to any serious student of his work. He seeks and seeks in the material, the sensual, something he does not find. He worships success, yet knows it is nothing. Possibly he dreams of himself or another, some day, moulding this American mass into something like a Great Race, but his dream ends in wistful weariness.

His book indicts the American people on scores of counts, for sins against taste and crimes against the larger life. He cites things innumerable in proof. But cheerfulness will break in upon his moroseness, and every little while, the sight of a beautiful bridge, the prospect of some city as he approaches it, the gleam of æsthetic yearning in some girl briefly met, the politeness of some hotel-keeper makes him lift up his heart and go singing along his road. Dreiser has a grudge against our puritanism. He loathes the way in which we shut our eyes and harden our hearts against such a fact as sex. He despises as heartily as William J. Bryan, the false god of greed. He has no patience with reform, but plenty of sympathy for the honest reformers who are inevitably destined to defeat. Dreiser thinks a great deal, but much of his thinking is done with his emotions and, to tell truth, is no worse thinking for that, in my opinion. He is not quite a democrat, but he is not much of an aristocrat either. He looks over his America and broods and broods—and ends upon an interrogation point. He seems to appeal to a heaven in which he does not more than half believe. He has even a half hope of the people themselves, or so it appears to me. I know he is not quite so Leopardian as Edgar Lee Masters, for Masters is possessed of a cynic mysticism or a mystic cynicism. Dreiser is more of a Platonist. The stuff that was put into him in his early days at a Catholic school in Indiana is not deracinated. All this, however, may not appeal to many readers. For such as care not for philosophy there are in "A Hoosier Holiday" pages and pages of extremely good writing, descriptive, analytic, humorous, poetical. Dreiser is at his best. He "lets himself go." And he is a self whom it is good to know. He seeks the best there is in American life—and finds some of it. American life and, oh, most emphatically, American letters, would be the better for a few more Dreisers, or failing that, more of this frank and fearless and incurably-fond-of-humanity Dreiser, who gives us among other unforgettable things such a powerful picture of the Dreiser family in his boyhood days.

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ham Lincoln," by Brand Whitlock (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston). Our minister to Belgium has done something in kind with Dreiser's book in the story of his own life, "Forty Years Of It." Like Dreiser, Whitlock was a newspaper reporter. He too has been "up against life." Whitlock has more faith in the common man than Dreiser has. Whitlock has a definite philosophy. It is the philosophy of Henry George and

John Peter Altgeld, both of whom, to Dreiser, were poor dreamers. I don't know how many lives of Lincoln I have read. I know that I read everything I can about him. But of all that I have read, nothing in brief compass is better than Whitlock's little book. It is amazing to realize all that Whitlock has got into the book, how he finds space even for illuminative characteristic anecdotes. The story runs along rapidly and

touches all the high places. Whitlock's Lincoln is very human. Possibly Dreiser would view Lincoln much as Masters does in his latest book, "The Great Valley," where there is a poem in which Count Gobineau, of "The Renaissance," writing to Judge Tree, indulges in a resolution of "Uncle Abe" into a Superman—a Superman who made equal a lot of people who never were and never can be equal. Whitlock is a democrat. He sees Lincoln as a representative of the conscience of the common man. Briefly, he intimates that Lincoln knew how to play politics, to bide his time, to wait and let events work for him. Possibly Whitlock does not give to some things in the life of Lincoln written by his partner, Herndon, the credence they deserve. But there is no time nor space for much historical analysis in a sketch as brief as this biography. Suffice that Whitlock shows us Lincoln always master of himself, of other men and of every situation—a master of patience. But the minister to Belgium does not make Lincoln a demigod. Neither does he make him a demagogue. Whitlock's Lincoln has that glorified common sense that constitutes genius. More than that, Lincoln was a believer ultimately in the superiority of love over force. I nominated Brand Whitlock as Democratic candidate for President in 1920, a few weeks ago. I think that those who will read his "Abraham Lincoln" and his autobiographic "Forty Years Of It" will find there displayed a man incarnating the spirit of the Middle West in a way to give promise of such a realization of the higher American spirit as would inspire a profounder hope in the breast of Theodore Dreiser who devotes his life to the epic of that region.

A holiday book that rejoices the heart is "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (Century Co., New York). I love any book that is illustrated with reproduction of old wood-cuts. There is something about such cuts that is charming. I believe it is called *naïveté*. I know that the new painters and draughtsmen who try to project themselves backward to primitiveness cannot get such effects as those old artists achieved. These pictures are ultra-realistic. They get everything in that is in the text, whether or not perspective suffers. Those old high-pooed ships, those very conspicuous bears, those maps so geometrically rigid, those savages so living even when conventionalized—they make any book a delight. The world was full of wonders back there in the sixteenth century. But not more wonderful than those old artists made it when they made pictures from the descriptions given of their voyages by the hardy sailormen. In this book Mr. Van Loon tells eleven stories of the Dutch navigators. "Corking" stories they are, too. Those old fellows went out to the unknown lands over unknown waters in ships that were slimly built. They went without maps, without food, with crews that were gathered from the scum of the earth. They faced always prospects of mutiny and shipwreck. Rival captains of expeditions quarreled and separated—some of them never to be heard from again. They went out to India. They attacked the west coast of

America. They tried the Northeast passage to India. They circumnavigated the globe in cockle-shells. They explored Australia. The story runs from 1579 to 1721. The heroes are Jan Huyghen von Linschotten, Barendz, Heemskerck, the Van Neck, Houlman, Van Noort, Captain Bontekoe, Schouten and Le Maire, Tasman, Roggeveen. How little those names mean to us. Yet the good men who bore them were of the kidney of Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Hudson. They were sons of free Holland. They disputed the mastery of the seas with the Spaniard, the Portuguese and the English. They went out to seek for trade. They found it sometimes. Always they found almost incredible hardship. Frequently they found death. Mr. Van Loon tells with a certain magic these chapters of the true Romance. He writes in what may be called a newspaper style. He does not disdain the colloquial phrase. Occasionally he drops into something like slang. But he gets his effects. He transports the reader from lands of snow to lands of sun and the other way about. He makes us witnesses of good fighting and deeds of heroic endurance. Moreover, there is in his style that which gives to the reader of to-day an impression of the newness of the regions into which these old Dutchmen ventured. He puts into words the feeling that characterizes those old wood-cuts. You catch yourself feeling sorry for the innocence of those mariners who were not ignorant at all, but very smart men of their time. They were not afraid of anything. They were very pious at times, but they knew how to trick savages and to dodge or fight the Spaniards or the English. Back of and through it all you get the feeling of Holland as a country of free men. You understand why Holland was a great little nation. Holland had her dream of empire, not entirely unrealized. Some of that empire she still retains. And she has too a great deal of that old heroism left, for Holland to-day is heroically caring for many thousands of Belgians, is guarding her border against Germany at atrocious cost, is subsisting on rations portioned out by Great Britain lest she pass some of the supplies on to Germany, is holding her neutrality lest by some mistake she incur the loss of her Eastern possessions. Mr. Van Loon is not without hope that Holland will some day win back her ancient greatness. But the fate of all the little nations now is on the lap of the war-god. Holland once knew how to conquer. Now she knows how to endure. And enduring, she cherishes and maintains her freedom, not forgetting these days of the old navigators and the time when Van Tromp sailed the seas with a broom at his masthead as a sign that he swept the English from the sea.

Rabindranath Tagore is very much in evidence in the literary reviews and in so-called "high-brow conversation." Two recent books of his are "The Hungry Stones" and "Fruit Gathering" (The Macmillan Co., New York). The former I think the better book. This, because it gives one more of Indian life. It is more real in its quality—more human. The books of Tagore previous to these that I liked most were "Chitra" and "The Post-Office." They are plays, and



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while they are fanciful, and, in the case of the former, mystic, they do contain something that the mind can lay hold on. For this same reason I prefer "The Hungry Stones" volume to "Fruit Gathering." The story, "The Hungry Stones," is a sort of horror tale, a bit like Poe perhaps, but it does not quite come off. A much better story is that of the little bad boy who was sent to school at Calcutta and died of home-longing. As for the poetry of "Fruit Gathering," it is pretty thin Hindu stuff in my opinion. The stern doctrine of the ancient Indian literature is very much diluted. Indian mysticism of the older kind was not of the sort of pabulum that Tagore gives us. It had "matter" in its thought. It was not so scattering in its soft-mindedness. It was thought as distinct from reverie. There was no such vagueness as I find in "Fruit Gathering." This later book is sib to much of the sentimental vaporings about nature that came into vogue after Rousseau, and it lacks the substantial quality of the work of Wordsworth. Those old Brahmins and Buddhists were of sterner stuff than Tagore. They were not sentimentalists and that, it seems to me, is what Tagore is supremely. The spectacle of the world did not hypnotize them. They had no ecstatic delight in it—a delight culminating in a sort of swoon. They thought it an illusion to hold the soul from its progress on the Path. They boldly, even violently, renounced it and set their thoughts upon things beyond life's allure. One thing which Tagore always is, they were not: they were not sorry for themselves or for the world. They did not surrender to Maya in a dim hope that relief would somehow come. Even the *yogis* who retired from the world, did so, not to escape the world but to give fiercer battle to themselves in their effort to cast off the spell of illusion. Tagore writes well, and not without many beauties, but he writes more like a sentimental uplifter of the Occident than like a Brahmin or Buddhist of the Occident. Tagore is to Indian thought not exactly what W. B. Yeats is to the old Irish mind and heart. Yeats is closer to the Irish than Tagore to the greater Indians. As I write this there comes to hand the New York Nation with an essay on Tagore by Paul Elmer More. Mr. More is our most philosophical, if not our very best all-round critic. Moreover, he has made a special study of the old Indian books. I find that he has better stated these objections of mine to the acceptance of Tagore as a true Indian mystic. A thing Mr. More says that I had not thought of, is that Tagore in relation to the old faith of his people is as slight as that of Fiona McLeod to the antique Celtic life and lore. And then he recalls that Tagore was first introduced to the Western world by Yeats. I cannot do better than quote such an authority as Mr. More on "the real affinity of these bubbles from the Orient." He says: "They are in fact no more than a part of the belated and, since the war, generally reprobated wave of neo-Romanticism which has been seeking for inspiration in the spontaneity of vague yearnings, for truth in the glamour of illusions, for strength in the repudiation of discipline, for the dust of victory in the perfume of promise, for duty in a costless sympathy, for

religious charity in a denial of man's responsibility, for spirituality in pretended innocence, for God in the self-indulgence of sentiment."

But we must take Rabindranath Tagore for what he is—for himself. He has a certain mildly delirious prettiness—a kind of effeminateness. Certainly he lacks vigor, which the authors of the "Bhagavadgita" and the "Upanishads" did not. Mr. Tagore's writing is like his looks in the newspaper pictures. He is a poet of a sort. I have read somewhere that he is a landlord with many thousand tenants. This may account for his "comfy," self-sorry poetizings. So might have poetized that landlord in Ireland, "Cozy Murphy," of whom Henry George relates that he lay abed for twenty years while his land values increased and made him a very rich man. A lot of American "mystics" may like him, but they do not know what true mysticism is. It is something tougher-minded than they conceive. They will find its strong fiber exemplified in St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Siena, rather than, let us say, in Maeterlinck, with his smoky thought and wandering feeling. Yankee mysticism is best shown to-day in the thought of Mrs. Eddy—it is denial, not renunciation.

Mysticism and pacificism are Siamese twins of this time. Their elemental essence is rather fear of pain than denial of the rapture of the fight. Our mystics want to abolish pain. The older mystics sought it and used it to triumph over it. There is the non-resistant, Tolstoy, as chief example abroad. But I have lately been reading of a great pacifist—"John Bright," by George Macaulay Trevelyan (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston). I need not sketch the biography of this great Quaker. Mr. Trevelyan has told the story in moving phrases. The point that is pertinent now is that if Bright was soft-hearted he was both long- and hard-headed. William James has told us that before we can do away with war we must find a "moral equivalent" for it—something that will give us war's exaltation and self-sacrifice without the concomitant of slaughter. John Bright found it when at the death-bed of his wife he cast in his lot with Cobden in a war against the Corn Laws that starved the people of England. That was a battle grim and great. It lasted many years, but it was won by Bright and Cobden with the people behind them. There was in Bright a grave moral fervor, the like of which the modern world has not known since, save perhaps in Henry George, whose "moral equivalent of war" was and is the war against poverty. Bright was a tremendous orator. It stirs the blood even now to read his speeches. He was not a fanatic exactly, though possibly a zealot. There was in him much of the rather deadening anti-aesthetic spirit of non-conformity. A Liberal he was, but not wholly liberal. He built his speaking and writing style on Milton and was possibly the last man in the world who read through "Paradise Lost." But there was a little of the children of light in him, for while he detested Palmerston, he was for a long time charmed with Disraeli. A Quaker who could like Disraeli was not so bad. This was a fight-

ing Quaker. His opposition to the Crimean War was one of the best single-handed fights ever made by a man against his maddened countrymen. His oratory shook the hearts of his foes, even as it shakes one's heart to-day in that speech in which occurs the sentence concerning a member of parliament who had gone to the war: "The stormy Euxine is his grave; his wife is a widow, his children fatherless," or that other speech in which he told his hearers that the Angel of Death was abroad in the land, they could almost hear the beating of his wings. John Bright, although the people he had saved from the Corn Laws burned him in effigy, actually made England ashamed of her share in the Crimean War. He had his disciples long after in Campbell-Bannerman, Lloyd George and others who opposed the Boer War. Bright was a great liberal but he could not favor the shorter working day. He and Cobden differed as to that, but the difference did not break their beautiful friendship. Bright and Cobden differed too on the extension of the franchise. Cobden did not care so much for that. Bright's liberalism failed him too when it came to Gladstone's going over to home rule. Bright seemed to distrust the prospect of Roman Catholic rule. But most radicals weaken in their radicalism as they grow old; certainly when they take office. When Bright entered the cabinet his day was done. I have said that Bright was a fighting Quaker. A splendid one, too, in the stand he made for the American Union as against the Confederacy when the drift of official opinion was the other way. Bright saved the day. He was a comforter of Lincoln. He helped to ease off the strain over the capture of Mason and Slidell,

showing Lincoln, through Sumner, how to find a way out. Bright was the best friend the Union had in Great Britain, if not indeed in Europe. Though a Quaker, he was not opposed to war against slavery. The high moral passion of Bright is what moves one in reading of him. In consideration of this, one can forgive the Philistinism of him when he traveled in Italy and Greece. His culture was of the Manchester school, a materialism trimmed with Calvinism. He was a manufacturer. But like the other Lancashire weavers, he was willing to face starvation through lack of cotton, if by such starvation slavery could be destroyed. Bright had more than a glimpse, too, of the fundamental economic evil of the world. He more than guessed that the ultimate of Free Trade was free land. Cobden saw this more clearly; he was almost a Single Taxer who saw the land question back of the Corn Laws. There are no anti-war men like Bright in England to-day. The present war is, I believe, the only one in which Great Britain ever engaged without there being some big men in Parliament pleading the cause of the enemy. John Bright is a man it will profit anyone to know, and one can never know him better than through the pages of George Macaulay Trevelyan, whose writing has not a little of the charm we associate with our memory of the man from whom he gets his middle name.

The Freudians are not all, probably, quite so possessed of the nasty-mindedness of the Freudian theory as Professor Doctor Sigmund Freud, of the University of Vienna. Freud's theory is that sex is the *primum mobile* of human life. He thinks there is a sex motive behind every action, that even our dreams are efforts to realize sex promptings inhibited in our waking hours. And the most powerful motive of all he holds to be the frustrated incest motive so-called. Life is just one *libido* after another with him and with his disciple Dr. Jung. This latter gentleman has discovered, for example, that there is nothing but an incest motive in Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." All the Greek myths, the Teutonic myths, the Celtic myths, even the Egyptian myths are symbols of the incest motive. There never was a more conspicuous case of science succumbing to the fixed idea. It is a worse case than that of Kraft-Ebing. Now comes a book by Freud, "Leonardo Da Vinci" (Moffat, Yard & Co., New York), translated, apparently not particularly well, by A. A. Brill, Ph. D., M. D., of New York University. This book is "addressed exclusively to physicians and serious students of psycho-analysis." But anybody can buy it. Psychoanalysis is a prevalent craze. There is some sense in it, of course, but when you read a volume like this you cannot help thinking that perversion is at work, that the writer is subdued to what he works in, like the dyer's hand. We have known the thing before. We have seen it in the case of writers on phallic worship. We have seen it in Sacher-Masoch. But Professor Doctor Sigmund Freud has all the fixed-idea men beaten by a mile. His theme in this book is that Leonardo Da Vinci,

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painter, anatomist, engineer, one of the greatest and most myriad-minded men who ever lived, was the victim of *libido*. To be sure, one thing about Leonardo that most men agree upon is that he was so much a non-sexualist as to be remarkable in his time. That's just the point, says Freud; Leonardo's disdain of sex was due to his early sex impressions. All of Leonardo's life is explained by a childhood dream he recalls of a vulture opening his mouth with its tail and beating his lips with its wings. Vultures were supposed to be creatures of but one sex, fecundated by the winds. The vulture was one of the symbols of the Egyptian goddess Mut. (Hence the German *Mutter*?) Freud attributes all sorts of obscene meanings to this dream, chief among them the incest motive. Leonardo was an illegitimate son intensely loving his mother from whom he was separated. Because of this dream of the vulture, Leonardo was concerned all his life with the study of bird-flight. Leonardo was once accused of sexual perversion, but acquitted. Freud evidently does not acquit him. What

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is the secret of the Leonardo smile on the faces of Mona Lisa, St. Anne and

St. John? Why is it that Leonardo never finished anything? (Neither did Michael Angelo.) He was ever unsatisfied. It was all because Leonardo had been frustrated in sex instincts. Why, this great artist left little or nothing in the way of drawings that show him to have a mind that played around sex. This says Freud is because the artist was too much obsessed, all subconsciously by sex. And so it goes. The elaboration of surmise, the far-fetched analogies, the sex-obsessed assumptions of the author are piled up until the essay would be wholly ridiculous, if it were not so nasty. And it is nasty. It is not scientific at all, though there is much sesquipedalian scientific patter in it. There is not in this book one single important fact that bears out the smearish assumptions of Freud—nothing but the boy episode of which Leonardo stands vindicated—an accusation that was made against Angelo, Cellini, some of the Popes, indeed, nearly every great man of the Renaissance. All the sex stuff in Leonardo is exuded upon him from the inwards of Professor Doctor Sidmund Freud. Those fellows who write books to show that everybody of note the world has known were victims of sex-aberrations prove only one thing—that they find what they bring within themselves to their investigations—that they are sex-crazy themselves. Freud and Jung are the worst of the lot. There may be a pearl somewhere in the psycho-analytic dung-heap, but one doubts it. Sex is important but it is not *all* of life. The man who thinks it is, why, he is mad, and muck-mad at that.

♦♦♦

The Value of the Trading Stamp

The trading stamp, or more particularly what is known as the Eagle Stamp because it was the first and only one which has achieved any considerable vogue through our part of the country, has not reached its present success without being challenged nearly everywhere.

It has been a trade-getter for the merchant, which has excited the most vehement opposition in all classes of competition that has refused to adopt the system. The projectors of the trading stamp system have had to fight for it in the courts in nearly every state in the union and so far as the records in the hands of the writer of this runs, this method of getting trade has been viewed with favor by every court that has decided on it.

Governor Harmon of Ohio, and Governor McCall of Massachusetts, in their vetoes to such legislation stated that it was procured by special interests in various states in the union. By many courts such legislation has been set aside as unconstitutional because discriminatory. However, the supreme court has made certain rulings which affected the premium giving systems but does not affect the cash discount giving system used exclusively by the Eagle Stamp Company.

No one would think that if a dealer decided to give with every purchase a printed evidence entitling the purchaser to a discount of two per cent there could be any possible objection, or at

any rate one that was just. If the printed token happened to be a dollar bill given with every purchase instead of a little stamp, the competitor would have no legal right to object and were he permitted to do so, it would be a clear interference with the liberty of the individual.

If a competitor had any right to object to the trading stamp, he might with equal justice object to the other man selling goods cheaper than he does and get out an injunction to prevent him. Nevertheless, there are men in nearly every state who have brought suit against users of trading stamps to prevent their use and have been consistently defeated.

There is no higher evidence of the value of the trading stamp in business than the hostility it has excited among the dealers who do not use it (those who do not desire to give a discount on cash purchases but who certainly accept the discount when they pay cash to the wholesaler or manufacturer) and the attempts they have made through the courts to have its use enjoined. It is notable that none of the buying public have ever attempted to have trading stamps enjoined. Have you ever known an unsubsidized consumer who objected to the Eagle Stamp?

The trading stamp is designed to serve as a discount for cash purchases. It has long been the rule among wholesale merchants and others to grant a two per cent discount on every bill for cash. It has long been an established law in the commercial world that the payer of cash should have this discount. The cash account is deemed by the merchant fully two per cent cheaper than the time account, with its bookkeeping, its cost of collection and its inevitable percentage of loss. The purchaser is entitled to the discount because he saves the seller that much at least on his purchases. Many merchants who have a credit system consider charge accounts paid on or before the tenth of each month following the purchase, the same as cash. This enables them in turn to discount their bills.

The trading stamp is about the first system devised to grant to the small retail purchaser the same discount advantages that the wholesaler has always enjoyed. It was manifestly impossible to issue bills and figure the discount on a multitude of small purchases or to adopt some other system of accounting. It was impossible to make two prices on goods, one for the cash and the other for the credit customer. The inventor of the trading stamp solved the problem, solved it simply and cheaply.

In its proper aspect, it is not a premium on the goods purchased. It is nothing more than a discount and as such is a business factor that has come to stay.

The consumer likes it because if he is disposed to reason about it, he will discover that it frees him from standing his share of the losses from bad debts sustained by the merchant and because it rewards him when he pays cash for his purchases.

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for it has been shown that the stamp is a great encourager of cash payments.

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♦♦♦

No Accommodations

In one of the hotels where non-residents are admitted to the table d'hôte luncheon and dinner a man and a woman sat at a little table in a corner. He had a meek look and such sad eyes, while she had a vituperous tongue, which she was using ably. When their cleansing of soiled linen had disturbed every other diner in the room the manager approached them. "Pardon me, madam," he said to the lady, who was obviously the senior partner in the combine. "I must beg of you to be more restrained. If you want to continue your—er—discussion, please do it outside." "Rubbish!" snapped the lady tartly. "You advertise this as a family hotel, don't you?"

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THE city of St. Louis has many things to be proud of, but chief among these are the fine office buildings that adorn its streets. It is seldom that a St. Louisan comments on the magnificent structures which greet his every glance, and yet in other parts of the country this topic is a matter of considerable interest to large corporations contemplating the location of an office in the West. A man is often known by his appearance and the atmosphere of his life, and so many a corporation realizing the value of a good business location, and having a desire that its office shall be situated so as to give the best impression, locates in St. Louis.

The buildings on Broadway from Broadway and Olive to Broadway and Pine street, as shown in the picture which is a part of this article, were constructed at a cost of several million dollars. There is nothing cheap or gaudy about them. They represent the workmanship of one of the best building firms this country has ever known, and the material they are built of is the very highest class. The tenants of these buildings who occupy the floors from the Third floor upward constitute some of the most influential and valuable business enterprises in the city, and when you take into consideration the fact that these buildings are located in the heart of the Financial district, within two minutes' walk of twelve street car lines, and that the financial resources of the institutions occupying the ground floors and the first three floors, are in excess of \$100,000,000, it is not hard to understand that the space in them is coveted. The fact that they have been occupied continuously to within ten per cent of their capacity bears testimony as to the satisfaction afforded tenants.



The Son of a Prophet

By Will Atkinson

Few tasks are so hard as being the son of a great man.

When that man has not merely attained the highest rank as author and orator, but has successfully assailed vested wrongs esteemed venerable by the custom of centuries, the task of being his son is appalling.

Men instinctively contrast the son's actions, not with the actions of that father in his youth, but in the full glow of his mature manhood.

The obscurity which kindly shielded the errors of the father's earlier years has changed to pitiless glare exposing every action of the son.

Thirty-seven years ago, the Prophet of San Francisco raised his voice in the California wilderness and declared that the poverty which shadows progress everywhere, in what we call our civilization, has its root in the private ownership of the land on which and from which all men must live.

The festering slums which cluster around our palaces, the vice and crime lurking in the shadow of our churches,

the ignorance bred beside our schools, famine stalking where granaries burst with grain; shivering nakedness beside warehouses filled with wool, and, deadliest of all, our social crimes, children toiling while their fathers are perforce idle, and in all our cities women forced by famine to sell their very souls for bread.

All these that lone Prophet declared to be fruits of human laws which made the land God gave for the use of all, the private property of a few, to be used or withheld utterly from use by the many, as these few might decree.

Nineteen hundred years ago a Nazarene carpenter preached similar doctrines to some fishers by the Sea of Galilee.

Privilege crucified him between thieves.

But his doctrines of the equal Fatherhood of God, of the equal brotherhood of men, whispered fearfully by slave to slave, and spread by the mouths of prisoners and fugitives, won their way despite sneers and scars, burnings and battlings with beasts in the arena.

Then privilege stole his livery for its service, invoking the law of God to

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sanction laws of man which deny and defy God's laws.

With a faith that never faltered, an energy which never slackened, an ability as writer and speaker unequalled in our times, this new Apostle of Equality wrought ceaselessly till nineteen years ago, death crowned him martyr to the cause of man. But long ere this, he was cheered by the recognition of the truths he taught, in every corner of the earth.

Though scribes and Pharisees sneered and the Rulers and Chief Priests strove to harass him, the common people heard

him gladly, as they had heard his Nazarene predecessor centuries before. And it came to pass that, before death came, the truths he taught found acceptance in every country on earth.

As boy and man, from the day of the publication of "Progress and Poverty," Henry George, Jr., was his father's right hand.

With a judgment and discretion beyond his years he met dissension and rebellion in his father's absence.

With an ability shadowed by the brilliance of his father's achievements, he

lifted and held high his father's standard.

Some held him proud, but who, of all who conquered by the sword, left such dominion to his son as Henry George achieved by pen and voice?

To have lived, worthily, soberly and discreetly; to have done no thing which might reflect discredit on his father and that cause for which his father died; to have written books, that will live and which are not unworthy of a place beside the masterpieces of his father, are not mean achievements.

Poverty was never far from either father or son. Many things, harshly criticised in the son, were due to this. We may know what a man does, but how seldom we know why he does it.

To son, as to father, this poem by Richard Realf seems a fitting tribute:

"He did not wait till Freedom had become

*The proper shibboleth for courtiers' lips,
But smote for her when God himself
seemed dumb*

*And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood, and was
joyed*

*To see the august broadening of the
light,*

*And new worlds heaving Heavenward
from the void;—*

*He loved his fellows and their love was
sweet,*

*Plant daisies at his head and at his
feet."*

Social Insurance

Under the head of Social Insurance, students of the subject are now striving to group all such forms of indemnity as workmen's compensation, or protection against industrial accidents; sickness or health insurance, including medical attention, nursing, and supplies; invalidity or permanent disability benefits; old-age pensions, and unemployment insurance. Readers of the MIRROR will remember the very interesting series of four articles written by Mr. Frank Putnam on this subject showing how the public service corporations have undertaken the insurance of their employees.

In a recent address before the Actuarial Society, the president, Arthur Hunter, defines Social Insurance as "an endeavor to give a measure of social justice through the assumption by the community of the burden of the loss which the individual sustains through accident, death, sickness, invalidity, unemployment, and old age." Certain branches of this form of insurance, Mr. Hunter says, are already in operation in the United States, and practically all phases are under discussion. Of the soundness of the principles underlying it, there should, he thinks, be no question, although there must, of course, be difference of opinion with regard to the desirability of certain definite plans. He goes on, as reported in advance sheets of the Society's Proceedings:

"The underlying motive is social justice, with the emphasis on the responsibility which the community has to the individual. The community has come to realize that the workers should be properly protected, and that their deterioration or destruction should be as much

a charge against the industry as the replacing of steel machines which have worn out. The change of point of view in this country with regard to the status of the worker is probably due to three factors:

"First, the change from an agricultural to an industrial nation, in which the risk to the employe has become a serious factor.

"Secondly, the realization that the average workman has not enough surplus earning to protect himself against sickness, accident, unemployment, and old age, and to leave a provision for his

family in event of his death during his producing years.

"Thirdly, the increasing belief that the industry or the consumer should bear

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the cost of any misfortune which it is not within the ability of the workman to avoid, such as accident due to employment, sickness due to unsanitary surroundings, unemployment due to economic conditions."

Mr. Hunter discusses at length certain interesting features of such phases of social insurance as are now on trial in this country. Prominent among these, of course, is workmen's compensation, now obligatory in several states. Mr. Hunter brings out the fact that the impetus of the "Safety First" movement has largely come from the Workmen's Compensation Acts, and that as a result of them there has been a decrease in the accident rate. He tries to show that the prevention of accidents and not the payment of claims should be given consideration in such cases. He says:

"The president of the Casualty Company of America recently stated that the economic loss through industrial accident in the United States is more than \$250,000,000 each year. This indicates that a reduction in the rate of loss, which may be considered as a by-product of the Workmen's Compensation Acts, would be a substantial gain in human life and in money. There seems to have been a marked saving in human life, accompanied by a distinct decrease in the number of non-fatal accidents, through the Workmen's Compensation Acts of New York State. In some large mills the accidents have been reduced to one-half of what they were five years ago. The official just referred to stated that one-third of the reduction in accidents has been accomplished through the use of mechanical devices, and that two-thirds have been the result of organization and education, consisting of rigid inspection, careful instruction of workmen, adequate supervision, and strict discipline. In one of the great railroad systems the rate of accident was reduced in two years by nearly one-half, partly as the result of the so-called 'Safety First' movement. The saving of human life and limb may truly be considered a by-product of the Compensation Acts.

"There may be an increase in the accident rate during 1915 and 1916 over the two preceding years, owing to the larger proportion of untrained persons employed during the former period, the rapid industrial expansion, and the haste to complete contracts, due to war-conditions. This, however, is a passing phase and deductions drawn from a comparison of the accident rates in these years should be accepted with caution.

"In passing, it should be noted that the impetus which has made the 'Safety First' movement a success came partly from the employers, who were mainly influenced by the cost of compensation to their employees. One of the most striking instances in my knowledge is that connected with the building of the Woolworth Tower in New York. It used to be said that the building of a sky-scraper cost, roughly speaking, one life for every story above the tenth. The Woolworth Building has sixty stories in the tower, is 790 feet high, and yet not one life was lost in building it. There were two inspectors of an insurance company on duty to see that proper safeguards were supplied for the men, and that the employees were not

allowed to take unnecessary risks. The by-product of the Workmen's Compensation in this case was an unquestioned saving in human life, partly because the owners could not get reliable insurance protection unless every precaution was taken against accident. That in many lines of industry there was a possibility for saving human life may be proved by an example from records of the Interstate Commerce Commission, from which it appears that there was one fatality for every 105 railroad trainmen employed in 1890, while there was only one fatality for every 340 trainmen employed in 1915. The rate of fatal accidents among trainmen is therefore less than one-third of what it was twenty-five years ago."

With regard to compulsory health insurance, Mr. Hunter states that there are now bills in four states to provide for such insurance for all persons whose wages are \$100 a month or less. In Massachusetts and California, commissions are at work on the subject, and the question is rapidly becoming a burning one. In planning the bills he is anxious to see that prevention of sickness and reduction in the death-rate should be kept strongly in mind. The two commissions already mentioned are also investigating unemployment insurance, with regard to the advisability of which the author seems somewhat doubtful. Mr. Hunter's closing words, regarding the tendency toward "team-work" in insurance of all kinds, are of general interest. He says:

"Since the founding of our Society we have seen two phases of business, the competitive and the coöperative, and have been individually influenced by them. The former was an era of individualism, and the latter will develop, we hope, into one of mutual helpfulness. In the early days of our Society there was a feeling that each actuary was a fighter for his company and was not expected to extend assistance to other companies. Of later years that feeling has died out and a new freedom has become ours. We have a feeling of common interest among the companies, which has set free a natural and wholesome comradery among the actuaries. The time is now dawning for still another forward movement in the opportunities of giving our powers and training to the service of the community at large. Such opportunities, which will elevate the actuaries who take part in them, are opening before us day by day, and finer opportunities doubtless lie in the near future. Let us, then, be true to our social selves and heartily aid with our trained knowledge all efforts by legislatures and other bodies to raise the standard of universal welfare. The opportunity to help in one phase, the preparation of a health-insurance bill, is now upon us, and it is the duty of American actuaries, whether connected with this or sister societies, to offer their services freely for the public benefit; otherwise men who have not had the requisite training will be consulted and doubtful advice may be followed."

"Am I good enough for you?" sighed the fond lover. "No," said the girl candidly, "you're not, but you are too good for any other girl."—*New York Times*.

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At the Theaters

Local lovers of Shakespeare will have an opportunity next week of viewing an exceptional presentation of his plays at the Shubert-Garrick theater, where the John E. Kellard, Charles B. Hanford and Khyva St. Albans Shakespearean Company will open on Sunday night with the "Merchant of Venice." John E. Kellard will interpret *Shylock* and Miss St. Albans, *Portia*, while the title role will be played by Mr. Hanford. W. T. Thorne as *Gratiano*, Georgianna Wilson as *Nerissa* and Brandon Peters as *Bassanio* will sustain the comedy element of the play. A cast of excellent players will fill the minor roles, each selected for his or her special fitness for the part to be presented. The excellence of the production is further assured by an elaborate scenic equipment and costuming and lighting effects in thorough keeping with the atmosphere of the play. This play will be repeated Tuesday evening and Wednesday matinee; "Hamlet" will be given Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday matinee; "Macbeth," Thursday and Saturday nights.

Next Sunday night will inaugurate a week of farce at the Jefferson theater with the presentation of that rollicking comedy, "Twin Beds," which proved such a favorite here last season. Written by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo, it is replete with the startling surprises and sparkling fun which keep an audience in good humor from the moment the curtain rises until the last line is spoken. It is a satire on apartment house life that will appeal to anyone who knows anything about that manner of living.

Willard Jarvis' Six Serenaders—four women and two men singing classical and popular songs—will be the headline feature of the Grand Opera House bill next week beginning Monday. The Serenaders are likewise clever dancers. A wonderful exhibition of animal training will be furnished by Strassle's animals. Other numbers are Moore, O'Brien and Cormack in a singing, talking and piano act; Land and Harper in "The Man and the Manicure;" Polzin brothers, comedians; Davis and Kitty in a group of surprises; Volante brothers, accordionists; Mme. Paula in a daring exhibition on the flying trapeze, and new comedy pictures.

Fun for the kiddies is promised by the Park theater for the week beginning Monday evening. A "Christmas Follies" in three acts and eight scenes, arranged from Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland" will be staged in the most elaborate manner ever attempted by the Park. One of the big hits of the piece both musically and scenically is the celebrated "March of the Toys." The wooden soldiers, the snow men, the funny little Dutch figures, the dancing dolls, the toy band and the toy captain will all be represented. Matt Hanley will essay the role of the wicked uncle. Sarah Edwards and Lillian Cross will play the parts of *Tomm Tomm* and *Contrary Mary*. The two ruffians who were to scuttle the ship in which *Alan* and *Joe* were sent away will be played by James McElhern and William Naugh-

ton, and the *Master Toymaker* will be ably interpreted by George Natanson.

Burglars are bad fellows, generally speaking. This is true of stage burglars as well as bona fide ones. But now and then comes a burglar who isn't such a bad fellow after all. Such a one is the hero of Sumner Nichol's four-act melodrama, "The Girl He Couldn't Buy," which is to be the attraction at the American theater beginning with the Sunday matinee.

Nat Goodwin leads the vaudeville bill at the Columbia theater for the week beginning with Monday's matinee. He offers characteristically humorous stories, recitations and imitations. His long and successful career on the American stage makes further announcement superfluous. In interpretative dancing—which specialty the Columbia has featured this season—will appear Ralph Riggs and Katherine Watchie in a variety of dances ranging from the latest ballroom steps to classical numbers, all connected with clever songs. After two years the Misses Campbell return with a new song repertoire. Charles B. Middleton and Leora Spellmeyer present "An Ocean Wooing;" Claire Vincent, supported by Frank W. Gardner and Walter R. Ross appear in a comedy, "The Recall;" the Hawaiian princess Kalena, originator of the whirlwind Hula Hula dance, assisted by William Kao on the ukulele and teropath, will present "A Hawaiian Night's Entertainment;" Chester Spencer and Lola Williams in "Putting It Over" and the Orpheum Travel Weekly conclude the bill.

Five years ago at the Odeon a farce was given by the German theater company which was such a success that Director Loebel has been frequently importuned to repeat it. After many delays a revival is possible, and next Sunday evening the German company will again stage "Der Menschenfresser" (The Cannibal). This will be good news to all who are familiar with the humorous production, and for those who have not seen it an evening of the jolliest entertainment is in store. Hans Loebel has never had a funnier part than that of "the cannibal;" he—and his company—will evoke laughter with the rise of the curtain, which can end only with its fall.

This Week's Symphonies

This week's Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts of the Symphony Orchestra will present a novelty in the Symphonic Fantasia by George F. Boyle, an Australian piano virtuoso, who has "concertized" since early youth in his native land and Europe. About six years ago he came to America and became connected with the Peabody Conservatory, in Baltimore, where he at present resides. His Fantasia, somewhat lightly scored, is distinctly pleasing.

The "Danse Macabre," of Saint-Saëns, was recently sung by Mme. Povla Frisch at a pop concert. It is said that it was originally written for voice and orchestra. As scored for orchestra alone, however, it is really a more vivid tone-picture of Cazalis' fantastic

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poem—on which it is based—even though the text be lacking.

The principal number on the programme will be, of course, the "Pathetic" Symphony, of Tschaiowsky, a work in which are reflected the pessimism and morbidity of the Russian genius to an extreme degree. The passionate rebellion, alternating with abject hopelessness, as pictured in the last movement, would be the despair

of one relying upon the spoken word for expression. The relentless, savage intensity of the march movement which is incorporated in the Scherzo, with its absolutely blazing tone-coloring, perhaps has not been approached by any other composer.

Another number will be Wagner's "Overture to the Flying Dutchman."

Miss Frances Nash, the American pianist, will appear as soloist at the

pop concert of the Symphony Orchestra next Sunday afternoon. She has had much success here in recital and appearances with orchestras since her return from Germany at the outbreak of the war. She will give a Liszt Hungarian Fantasy, for piano and orchestra, which she played on tour last season with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Three other numbers on the programme will have their first performance at the Sunday concert. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" has been played at a symphony concert. The Prelude to Part II of Piere's "Children's Crusade" is a delightfully scored excerpt from the French composer's most important work. And Grainger's arrangement of the old Morris dance, "Shepherd's Hey," adds another touch of jollity to a very bright programme, and is in striking contrast to the Debussy number immediately preceding it. Other numbers are: Overture to "The Bat," by Strauss; Three Dances, from "Henry VIII" music—Morris Dance, Shepherd's Dance, Torch Dance—by German, and the waltz, "Danube Waves," by Ivanovici.

An Old Boy

By Michael Monahan

Yes, that's what I am—an old boy! You fancy these three short words carry a humorous, jovial implication, as in the more vulgar use of the phrase? Wait until the iron has entered your soul that pierces mine. Wait until you become—if you ever do become—an old boy.

To bear upon you the visible marks of age, the insignia that Time has noted you for his own, as a railway conductor sticks a check in your hatband; to look old or at least aging (alack! with what euphemism we would fain dulcify or un-sting or at least make tolerable the harsh truth!), whilst we still wear the heart of youth, as eager, as simple, as untaught, as tremblingly responsive to love and hope and happiness as when we were young indeed . . . ah! that is a sorrow which never has been rightly told.

People say of an Old Boy, "How young he looks for his years! Why, Bless me, he must be forty or forty-five." They will even say this to your face, meaning that you shall take it as a compliment! You dare not show how they hurt you and, as a class, the Old Boy is not permitted to resent such insults. It would be deemed unpardonable and would disqualify him for his title of Old Boy. And nobody sees the irony of it!

Why this cursed, itching preoccupation with people's ages, which is universal in society? Is there a more personal, a more offensive species of scandal? Why are we so damnably concerned to know how old such or such a man is? (I am leaving women out of the question, for obvious reasons.) This coquetry among men over forty is as ridiculous as anything that may be alleged of the weaker sex. But it is, besides, a harrowing curiosity, as vulgar as it is disgusting and low-bred. Hear a group of men talking of somebody not present and it's ten to one the first question out of the box will be, "How old is he?" Nay, I have met men for the first time (they were neither Scotchmen

nor Jews) who had the hardihood to address the query to me, after a very brief interchange of commonplaces. From this intolerable impudence, to open a person's mouth in order to "size up" his teeth, and *ergo* his age, as you would that of a horse, is but a slight step. I warn these gentry that there is one Old Boy with whom they may easily carry their civilities too far. Let them have a care!

To recur to the more tragical part of my situation. I early resolved to set my face against the approaches of age, owing to an inborn aversion to gaffers, grave-diggers and all other of the tribe of Polonius. The pitying tolerance, mixed with contempt, extended to doddering old men, has always struck me as the saddest sight in the human spectacle. Age and Death are the great tragedies of the human lot, and I'm not sure which is the worst. As I have said, I firmly resolved to avoid senility for my part, and so in process of time I became . . . an Old Boy.

An imagination beyond the ordinary, the keenest possible zest of life, a mind which constantly renewed its power and freshness by congenial study or original effort, and a heart ever seeking to love with an unsated hunger (I sometimes think the seat of age is in the heart) enabled me to achieve my purpose in a marked and extraordinary degree. I did not become nor am I becoming old, in the usual degrading sense of the word or state. I shall not tell you my age and thereby countenance the barbarous vulgarity which I have rebuked above. But I will say this:—I meet occasionally men of thirty-five who, in respect to that joyous animation which is the most envied privilege of youth—that dew of the heart (I may say) which I have never suffered to dry up—that freshness of the mind and buoyancy of spirit which I have so jealously watched over and preserved—seem aged in comparison with me.

My singularity in this respect serves to bring me some delicious as well as painful experiences. Lately, for instance . . . it is a delicate matter, but I must make you understand . . . I was thrown into company with a charming young girl. Were I the ordinary type of oldster, I should say that she might have been my daughter. Though I did not intend to trifle with the child, my cursed indefeasible youth had an instant effect upon her. Oh, the sweetness and the peril of it! What would I not have given to have gone back into the Garden of Youth with that exquisite girl! Her eyes sought mine with indefinable yearning; her lips were wistful with unspoken avowals; her straying hands were constantly meeting mine and filling me with a delicious terror. "Ah, if you were but older," I said, awkwardly aiming to show her the folly of it. "Older!" she echoed, with a pretty frown of perplexity, "Why, I am seventeen." Seventeen!—good God! . . .

Perhaps now you will understand why I ask myself, have I done wisely, after all, in electing to become and to remain what the world so hatefully calls an Old Boy? I have told you my victory: here is my defeat and the bitter in my cup.

I am unfit for the company of Age, and yet I may not associate overmuch with real Youth, on account of certain

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indicia of time (deceptive in my case, as you know) and perhaps, too, because of the felt but unseen barrier between those of widely disparate years. Also, I must allow, the quite young sometimes bore me and even get on my nerves—but this, of course, is not in me an effect of time. So I am neither of the first nor the second table. I abhor Age, with all the idiot moralities made to console it, and yet, with all my gift to please, Youth is shy of me and latterly, I begin to note, yields a more and more reluctant conquest. I have declassified myself in the lists of humanity by evading the common lot. I am and must remain until the end—God help me!—an Old Boy.—From "Adventures in Life and Letters."

"Do you really think the public likes to be humbugged?" asked the man of many anxieties. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "when the humbug is pretty and harmless. But they resent the kind that buzzes around waiting for a chance to sting 'em."—Washington Star.

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"When do you expect to go abroad?" "Not for some time. It will take several years after the war is over for us to recover from the expense of having to live at home."—Life.

Marts and Money

Things don't look quite right on the Stock Exchange in New York. There's eager and concentrated selling on the "hard spots." As a result, prices are crumbling away in all the leading instances, especially in the mining and industrial departments, where many millions of dollars of good money have been tied up at the highest prices on record, to the accompaniment of seductive myths, set afloat by professional "con" men whose intuitive perceptions are sharpened by secret information from the highest circles. There's rising anxiety among owners of stocks of companies engaged in the manufacture of munitions, owing, mostly, over multiplying intimations of dwindling business. A prominent Canadian authority is credited with the statement that the British Government will place no additional orders for finished shells in the United States, and that existing contracts will be allowed to expire in the first six months of 1917. American Locomotive, Baldwin Locomotive, and Westinghouse Electric shares registered severe depreciation on receipt of this news. The growth of pessimism was but little checked by the November report of the United States Steel Corporation, which disclosed an increase of over 1,000,000 tons in the total of unfilled business as of the last day of the month. Steel common, which was worth 129 3/4 on November 27, can now be bought at 123 1/2.

Copper certificates registered declines of three to five points, after Wall Street had been informed that the British Government had decided to put sharp restrictions upon imports of the metal

from the United States. Anaconda Copper now is rated at 96 1/2, and Utah Copper, at 120; the recent top marks were 105 and 130, respectively. Wall Street people feel somewhat perplexed and annoyed over the latest actions of Downing Street. They are wondering whether or not they should be regarded as retaliatory measures on account of the conservative attitude of the Federal Reserve Board as to further liberal purchases of foreign securities. The possibility of an early termination of hostilities does not seem to be seriously considered. The idea obtains that it is quite precluded by the Premiership of Mr. Lloyd George. The breaks in the prices of leading copper shares followed hard upon the announcement of further advances in the dividend rates of the Chino, Nevada, Ray Consolidated, and Utah Companies. The advances were either in the regular or extra payments, or in both.

The quotations for issues of war bonds and notes, floated in the past twelve months, show additional declines in every instance. The Anglo-French 5s are selling at 93 3/8—a new absolute minimum. American Foreign Securities 5s are quoted at 97 3/8, against 99 1/4 on October 16. United Kingdom 5s, recently worth 99 1/4, are rated at 93 1/2. Depreciation can be noted, also, in the prices of bonds of neutral nations. Argentine Government 5s, for example, indicate a decline of two points, their current quotation of 93 comparing with one of 95 a few months ago. According to reliable authority, the banking syndicate recently engaged in the floating of French municipal loans has been compelled to take \$35,000,000 for its own account. It is also stated that an option to bring out another French loan of the same character has been cancelled.

Thus far, the falling off in the demand for foreign securities has not rebounded to the benefit of the market for high-grade investment stocks of domestic origin. The prices for these are in nearly all cases below the best records of 1915. Atchison common is valued at 104 3/4; it was worth 111 1/4 on November 4, 1915. Baltimore & Ohio common is quoted at 86, against 96 on December 31 last. Chicago, M. & St. Paul common shows a depreciation of \$5; Chicago & Northwestern common, one of \$10; Illinois Central, one of \$7, despite the recent increase in the dividend rate from 5 to 6 per cent. New York Central is quoted at 106 1/2, after selling at 114 1/4 on October 5 last. The top notch in 1915 was 110 1/2. The indifferent attitude of speculative investors toward railroad stocks of unquestionable merits is a puzzling financial phenomenon, even if thought is taken of the Adamson Act, foreign liquidation, and the uncertainties involved in the railway labor situation. The gross and net earnings of the principal properties are neither unusually or extraordinarily large. Expenditures for improvements are on a great scale in most cases; material enlargement can be noted likewise in those for equipment. All these things notwithstanding, though, surplus funds are steadily piling up, so much so, indeed, that every leading company is in position to raise its dividend rate either one or two per cent. The Atlantic Coast Line, which advanced its annual rate from 5

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to 7 per cent a few weeks ago, is expected to report 16 per cent earned on its stock for the running fiscal year. The New York Central and Pennsylvania would not be indiscreet if they raised their rates to 6 and 7 per cent, respectively, or if they declared 1 or 2 per cent extra. The Union Pacific will probably earn 18 per cent on its common stock in 1916-17; it pays only 8 per cent, and has a surplus of 128,000,000. The Wabash, which emerged from receivers' hands not long ago, is earning 5 per cent both on the preferred "A" and preferred "B," and something like 1 per cent on the common. The Missouri Pacific should find it easy to pay the 5 per cent on its preferred stock in the first fiscal year, and to show 6 or 7 per cent on its \$82,839,585 common. Similar hopeful expectations may be harbored in connection with the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the new common stock of which sold at 45 the other day. Sooner or later, thoughtful capitalistic people will feel impelled to take real acquisitive interest in certificates of this class, especially so after it has been demonstrated to their minds that the great railroad properties of the country are assured of a bright future, both financially and politically. The railroads are being taken out of politics, and politics is being taken out of the railroads. There can be no mistaking the drift of the times. As for labor trou-

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bles—well, they will soon cease to be a standing peril. To believe otherwise would be an affront to intelligence. The American people have been taught a great deal in the past few months.

There was a brisk demand, lately, for the stocks of tobacco companies. Purchasing was promoted by reports of substantial gains in earnings; also by the increase in the regular common dividend rate of the Lorillard Company,

which now is 12 per cent per annum. An extra 5 per cent was paid last March. The American Tobacco Company is expected to earn at least 25 per cent this year, as compared with 20 per cent in 1915. Its common stock is valued at 222, against 188 last February, when Wall Street was filled with rumors of a possible cut in the 20 per cent dividend rate. On April 25, 1915, American Tobacco common was rated at 252½. Liggett & Myers Tobacco common stock sold at 305½ recently—absolute maximum. The yearly rate is 12 per cent, but it could conveniently be advanced to 15 or 18 per cent. Tobacco Products preferred, a 7 per cent stock, is quoted at 102. A few years ago, it could be secured at 80. The common stock has risen from 45 to 59 in the past few months. It is taken for granted that dividend payments will be initiated some time in 1917, the company earning over 7 per cent on the outstanding total of common stock.

In consequence of some replenishment of surplus reserves in New York, the rate for call loans, which was up to 15 per cent at one time, has fallen back to 4 per cent. Time funds still are quoted at 4 to 4½ per cent for six months. There was much bitter talk in Stock Exchange circles over the 15 per cent call rate. Some of the protestants declared that such a charge was utterly unjustified, and made effective only in order to allow the banking crowd to pick up a big lot of good stocks at cheap prices. Brokers stated that loans on industrials were almost unobtainable. The consensus of opinion is that the low interest rates of the early months of 1916 will not be seen again for some time to come. The past week witnessed the importation of nearly 50,000,000 gold from Canada and Russia. The sum total of receipts since January 1 now stands at about \$560,000,000. This, according to the accepted dogma of finance, should permit of \$2,800,000,000 additional new credit. The disposition to place a highly optimistic construction upon the inflow of yellow metal has become less pronounced. It is recognized that there are many qualifying factors to be drawn into consideration, and that even Solomonic wisdom must stand perplexed before the tremendous economic problems presented to the whole world by the Armageddon in Europe.

Finance in St. Louis.

The local market for securities remains in a gratifying position. There's an insistent demand for promising issues, especially such as are endowed with forthstanding speculative merits. Sales are readily taken care of. Reactionary tendencies in a few quarters are not regarded with feelings of uneasiness. They are considered the outcome of specific causes. Nor is much attention bestowed upon the irregular state of things in Wall Street. It is permissible to assume, however, that a real and substantial break in that market would promptly be reflected on Fourth Street. United Railways securities continue rather "soft," though the volumes of transfers are not large. One hundred and thirty shares of the preferred were taken at 15.25 and 15.37½ in the past week, and \$20,000 of the 4s, at 61.62½ to 61.25. Two thousand dollars St. Louis & Su-

burban first 5s brought 100.37½, and \$5,000 Broadway 4½s, 98.50 and 98.75.

Union Sand & Material, a 6 per cent stock, played an interesting part in the industrial group. Over two hundred shares were taken at 81.87½ and 82. The latter price means a net yield of 7.31 per cent. Five Ely-Walker D. G. second preferred brought 88; this, too, is a 6 per cent stock. The low point in 1915 was 76.75. Five General Roofing preferred were sold at 102, implying a net return of 6.86, the dividend rate being 7 per cent. The common stock, paying a regular dividend of 8 per cent, is quoted at 200, against a minimum of 65 in 1915. The stock is selling ex the special 3 per cent dividend. Holders received 4 per cent extra in 1916. Twenty St. Louis Screw were taken at 245; four hundred and twenty National Candy common, at 19.50 to 20; twelve of the first preferred at 102.75; twenty-five Chicago Railway Equipment, at 108 to 109.50; five thousand dollars Toledo Home Telephone 5s, at 95.25; Independent Breweries 6s, to the amount of \$8,000, at 50 to 51; twenty Hydraulic Press Brick common, at 4; thirty International Shoe common, at 104.50, and ten St. Louis Cotton Compress at 41.

The stocks of financial institutions were in distinctly better inquiry. Ten Mercantile Trust were taken at 341; fifty State National, at 204.50 to 206; five Mississippi Valley Trust, at 290; twenty-three Mechanics-American National, at 250; and ten German Savings Institution at 200. Some Bank of Commerce sold at 106.50.

Monetary conditions indicate no material changes. Time money is quoted at 4 to 5 per cent, or at normal rates for this time of the year. Drafts on New York remain at 10 discount bid, par asked, per \$1,000.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	116	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	106½	
State National Bank	205½	
Mercantile Trust	343	
Title Guaranty Trust	108	
United Railways com.....	4	4½
do pfd	15½	
do 4s	60½	61
St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s	100½	
do gen. 5s	73	74
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	89½	90
Toledo Home Tel. 5s	95½	
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	110	
Int. Shoe com.....	107	109
do pfd	111	
Hydraulic P. Brick pfd.....	20	
Granite-Bimetallic	78½	
American Bakery com.....	12½	15½
Int. Fur. pfd	102	
Hamilton-Brown	143	145
Ind. Brew. 1st pfd	11	13
National Candy com.....	18½	19
do 1st pfd	102½	
Wagner Electric	358	370
City of St. Louis 4s (1928).....	102½	102½

Union Sand and Material and Eisenstadt, common, ex-dividend.

Answers to Inquiries.

J. McD. S., Hot Springs, Va.—The common stock of the American Sugar Refining Co. has been heavily bought in recent months by investors as well as by speculators. On October 25, sales were made at 125½, the highest price in four years. The present quotation is 115½, indicative of a net yield of about 6 per cent. Evidently, there has been much

DINKS PARRISH'S NEW LAUNDRY BUILDING

DAYLIGHT CONSTRUCTION



— JAMES L. PARRISH LAUNDRY.
WILL LEVY ARCHT. ST. LOUIS

FINISHING touches are being made to the large and costly addition to the Dinks Parrish Laundry Company's plant at 3124-26-28 Olive street. The new structure will add 10,000 square feet of floor space to the old plant; its capacity will be increased 75 per cent, and it easily will take a high place among the model establishments of its kind in the United States.

No detail has been overlooked which would tend to add to the convenience and comfort of the employees. Deliveries and collections will be made by automobiles, which will enter and leave the building through a large concourse.

The general offices will be on the first floor. Adjoining them will be the receiving and delivery departments, together with the large array of new model washing machines. The washing room will be as bright as day, as the east and south sides will be built of glazed glass. Above there will be a mezzanine floor containing lockers, rest rooms and baths for the women employees.

In addition to the glass east and south walls, the second floor will be equipped with three saw-tooth skylights and ventilators. There will be baths and rest rooms on this floor.

Plans for the new structure were prepared by Will Levy, the architect.

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Will deliver delicacies of all kinds. Homemade Mince Meat; Fruit Cake; Jellies and Candies. Maillard's & McGill's Chocolates. Luncheon and Tea served every weekday. Forest 230.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE 10-20c

Starting Monday, Dec. 18 and Week.

Willard Jarvis' Six Serenaders, in the De Luxe offering of the Sand World. Strasele's Animals, featuring the Equestrian Seals. Moore, O'Brien and Cormack, singing, talking and piano act. Carl Rossini & Co., in a pleasing novelty. Lane & Harper, the man and the manicure. Felsin Bros., eccentric comedians. Davis & Kitty, in a nifty divertissement of surprises. Volante Bros., accordion virtuosi. Madam Paula, in a daring exhibition on the flying trapeze. Animated Weekly and Comedy Pictures.

thrifty profit-taking by parties who purchased at 100 to 110 in 1915 and the early months of 1916. There's talk of a probable increase in the dividend rate, which has been 7 per cent since 1901. For the current calendar year, the company is expected to show at least 26 per cent earned on the common stock, after the 7 per cent on the preferred. It is declared, also, that the real book value of the common is now approximately \$170 a share, against \$154 a year ago. There's no cogent reason, therefore, why stockholders should lose sleep over the Government suit, filed some years ago. In case of disruption, they are likely to get \$200 for each share of \$100 par value.

READER, Hastings, Neb.—(1) Chicago & Northwestern common should be held. The current quotation of 125 shows a decline of ten points from the high notch of last January. If there should be a drop to 120, add to your holdings. Stocks of this superior sort should do considerably better in values in the next few years. (2) Chesapeake & Ohio is thought to be on a 4 per cent dividend basis. There's a deal of favorable talk about it, with hints at an advance to 90 in the first six months of 1917. It's not an investment stock, but may become one in the not distant future. The dividend rate may be raised to 5 per cent at an early date.

BARRISTER, Carlinville, Ill.—The new common stock of the Missouri Pacific will no doubt go higher still, in the absence of untoward events in general financial affairs. The reorganized company will be in fine fettle, financially. Should be able to pay, not only the 5 per cent on the preferred, but also 4 or 5 per cent on the common after January 1, 1918. The buying of the common has been "good," we are told, since September 6, when sales were made at 22½. The top record, the other day, was 38½. The fixed charges of the new company will show a cut of over \$3,000,000. Bear that in mind in estimating the future value of both common and preferred.

E. M. H., Alton, Ill.—Wall Street anticipates a further rise in the price of American Car & Foundry common, now quoted at 77. It is believed that the company will be able to pay a regular rate of at least 6 per cent per annum from now on. One per cent regular and 1 per cent extra has been declared for the past three months. The regular business of the company is materially bettering, and should be unusually satisfactory for two years at least. Increase your holdings in case of a drop to 70.

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—(1) The Imperial Japanese 4½ per cent bonds, second series, German stamped, should be worth more than the ruling price of 80, at which they net more than 7½ per cent. In due time, they will rise to 85. The danger of a default need not seriously be taken into account. The Japanese Government is anxious to retain the confidence of European and American investors. Interest on the bonds mentioned is paid in New York. (2) The Denver & Rio Grande refunding 5s are not a first-class investment. They should be selling at a higher price, though, considering the system's improving position.

New Books Received

GRANT IN ST. LOUIS by Walter B. Stevens. St. Louis: The Franklin Club of St. Louis.

The Silent Man in many phases; as boy, lieutenant, farmer, business man, general, president; his habits; his relation to the Whiskey Ring; his part in the Third Term movement. Letters from Grant in the White House to his superintendent on the Grant Farm near Kirkwood—mostly about his horses, of which he was very fond. These letters are from the collection of Mr. William K. Bixby of St. Louis. Frontispiece portrait of Grant in 1864; Grant's log cabin in 1868 and a fac-simile of his indorsement on a letter of W. D. W. Barnard—"Let no guilty man escape if it can be avoided." Mr. Stevens' writing in presentation of Grant's association with St. Louis is admirably terse. It contains everything that is demonstrably true in the body of local tradition and anecdote. Collectors of Grant "ana" will find this book a highly desirable item, but not easily procurable, as the edition is limited to one hundred copies for the members of the Franklin Club.

THE GREAT WHITE WALL by William Rose Benét. New York and New Haven: Yale University Press; \$1.00.

A narrative poem of ancient Tartary and Cathay, the story of Terrible Timur and his attack upon the Great Wall of China vividly recounted. Mr. Benét is one of America's best poets and his work has become familiar to Mirror readers through the several short poems he contributed during the past year. Marginal illustrations by Douglas Duer.

STRAY BIRDS by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

Three hundred twenty-six aphorisms by the Hindu poet-philosopher, with marginal decoration in sepia and frontispiece in color by Willy Pogány. Boxed.

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY by Ralcy Husted Bell. New York: Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge.

Teaching of contentment, taking joy in things that are, making of them a sort of religion designed for the good of the soul and the refreshment of the body.

AMERICA'S RELATIONS TO THE GREAT WAR by John William Burgess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co.; \$1.00.

This volume is supplementary and complementary to "The European War of 1914." Mr. Burgess, formerly of Columbia University, faces frankly the fact that the United States has rendered invaluable aid to one of the belligerents, and that through selfish motives many Americans have lost a desire for the speedy end of the war. He then asks us to weigh well the result of our action in its probable effect upon the nation and the general welfare of the world, and to be prepared for the economic questions which will arise with the coming of peace.

THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE LAWYERS AND THE COURTS by Frank Cramer. Published by the author at Palo Alto, Calif.

A pertinent booklet showing up the needless delays and intricacies of the American judicial system.

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES by Talbot Mundy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill; \$1.35.

A romance of adventure in India, with numerous double-page illustrations. Stirring.

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR selected by J. W. Cunliffe. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.50.

A book offered in refutation of the statement that the present war has not inspired great poems, being the work of the foremost poets of England, Ireland and the United States on various phases of the war.

A HANDY GUIDE FOR BEGGARS by Vachel Lindsay. New York: MacMillan & Co.; \$1.25.

The poet's account in prose of his far from prosaic wanderings through the South as a hobo.

THE PROSECUTION OF JESUS by Richard Wellington Husband. Princeton University Press; \$1.50.

The legal aspects of the trial of Jesus as presented through a study of the Roman laws and court procedure of the time, with especial bearing on the legality of the pardoning of Barabbas and the date of the trial and crucifixion, the latter being fixed three years later than ordinarily accepted. The author is professor of classical languages in Dartmouth College. A legalistic essay that will recall Story's "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem." Bibliography and index.

The cub reporter assigned to "cover" a local wedding sauntered back into the editorial rooms of his paper.

"Where's your 'story'?" called the impatient city editor. "Hand it across!"

"Sorry!" said the cub, nonchalantly, "but there was nothing to report! The bridegroom never turned up!"—*Christian Register*.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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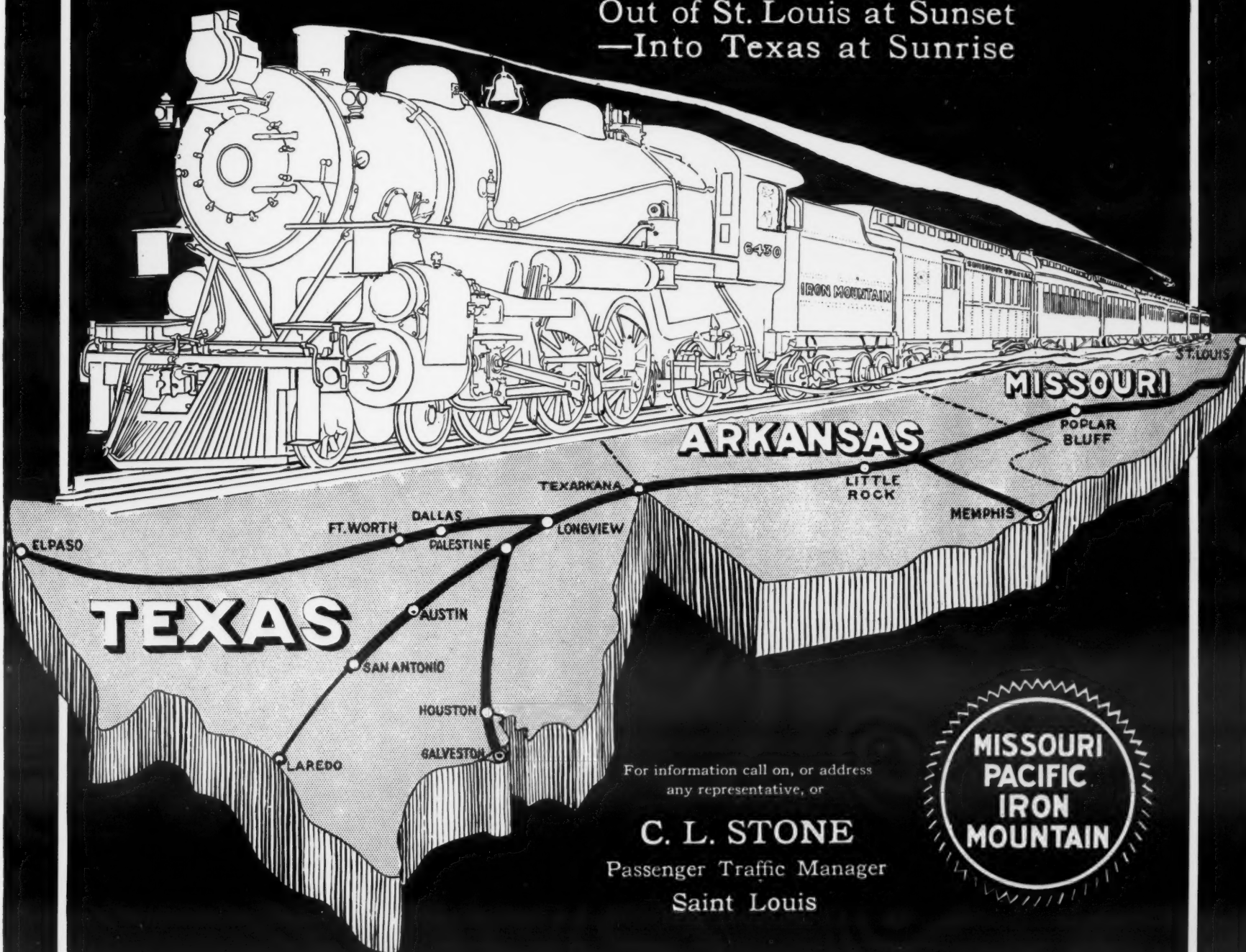
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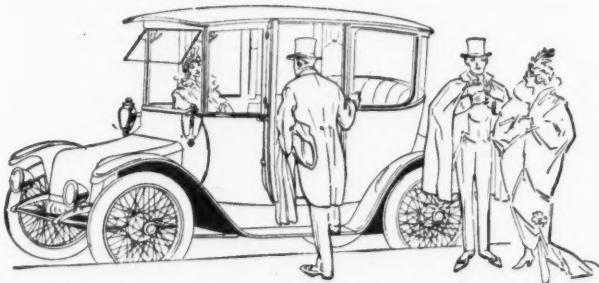
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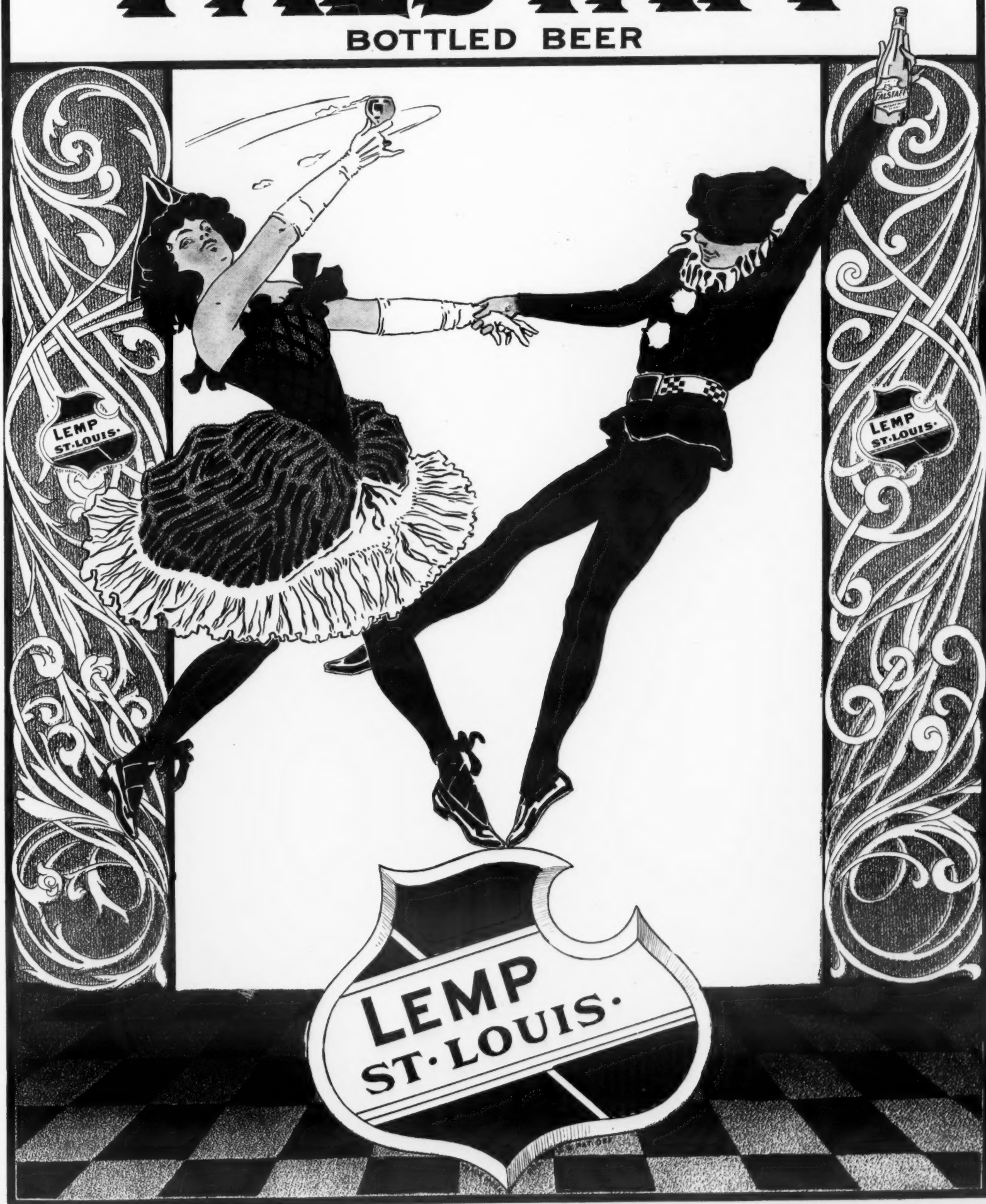
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